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THE

# VIRGINIA HISTORICAL REGISTER,

1852

AND

# LITERARY COMPANION.

EDITED BY

WILLIAM MAXWELL.

V. 5

VOL. V.

FOR THE YEAR 1852.

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# ADVERTISEMENT.

In continuing our work for another year, we have only to say that we purpose to conduct it on something of a new plan; or, at least, to introduce some new features into it, which we hope will make it still more generally acceptable to our readers. In the first place, we intend to give them more continuous narratives of particular portions of our history, and fewer documents, which we apprehend some of them cannot properly relish. And, secondly, we shall submit a series of extracts from books of travels in our colony and state, at different periods of her progress, which cannot fail, we should think, to be highly interesting to many of her citizens.

For the rest, we have only to commend our work to the continued favor of the members of the Virginia Historical Society, and of any others who may appreciate its object, and perhaps take some pleasure in aiding its design.

THE

# VIRGINIA HISTORICAL REGISTER,

AND

# LITERARY COMPANION.

Vol. V. JANUARY, 1852. No. I.

## ROYAL INFRACTIONS OF THE CHARTERED LIMITS OF VIRGINIA.

[We take the following paper from a tract entitled a "History of the Dividing Line: Run in the year 1728," which we have heretofore mentioned as one of the "Westover Manuscripts," written by Col. William Byrd, the second, of that place, shortly after the time of the transaction, and published by Edmund Ruffin, Esq., in 1841. (See V. H. R. vol. 4th, p. 76.) We think our readers will find it both instructive and interesting.]

Before I enter upon the journal of the line between Virginia and North Carolina, it will be necessary to clear the way to it, by showing how the other British colonies on the Main have, one after another, been carved out of Virginia, by grants from his majesty's royal predecessors. All that part of the northern American continent now under the dominion of the king of Great Britain, and stretching quite as far as the cape of Florida, went at first under the general name of Virginia. The only distinction, in those early days, was, that all the coast to the southward of Chesa-

peake bay was called South Virginia, and all to the northward of it, North Virginia.

The first settlement of this fine country was owing to that great ornament of the British nation, Sir Walter Raleigh, who obtained a grant thereof from queen Elizabeth of ever-glorious memory, by letters patent, dated March the 25th, 1584. But whether that gentleman ever made a voyage thither himself is uncertain; because those who have favoured the public with an account of his life mention nothing of it. However, thus much may be depended on, that sir Walter invited sundry persons of distinction to share in his charter, and join their purses with his in the laudable project of fitting out a colony to Virginia. Accordingly, two ships were sent away that very year, under the command of his good friends Amidas and Barlow, to take possession of the country in the name of his royal mistress, the queen of England. These worthy commanders, for the advantage of the trade winds, shaped their course first to the Charibbe islands, thence stretching away by the gulf of Florida, dropped anchor not far from Roanoke inlet. They ventured ashore near that place upon an island now called Colleton island, where they set up the arms of England, and claimed the adjacent country in right of their sovereign lady, the queen; and this ceremony being duly performed, they kindly invited the neighbouring Indians to traffick with them. These poor people at first approached the English with great caution, having heard much of the treachery of the Spaniards, and not knowing but these strangers might be as treacherous as they. But, at length, discovering a kind of good nature in their looks, they ventured to draw near, and barter their skins and furs for the bawbles and trinkets of the English.

These first adventurers made a very profitable voyage, raising at least a thousand per cent. upon their cargo.

Amongst other Indian commodities, they brought over some of that bewitching vegetable, tobacco. And this being the first that ever came to England, sir Walter thought he could do no less than make a present of some of the brightest of it to his royal mistress, for her own smoking. The queen graciously accepted of it, but finding her stomach sicken after two or three whiffs, it was presently whispered by the earl of Leicester's faction, that sir Walter had certainly poisoned her. But her majesty soon recovering her disorder, obliged the countess of Nottingham and all her maids to smoke a whole pipe out amongst them.

As it happened some ages before to be the fashion to saunter to the Holy Land, and go upon other Quixote adventures, so it was now grown the humour to take a trip to America. The Spaniards had lately discovered rich mines in their part of the West Indies, which made their maritime neighbours eager to do so too. This modish frenzy being still more inflamed by the charming account given of Virginia, by the first adventurers, made many fond of removing to such a paradise. Happy was he, and still happier she, that could get themselves transported, fondly expecting their coarsest utensils, in that happy place, would be of massy silver. This made it easy for the company to procure as many volunteers as they wanted for their new colony; but, like most other undertakers who have no assistance from the public, they starved the design by too much frugality; for, unwilling to launch out at first into too much expense, they shipped off but few people at a time, and those but scantily provided. The adventurers were, besides, idle and extravagant, and expected they might live without work in so plentiful a country. These wretches were set ashore not far from Roanoke inlet, but by some fatal disagreement, or laziness, were either starved or cut to pieces by the Indians.

Several repeated misadventures of this kind did, for some time, allay the itch of sailing to this new world; but the distemper broke out again about the year 1606. Then it happened that the earl of Southampton and several other persons, eminent for their quality and estates, were invited into the company, who applied themselves once more to people the then almost abandoned colony. For this purpose they embarked about a hundred men, most of them reprobates of good families, and related to some of the company, who were men of quality and fortune. The ships that carried them made a shift to find a more direct way to Virginia, and ventured through the capes into the bay of Chesapeake. The same night they came to an anchor at the mouth of Powhatan, the same as James river, where they built a small fort at a place called Point Comfort. This settlement stood its ground from that time forward in spite of all the blunders and disagreement of the first adventurers, and the many calamities that befel the colony afterwards. The six gentlemen who were first named of the company by the crown, and who were empowered to choose an annual president from among themselves, were always engaged in factions and quarrels, while the rest detested work more than famine. At this rate the colony must have come to nothing, had it not been for the vigilance and bravery of captain Smith, who struck a terror into all the Indians round about. This gentleman took some pains to persuade the men to plant Indian corn, but they looked upon all labour as a curse. They chose rather to depend upon the musty provisions that were sent from England: and when they failed they were forced to take more pains to seek for wild fruits in the woods, than they would have taken in tilling the ground. Besides, this exposed them to be knocked on the head by the Indians, and gave them fluxes into the bargain, which thinned the plan-

tation very much. To supply this mortality, they were reinforced the year following with a greater number of people, amongst which were fewer gentlemen and more labourers, who, however, took care not to kill themselves with work.

These found the first adventurers in a very starving condition, but relieved their wants with the fresh supply they brought with them. From Kiquotan they extended themselves as far as James-town, where, like true Englishmen, they built a church that cost no more than fifty pounds, and a tavern that cost five hundred.

They had now made peace with the Indians, but there was one thing wanting to make that peace lasting. The natives could, by no means, persuade themselves that the English were heartily their friends, so long as they disdained to intermarry with them. And, in earnest, had the English consulted their own security and the good of the colony—had they intended either to civilize or convert these gentiles, they would have brought their stomachs to embrace this prudent alliance. The Indians are generally tall and well-proportioned, which may make full amends for the darkness of their complexions. Add to this, that they are healthy and strong, with constitutions untainted by lewdness, and not enfeebled by luxury. Besides, morals and all considered, I cannot think the Indians were much greater heathens tkan the first adventurers, who, had they been good Christians, would have had the charity to take this only method of converting the natives to Christianity. For, after all that can be said, a sprightly lover is the most prevailing missionary that can be sent amongst these, or any other infidels. Besides, the poor Indians would have had less reason to complain that the English took away their land, if they had received it by way of portion with their daughters. Had such affinities been contracted in

the beginning, how much bloodshed had been prevented, and how populous would the country have been, and, consequently, how considerable? Nor would the shade of the skin have been any reproach at this day; for if a Moor may be washed white in three generations, surely an Indian might have been blanched in two. The French, for their parts, have not been so squeamish in Canada, who upon trial find abundance of attraction in the Indians. Their late grand monarch thought it not below even the dignity of a Frenchman to become one flesh with this people, and therefore ordered 100 livres for any of his subjects, man or woman, that would intermarry with a native. By this piece of policy we find the French interest very much strengthened amongst the savages, and their religion, such as it is, propagated just as far as their love. And I heartily wish this well-concerted scheme does not hereafter give the French an advantage over his majesty's good subjects on the northern continent of America.

About the same time New England was pared off from Virginia by letters patent, bearing date April the 10th, 1608. Several gentlemen of the town and neighborhood of Plymouth obtained this grant, with the lord chief justice Popham at their head. Their bounds were specified to extend from 38 to 45 degrees of northern latitude, with a breadth of one hundred miles from the sea shore. The first fourteen years, this company encountered many difficulties, and lost many men, though far from being discouraged, they sent over numerous recruits of presbyterians, every year, who for all that, had much ado to stand their ground, with all their fighting and praying. But about the year 1620, a large swarm of dissenters fled thither from the severities of their stepmother, the church. These saints conceiving the same aversion to the copper complexion of the natives, with that of the first adventurers to Virginia, would,

on no terms, contract alliances with them, afraid perhaps, like the Jews of old, lest they might be drawn into idolatry by those strange women. Whatever disgusted them I cannot say, but this false delicacy creating in the Indians a jealousy that the English were ill affected towards them, was the cause that many of them were cut off, and the rest exposed to various distresses. This reinforcement was landed not far from cape Cod, where, for their greater security, they built a fort, and near it a small town, which, in honour of the proprietors, was called New Plymouth. But they still had many discouragements to struggle with, though, by being well supported from home, they by degrees triumphed over them all. Their brethren, after this, flocked over so fast, that in a few years they extended the settlement one hundred miles along the coast, including Rhode Island and Martha's Vineyard. Thus the colony throve apace, and was thronged with large detachments of independents and presbyterians, who thought themselves persecuted at home. Though these people may be ridiculed for some pharisaical particularities in their worship and behaviour, yet they were very useful subjects, as being frugal and industrious, giving no scandal or bad example, at least by any open and public vices. By which excellent qualities they had much the advantage of the southern colony, who thought their being members of the established church sufficient to sanctify very loose and profligate mortals. For this reason New England improved much faster than Virginia, and in seven or eight years New Plymouth, like Switzerland, seemed too narrow a territory for its inhabitants.

For this reason, several gentlemen of fortune purchased of the company that canton of New England now called Massachusetts colony. And king James confirmed the purchase by his royal charter, dated March the 4th, 1628.

In less than two years after, above one thousand of the puritanical sect removed thither with considerable effects, and these were followed by such crowds, that a proclamation was issued in England, forbidding any more of his majesty's subjects to be shipped off. But this had the usual effect of things forbidden, and served only to make the wilful independents flock over the faster. And about this time it was that Messrs. Hampden and Pym and (some say) Oliver Cromwell, to show how little they valued the king's authority, took a trip to New England.

In the year 1630, the famous city of Boston was built, in a commodious situation for trade and navigation, the same being on a peninsula at the bottom of Massachusetts bay. This town is now the most considerable of any on the British continent, containing at least 8,000 houses and 40,000 inhabitants. The trade it drives, is very great to Europe, and to every part of the West Indies, having near 1,000 ships and lesser vessels belonging to it.

Although the extent of the Massachusetts colony reached near one hundred and ten miles in length, and half as much in breadth, yet many of its inhabitants, thinking they wanted elbow room, quitted their old seats in the year 1636, and formed two new colonies: that of Connecticut and New Haven. These king Charles II. erected into one government in 1664, and gave them many valuable privileges, and among the rest, that of choosing their own governors. The extent of these united colonies may be about seventy miles long and fifty broad.

Besides these several settlements, there sprang up still another, a little more northerly, called New Hampshire. But that consisting of no more than two counties, and not being in condition to support the charge of a distinct government, was glad to be incorporated with that of Massachusetts, but upon condition, however, of being named in

all public acts, for fear of being quite lost and forgotten in the coalition.

In like manner New Plymouth joined itself to Massachusetts, except only Rhode Island, which, though of small extent, got itself erected into a separate government by a charter from king Charles II., soon after the restoration, and continues so to this day.

These governments all continued in possession of their respective rights and privileges till the year 1683, when that of Massachusetts was made void in England by a *quo warranto*. In consequence of which the king was pleased to name sir Edmund Andros his first governor of that colony. This gentleman, it seems, ruled them with a rod of iron till the revolution, when they laid unhallowed hands upon him, and sent him prisoner to England.

This undutiful proceeding met with an easy forgiveness at that happy juncture. King William and his royal consort were not only pleased to overlook this indignity offered to their governor, but being made sensible how unfairly their charter had been taken away, most graciously granted them a new one. By this some new franchises were given them, as an equivalent for those of coining money and electing a governor, which were taken away. However, the other colonies of Connecticut and Rhode Island had the luck to remain in possession of their original charters, which to this day have never been called in question.

The next country dismembered from Virginia was New Scotland, claimed by the crown of England in virtue of the first discovery by Sebastian Cabot. By colour of this title, king James I. granted it to sir William Alexander by patent, dated September the 10th, 1621. But this patentee never sending any colony thither, and the French believing it very convenient for them, obtained a surrender of it from their good friend and ally, king Charles II., by the treaty

of Breda. And, to show their gratitude, they stirred up the Indians soon after to annoy their neighbours of New England. Murders happened continually to his majesty's subjects by their means, till sir William Phipps took their town of Port Royal, in the year 1690. But as the English are better at taking than keeping strong places, the French retook it soon, and remained master of it till 1710, when general Nicholson wrested it, once more, out of their hands. Afterwards the queen of Great Britain's right to it was recognized and confirmed by the treaty of Utrecht.

Another limb lopped off from Virginia was New York, which the Dutch seized very unfairly, on pretence of having purchased it from captain Hudson, the first discoverer. Nor was their way of taking possession of it a whit more justifiable than their pretended title. Their West India company tampered with some worthy English skippers (who had contracted with a swarm of English dissenters to transport them to Hudson river) by no means to land them there, but to carry them some leagues more northerly. This Dutch finesse took exactly, and gave the company time soon after to seize Hudson river for themselves. But sir Samuel Argall, then governor of Virginia, understanding how the king's subjects had been abused by these republicans, marched thither with a good force, and obliged them to renounce all pretensions to that country. The worst of it was, the knight depended on their parole to ship themselves for Brazil, but took no measures to make this slippery people as good as their word. No sooner was the good governor retired, but the honest Dutch began to build forts and strengthen themselves in their ill-gotten possessions; nor did any of the king's liege people take the trouble to drive these intruders thence. The civil war in England, and the confusions it brought forth, allowed no leisure for such distant considerations. Though it is

strange that the protector, who neglected no occasion to mortify the Dutch, did not afterwards call them to account for this breach of faith. However, after the restoration, the king sent a squadron of his ships of war, under the command of sir Robert Carr, and reduced that province to his obedience. Some time after, his majesty was pleased to grant that country to his royal highness, the duke of York, by letters patent, dated March the 12th, 1664. But to show the modesty of the Dutch to the life, though they had no shadow of right to New York, yet they demanded Surinam, a more valuable country, as an equivalent for it, and our able ministers at that time had the generosity to give it them.

But what wounded Virginia deepest was the cutting off Maryland from it, by charter from king Charles I. to sir George Calvert, afterwards lord Baltimore, bearing date the 20th of June, 1632. The truth of it is, it begat much speculation in those days, how it came about that a good protestant king should bestow so bountiful a grant upon a zealous Roman catholic. But it is probable it was one fatal instance amongst many other of his majesty's complaisance to the queen. However that happened, it is certain this province afterwards proved a commodious retreat for persons of that communion. The memory of the gunpowder treason-plot was still fresh in every body's mind, and made England too hot for papists to live in, without danger of being burnt with the pope, every 5th of November; for which reason legions of them transplanted themselves to Maryland in order to be safe, as well from the insolence of the populace as the rigour of the government. Not only the gunpowder treason, but every other plot, both pretended and real, that has been trumped up in England ever since, has helped to people his lordship's property. But what has proved most serviceable to it was the grand re-

bellion against king Charles I., when every thing that bore the least tokens of popery was sure to be demolished, and every man that professed it was in jeopardy of suffering the same kind of martyrdom the Romish priests do in Sweden.

Soon after the reduction of New York, the duke was pleased to grant out of it all that tract of land included between Hudson and Delaware rivers, to the lord Berkley and sir George Carteret, by deed dated June the 24th, 1664. And when these grantees came to make partition of this territory, his lordship's moiety was called West Jersey, and that to sir George, East Jersey. But before the date of this grant, the Swedes began to gain footing in part of that country; though, after they saw the fate of New York, they were glad to submit to the king of England, on the easy terms of remaining in their possessions, and rendering a moderate quit-rent. Their posterity continue there to this day, and think their lot cast in a much fairer land than Dalicarlia.

The proprietors of New Jersey, finding more trouble than profit in their new dominions, made over their right to several other persons, who obtained a fresh grant from his royal highness, dated March the 14th, 1682. Several of the grantees, being quakers and anabaptists, failed not to encourage many of their own persuasion to remove to this peaceful region. Amongst them were a swarm of Scots quakers, who were not tolerated to exercise the gifts of the spirit in their own country. Besides the hopes of being safe from persecution in this retreat, the new proprietors inveigled many over by this temptiug account of the country: that it was a place free from those three great scourges of mankind, priests, lawyers, and physicians. Nor did they tell them a word of a lie, for the people were yet too poor to maintain these learned gentlemen, who,

every where, love to be well paid for what they do; and, like the Jews, cannot breathe in a climate where nothing is to be gotten.

The Jerseys continued under the government of these proprietors till the year 1702, when they made a formal surrender of the dominion to the queen, reserving however the property of the soil to themselves. So soon as the bounds of New Jersey came to be distinctly laid off, it appeared there was still a narrow slip of land, lying betwixt that colony and Maryland. Of this, William Penn, a man of much worldly wisdom, and some eminence among the quakers, got early notice, and, by the credit he had with the duke of York, obtained a patent for it, dated March the 4th, 1680.

It was a little surprising to some people how a quaker should be so much in the good graces of a popish prince; though, after all, it may be pretty well accounted for. This ingenious person had not been bred a quaker; but, in his early days, had been a man of pleasure about the town. He had a beautiful form and very taking address, which made him successful with the ladies, and particularly with a mistress of the duke of Monmouth. By this gentlewoman he had a daughter, who had beauty enough to raise her to be a dutchess, and continued to be a toast full 30 years. But this amour had like to have brought our fine gentleman in danger of a duel, had he not discreetly sheltered himself under this peaceable persuasion. Besides, his father having been a flag-officer in the navy, while the duke of York was lord high admiral, might recommend the son to his favour. This piece of secret history I thought proper to mention, to wipe off the suspicion of his having been popishly inclined.

This gentleman's first grant confined him within pretty narrow bounds, giving him only that portion of land which

contains Buckingham, Philadelphia and Chester counties. But to get these bounds a little extended, he pushed his interest still further with his royal highness, and obtained a fresh grant of the three lower counties, called Newcastle, Kent and Sussex, which still remained within the New York patent, and had been luckily left out of the grant of New Jersey. The six counties being thus incorporated, the proprietor dignified the whole with the name of Pennsylvania.

The quakers flocked over to this country in shoals, being averse to go to heaven the same way with the bishops. Amongst them were not a few of good substance, who went vigorously upon every kind of improvement; and thus much I may truly say in their praise, that by diligence and frugality, for which this harmless sect is remarkable, and by having no vices but such as are private, they have in a few years made Pennsylvania a very fine country. The truth is, they have observed exact justice with all the natives that border upon them; they have purchased all their lands from the Indians; and though they paid but a trifle for them, it has procured them the credit of being more righteous than their neighbours. They have likewise had the prudence to treat them kindly upon all occasions, which has saved them from many wars and massacres wherein the other colonies have been indiscreetly involved. The truth of it is, a people whose principles forbid them to draw the carnal sword, were in the right to give no provocation.

Both the French and Spaniards had, in the name of their respective monarchs, long ago taken possession of that part of the northern continent that now goes by the name of Carolina; but finding it produced neither gold nor silver, as they greedily expected, and meeting such returns from the Indians as their own cruelty and treachery deser-

véd, they totally abandoned it. In this deserted condition that country lay for the space of ninety years, till king Charles II., finding it a derelict, granted it away to the earl of Clarendon and others, by his royal charter, dated March the 24th, 1663. The boundary of that grant towards Virginia was a due west line from Luck island, (the same as Colleton island,) lying in 36 degrees of north latitude, quite to the South sea.

But afterwards sir William Berkley, who was one of the grantees and at that time governor of Virginia, finding a territory of 31 miles in breadth between the inhabited part of Virginia and the above-mentioned boundary of Carolina, advised the lord Clarendon of it. And his lordship had interest enough with the king to obtain a second patent to include it, dated June the 30th, 1665. This last grant describes the bounds between Virginia and Carolina in these words: "To run from the north end of Coratuck inlet, due west to Weyanoke creek, lying within or about the degree of thirty-six and thirty minutes of northern latitude, and from thence west, in a direct line, as far as the South sea." Without question, this boundary was well known at the time the charter was granted, but in a long course of years Weyanoke creek lost its name, so that it became a controversy where it lay. Some ancient persons in Virginia affirmed it was the same with Wicocon, and others again in Carolina were as positive it was Nottoway river.

In the mean time, the people on the frontiers entered for land, and took out patents by guess, either from the king or the lords proprietors. But the crown was like to be the loser by this uncertainty, because the terms both of taking up and seating land were easier much in Carolina. The yearly taxes to the public were likewise there less burthensome, which laid Virginia under a plain disadvantage.

This consideration put that government upon entering into measures with North Carolina, to terminate the dispute, and settle a certain boundary between the two colonies. All the difficulty was, to find out which was truly Weyanoke creek. The difference was too considerable to be given up by either side, there being a territory of fifteen miles betwixt the two streams in controversy. However, till that matter could be adjusted, it was agreed on both sides, that no lands at all should be granted within the disputed bounds. Virginia observed this agreement punctually, but I am sorry I cannot say the same of North Carolina. The great officers of that province were loath to lose the fees accruing from the grants of land, and so private interest got the better of public spirit; and I wish that were the only place in the world where such politics are fashionable.

All the steps that were taken afterwards in that affair, will best appear by the report of the Virginia commissioners, recited in the order of council given at St. James', March the 1st, 1710, set down in the appendix.

*Note.*—We have observed several errors in this paper, relating to the first settlement of our State, and some other matters, which however we must leave the reader to correct for himself:—as he may very easily by referring to the article entitled "The Limits of Virginia under the Charters of King James the First," in our first volume, p. 12; or by looking into Smith, or Stith's History of Virginia.—Ed.

## AN EXCURSION INTO THE TERRITORY AFTERWARDS CALLED NORTH CAROLINA, IN 1654.

PETERSBURG, DEC. 29, 1851.

*Dear Sir,*—I send you the following article which I have taken from "Anderson's History of the Colonial Church" (a new work lately published in London, of which I have imported a copy—the only one, I suppose, as yet in our State:) and which I think will interest some of your readers.

Yours, &c.

CHARLES CAMPBELL.

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During Sir Wm. Berkley's administration, and the Commonwealth of England, several explorations, public and private, were made into the terra incognita of North Carolina. The accounts of these, in general, are incidental and obscure, but Mr. Anderson has brought to light a document, found in Thurloe's State Papers, giving a particular detail of the principal of these enterprises, and one which I believe was before this utterly unknown, at least on this side of the Atlantic. This document is a letter dated May 8th, 1654, addressed by Francis Yeardly to John Ferrar, at Little Gidding in Huntingdonshire. This Francis Yeardley was a son of Sir George Yeardley, sometime Governor of Virginia, and Lady Temperance his wife, and was born in Virginia. John Ferrar to whom this letter was addressed, appears to have been elder brother to Nicholas Ferrar, whose name is honorably connected with the early annals of Virginia, as a member of the Virginia Company and of the House of Commons. After describing the country of South Virginia, or Carolina, "as a most fertile, gallant, rich soil, flourishing in all the abundance of nature, espe-

cially in the rich mulberry and vine, a serene air and temperate clime, and experimentally rich in precious minerals," he relates the story of a young man engaged in the beaver trade, who having been separated from his own sloop, had obtained a small boat and provisions from Yeardley, and gone with his party to Roanoke, at which island he hoped to find his vessel. He there fell in with a hunting party of Indians, and persuaded them and some of the other tribes; both in the island and the main-land, to come and make peace with the English. In consideration of the assistance that he had received from Yeardley, the young man brought some of these Indians with "the great man" or "emperor" of Roanoke, to Yeardley's house. Where Yeardley's house was we are not told, only it appears that a boat could go from his residence to Roanoke, a fact however of but little avail in our endeavor to discover his *locus in quo*. The young man and his party of North Carolina Indians passed a week under Yeardley's roof. While there "the great man" seeing the children of Yeardley read and write, asked him whether he would take his only son and teach *him* likewise, "to speak out of the book, and make a writing." Yeardley assured him that he would; and the Indian chief upon his departure,—expressing his strong desire to serve the God of the Englishman, and his hope that his child might be brought up in the knowledge of the same,—promised to bring him again to Yeardley "in four moons." Meanwhile Yeardley had been called away to Maryland; and the English inhabitants of the settlement—suspecting from the frequent visits and enquiries of the Indian, that Yeardley was carrying on some scheme for his own private advantage, treated the poor chief with great harshness. Upon one occasion when Yeardley's wife had brought him to church, "some over busy justices of the place," it is said, "after sermon threatened to whip him,

and send him away;" whereat "the great man" is described to have been greatly appalled; and Yeardley's wife taking him by the hand resolutely stood forward in his defence, and pledged her whole property as guarantee for the truth of her assertion, that no harm to the settlement was intended, or was likely to arise from the Indian's alliance. Upon Yeardley's return from Maryland, he dispatched with his brother's assistance, a boat with six hands, one being a carpenter, to build "the great man" an English house, and two hundred pounds for the purchase of Indian territory. The terms of the purchase were soon agreed upon by Yeardley's people; "and they paid for three great rivers and also all such others as they should like of Southerly;" and in due form took possession of the country in the name of the Commonwealth of England; receiving as a symbol of its surrender a turf of earth with an arrow shot into it. The territory thus yielded by the natives, was that which afterwards became the province of North Carolina; and as soon as they had withdrawn from it to a region further South, Yeardley built "the great commander a fair house," which he promised to "furnish with English utensils and chattels." The letter states further that through the same agency Yeardley's people had been introduced to the emperor of the Tuscarawes, (Tuscaroras) who received them courteously, and invited them to a country, of which he spoke in most alluring terms; but owing to the illness of their interpreter, the offer could not be accepted. Upon the completion of the English house for the Roanoke chief, he came with the Tuscarora prince, and forty-five others, to Yeardley's house; presented his wife and son to be baptized with himself, and offered again the same symbol of the surrender of his whole country to Yeardley; and he, tendering the same to the Commonwealth of England, prayed only that his own property and

pains might not be forgotten." The Indian child was then solemnly presented to the minister before the congregation; and having been baptized in their presence was left with Yeardley "to be bred up a Christian which God grant him grace (he prays) to become." Yeardley next goes on to repeat that the charges incurred by him in taking possession of the country had already amounted to more than three hundred pounds; and expresses an earnest hope that he should not want assistance from good patriots either by their good words or purses." He then adds, "If you think good to acquaint the States with what is done by two Virginians born, you will honor our country;" and in conclusion begs to kiss the hands of his correspondent, with the fair hands of his "virtuous countrywoman, the worthily to be honored Mrs. Virginia Farrar."

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## THE SHAWNEE EXPEDITION IN 1756.

Mr. Editor,—In your last July number, you gave us a paper entitled "Morton's Diary," communicated by our able antiquarian friend, and indefatigable laborer in the field of Virginia history, Charles Campbell, Esq., with a brief introduction by him in which he asks, "Is the expedition to which this diary refers the same with that styled the Sandy Creek Expedition?" Now I have no doubt whatever that it is; as I think I can easily show. It is true, indeed, that Withers and several other writers after him, have raised some doubt upon the subject by giving us an account of what they call the Sandy Creek Voyage, which is only another name for the same affair, and which they say occurred in 1757, a year after the date of the Shaw-

nee Expedition of 1756; but this date is manifestly an error—originating from the lapse of time in handing down the details by tradition. To show this more particularly, I shall trace the error to its source—as follows:

In the year 1829, Hugh Paul Taylor, of Covington, Alleghany county, Virginia, published in the Fincastle Mirror, over the signature of "Son of Cornstalk," a series of papers on the early history of West Virginia, chiefly made up of traditions received from the lips of aged surviving Pioneers. Gathered from such sources, errors not a few, both as to facts and dates, could not otherwise than have crept into the series; and, besides, Mr. Taylor does not appear to have taken any special pains to collate his materials, or sift his authorities. Perhaps by this mode of publishing, he hoped to elicit additional information, and designed giving the whole a thorough revision; be this as it may, he died soon after, and thus perished whatever good intentions he may have cherished of future corrections and improvements.

Soon after Taylor's death; to wit, in 1831, Alexander S. Withers published a work entitled "Chronicles of Border Warfare," in the first seven chapters of which he incorporated Taylor's Notes, and that without the least intimation as to the source from which the information was derived. But Mr. Taylor was then in his grave, and crediting a dead man was not, perhaps, deemed at all necessary, as *he* could care nothing about it. Still it might have been well for the satisfaction of the readers of that work, and for the author's own credit, that the text should have been fortified by a full reference to authorities. No thanks to Col. Withers that the origin of his statement of the Sandy Creek Voyage is now known. The date of its occurrence, as I have already observed, is there assigned to the year 1757; but this error he took from Taylor, as Taylor had

taken it from some one else. There are other grave errors beside the date in Withers' statement; indeed the whole narrative, tested by authentic unpublished documents, is proved to be wrong in almost every particular. Flint, Darby, Howe, and Monette, have each successively copied the account of the Sandy Creek Expedition, from Withers, and aided very materially in perpetuating the errors of that relation.

But while many of the details of the Sandy Creek Voyage, as given by Taylor and Withers, and others after them, are more or less erroneous, yet the names of the officers enumerated, the general rout down the Sandy, the hunger and suffering of the men, killing horses for food, and the final failure of the expedition, are concurring circumstances so peculiar as to identify it as the same described in Morton's Diary, and Sparks's Life of Washington; and also, I may add, more fully, in Preston's Journal, a cotemporary manuscript, a copy of which I have in my possession, and some extracts from which I may hereafter send you. At present, I will only say that not only the name of Lieut. Morton occurring in Captain Preston's Journal, as that of Preston does in Morton's Diary, but the general facts narrated in both these papers, sufficiently attest that both refer to the same adventurous service; and each serves to corroborate the statements of the other.

I may further state, in support of this view, that the MS. Records of Botetourt county, for 1779-'80, make repeated references to "the Shawanese Expedition in 1756," in the statements of survivors to obtain military lands to which they were entitled, and no similar expedition in 1757, is, in any instance, alluded to; nor is there any notice of such an affair in Sparks's Writings of Washington; and in none of the newspaper files of that day, or border manuscripts of that period, which have come under my

notice, is any such service mentioned as occurring in 1757.

It is true, indeed, (I ought perhaps to state,) that there was such a design on foot, in the beginning of that year, but it was never executed. Col. Clement Read, in a MS. letter before me, dated Lunenburg, March 31, 1757, addressed to Col. John Buchanan, of Augusta county, says: "I am sorry the expedition so well intended against the Shawnesse is likely to be defeated, and all our scheimes for carrying it on rendered abortive, by an ill-timed jealousy and malicious insinuations." He then conveys the idea that Col. Nash had been chosen to the command of this newly-formed enterprise; Col. Read, though a militia colonel at home, was to go out as a private soldier; and Major Callaway and Obey Woodson were to figure in it—names unconnected with the former expedition, except perhaps Woodson's, and none of them occur in Taylor and Withers's account. Col. Nash's election was charged by the Augusta men, in a petition to the Council, with being secured by undue means, and insinuations were thrown out that Col. Read was influenced by ambitious or interested motives—which he indignantly repels, and presumes that he and Col. Nash, under the circumstances, can, without censure or reproach, decline having any thing further to do with the proposed Expedition. It seems to have fallen through; I no where find any further reference to it.

I will only further add, (if it can be at all necessary,) that I can confirm my opinion on this point, by a high authority. The late Mr. Perkins, in his invaluable and discriminating "Annals of the West," speaking of Major Lewis's Expedition of 1756, observes: "Of this expedition, however, we have no details, unless it be, as we suspect, the same with "the Sandy Creek Voyage," described by Withers in his "Border Warfare," as occurring in 1757,

during which year Washington's Letters make no reference to any thing of the kind. Withers moreover says, the return of the party was owing to the orders of Governor Fauquier; but Dinwiddie did not leave until January, 1758; and the French town of Gallipolis which the "Border Warfare" says was to have been destroyed by the Virginians, did not exist till nearly fifty years later.* If there were two expeditions, in both the troops underwent the same kind of suffering; in both were forced to kill and eat their horses; and in both were unsuccessful." Thus it would seem that Mr. P. had at least a glimpse of the truth which I have now more fully exposed, and, I trust, fairly established.

LYMAN C. DRAPER.

*Leverington, (Pa.) August*, 18, 1851.

* Neither Taylor nor Withers asserts that the destruction of Gallipolis was one of the objects in view—this is Mr. Perkins's blunder; and Mr. De Hass, whose "History and Indian Wars of Western Virginia," has just appeared, and who devotes only eleven lines in his text to this Expedition, adopts, in a note, this blunder of Mr. Perkins, whose account he seems to have followed.

## JOHN LEWIS AND HIS DESCENDANTS.

John Lewis of Ireland, an account of whose removal to the Colony of Virginia, was given in the last number of the Virginia Historical Register, was the son of Andrew Lewis and Mary Calhoun, and was born in the year 1678, and died at "Bellefonte," Augusta, February 1st, 1762, aged 84 years. The spot where he was buried, by the side of his wife, Margaret Lynn, and his son Samuel Lewis, is

marked by a simple marble slab, with the following inscription:

"Here lie the remains of
JOHN LEWIS
who slew the Irish Lord, settled Augusta
County, located the town of Staunton;
and furnished five sons to fight the
battles of the American Revolution.
He was the son of Andrew Lewis
and Mary Calhoun, and was born in Donegal
County, Ireland, September 1678, and
Died in Virginia, February 1st, 1762.
He was a brave man, a true patriot,
and a firm friend of Liberty throughout
the world.
Mortalitate relicta, vivit immortalitate inductus.

John Lewis was the father of five sons, four of whom were born in Ireland, and the youngest, Charles, after the removal of his family to Virginia. The eldest, Thomas Lewis, owing to a defect of vision, was not an active participant in the Indian wars on the frontier; he was however present and engaged in the battle of Braddock's defeat. He was a man of learning, and for many years a representative from the county of Augusta in the House of Burgesses, voting for the celebrated resolutions of Patrick Henry, in 1765; was afterwards a member of the Convention which formed the Constitution of Virginia, in 1776, and subsequently of that which ratified the constitution of the United States, in 1788.

He married Miss Strother, of Stafford county, Virginia, and had issue thirteen children; 1st. Mrs. John Stuart, of Greenbrier—2nd. Mrs. Margaret Bowyer, of Port Re-

public—3d. Mrs. McElheny, of Rockbridge—4th. Mrs. Gilmer, of Georgia—5th. Mrs. French, of Kentucky—6th. Mrs. Yancy, of Rockingham—7th. Mrs. Carthral, of Rockingham, and four sons, John, of the Warm Springs—Thomas and Benjamin, of Rockingham, and Andrew.

The second son, Samuel, died without issue. The third, Andrew, rose to the rank of General, and commanded the Virginians at the battle of Point Pleasant. The fourth son, William Lewis, of the Sweet Springs, was distinguished as an Indian fighter, and was an officer in the revolutionary army.

He married *Anne Montgomery*, a daughter of Alexander Montgomery, of the State of Delaware, and Miss Thomson, a relation of the popular author of the Seasons; and had issue as follows:

Captain John Lewis, Dr. Thomas, Alexander, Col. William J. Lewis, of Campbell county, and Charles; Mrs. McFarland, Mrs. Elizabeth Trent, of Cumberland county, Virginia, and Mrs. Agatha Towles.

The fifth son, Charles, rose to the rank of Colonel, and was killed in the battle with the Indians, at Point Pleasant, in October 1774.

*Staunton.* J. L. P.

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## CIVIL LIBERTY.

Civil Liberty is power. The purest of all gems is likewise the hardest. The state which is the most free from abuses, and in which there are the fewest obstructions to the rise of merit, must, other things being equal, enjoy the greatest share of political solidity and vigour.—*Canning.*

## BURNABY'S TRAVELS IN VIRGINIA, IN 1759.

[We begin here our extracts from a small work entitled "Travels Through the Middle Settlements in North America, in the years 1759 and 1760. With Observations upon the State of the Colonies. By the Rev. Andrew Burnaby, A. M., Vicar of Greenwich. London, Printed for T. Payne, at the Mews-Gate. 1775." In his "Introduction" the author says: "The following observations were written upon the several spots to which they refer; and were intended for no other purpose than that of serving as memorandums. They appeared, by the time that I returned to Europe, so very familiar to me, that I scarcely thought them deserving of the perusal of my friends. Some of these, however, were so obliging as to bestow upon them that trouble; and it is by their advice, and the consideration of the present critical situation of affairs, that I now submit them to the judgment of the public. Whatever be their merit, which I fear is but small, one thing I can assure the reader of, I believe they are generally true. They are the fruit of the most impartial inquiries, and best intelligence, that I was able to procure in the different colonies which I visited. If I have been led into any error, or misrepresented any thing, it has been undesignedly," &c. We take only that part of this little work which relates to Virginia, and shall give the whole of that (with some slight omissions perhaps,) in the course of our current volume.]

On Friday the 27th of April 1759, I embarked, in company with several North-American gentlemen, on board the Dispatch, captain Necks, for Virginia; and the next day we set sail from Spithead, under convoy of his majesty's ship the Lynn, captain Sterling, commander, with thirty-three sail of trading vessels. We came to an anchor in the evening in Yarmouth Road, and the next day sailed with a fresh easterly wind through the Needles.

April 30. We passed by the Lizard, and in the evening discovered a sail, which proved to be an English sloop

May 28. We discovered a large sail; she directed her course towards the east. We took her to be an English man of war going express. She carried three top-gallant sails.

May 13. We spoke with a sloop bound from Antigua to London. She acquainted the commodore with the agreeable news of his majesty's forces at Guadaloupe having reduced that whole island under subjection to the British government. The wind still continued unfavourable.

June 5. We spoke with a snow from Carolina, which informed the commodore, that a French frigate was cruising off the Capes of Virginia. From that time to the 11th, we had nothing remarkable. The wind was generally from west to north-west, and there were frequent squalls with lightning. We saw several bonetas, grampuses, albicores, and fish of different kinds.

June 11. The water appeared discoloured; and we concluded that we were upon the Banks of Newfoundland: we cast the lead, but found no ground. The weather was thick and hazy. Nothing remarkable happened from this time to the 3d of July: we had pleasant weather, though now and then squalls with lightning. We fell in with several currents and had variable winds.

July 3. We had fine weather, with a gentle breeze at N. W. We were now, according to the commodore's reckoning (which we afterward found to be true), about fifty leagues from land. The air was richly scented with the fragrance of the pine trees.

July 4. We saw a great many sloops, from whence we imagined that we were near the coast. The wind was at east-by-north.

July 5. About six in the morning we caught some green fish: upon this we founded, and found eighteen fathom water. At ten we discovered land, which proved to be

Cape Charles; and about three hours afterwards failed through the capes into Chesapeak Bay. The commodore took his leave to go upon a cruise; and at eight in the evening we came to an anchor in York river, after a tedious and disagreeable voyage of almost ten weeks.

The next morning, having hired a chaise at York, I went to Williamsburg, about twelve miles distant. The road is exceedingly pleasant, through some of the finest tobacco plantations in North-America, with a beautiful view of the river and woods of great extent.

Williamsburg is the capital of Virginia: it is situated between two creeks; one falling into James, the other into York river; and is built nearly due east and west. The distance of each landing-place is something more than a mile from the town; which, with the disadvantage of not being able to bring up large vessels, is the reason of its not having increased so fast as might have been expected. It consists of about two hundred houses, does not contain more than one thousand souls, whites and negroes; and is far from being a place of any consequence. It is regularly laid out in parallel streets, intersected by others at right angles; has a handsome square in the center, through which runs the principal street, one of the most spacious in North America, three quarters of a mile in length, and above a hundred feet wide. At the ends of this street are two public buildings, the college and the capitol: and although the houses are of wood, covered with shingles, and but indifferently built, the whole makes a handsome appearance. There are few public edifices that deserve to be taken notice of; those, which I have mentioned, are the principal; and they are far from being magnificent. The governor's palace, indeed, is tolerably good, one of the best upon the continent; but the church, the prison, and the other buildings, are all of them extremely indifferent.

The streets are not paved, and are consequently very dusty, the soil hereabout consisting chiefly of sand: however, the situation of Williamsburg has one advantage, which few or no places in these lower parts have; that of being free from mosquitoes. Upon the whole, it is an agreeable residence; there are ten or twelve gentlemen's families constantly residing in it, besides merchants and tradesmen: and at the times of the assemblies, and general courts, it is crowded with the gentry of the country: on those occasions there are balls and other amusements; but as soon as the business is finished, they return to their plantations; and the town is in a manner deserted.

The situation of Virginia (according to Evans's Map) is between the 36th and 40th degree of north lat. and about 76 degrees west long. from London. It is bounded on the north by the river Potowmac, on the east by the Atlantic Ocean, by Carolina on the south, and, to include only what is inhabited, by the great Alleghenny on the west.

The climate is extremely fine, though subject to violent heats in the summer; Farenheit's thermometer being generally for three months from 85 to 95 degrees high. The other seasons, however, make ample amends for this inconvenience: for the autumns and springs are delightful; and the winters are so mild and serene (though there are now and then excessively cold days) as scarcely to require a fire. The only complaint that a person can reasonably make, is, of the very sudden changes which the weather is liable to; for this being intirely regulated by the winds, is exceedingly variable. Southerly winds are productive of heat, northerly of cold, and easterly of rain; whence it is no uncommon thing for the thermometer to fall many degrees in a very few hours; and, after a warm day, to have such severe cold, as to freeze over a river a mile broad in

one night's time.* In summer there are frequent and violent gusts, with thunder and lightning; but as the country is very thinly inhabited, and most of the gentry have electrical rods to their houses, they are not attended with many fatal accidents. Now and then, indeed, some of the negroes lose their lives; and it is not uncommon in the woods, to see trees torn and riven to pieces by their fury and violence. A remarkable circumstance happened some years ago at York, which is well attested: a person standing at his door during a thunder gust, was unfortunately killed; there was an intermediate tree at some distance, which was truck at the same time; and when they came to examine the body, they found the tree delineated upon it in miniature. Part of the body was livid, but that which was covered by the tree was of its natural colour.

I believe no country has more certainly proved the efficacy of electrical rods, than this: before the discovery of them, these gusts were frequently productive of melancholy consequences; but now it is rare to hear of such instances. It is observable that no house was ever struck, where they were fixed: and although it has frequently happened that the rods themselves have been melted, or broken to pieces, and the houses scorched along the sides of them, which manifested that they had received the stroke, but that the quantity of lightning was too great to be carried off by the conductor, yet never has any misfortune happened; such a direction having been given to the lightning, as to prevent any danger or ill consequence. These circumstances, one would imagine, should induce every person to get over those prejudices which many have entertained; and

* On the 19th of December, 1759, being upon a visit to colonel Washington, at Mount-Vernon, upon the river Potowmac, where the river is two miles broad, I was greatly surprised to find it intirely frozen over in the space of one night, when the preceding day had been mild and temperate.

to consider the neglect, rather than the use of them as criminal, since they seem to be means put into our hands by Providence, for our safety and protection.

The soil of Virginia is in general good. There are indeed barrens where the lands produce nothing but pine-trees; but taking the whole tract together, it is certainly fertile. The low grounds upon the rivers and creeks are exceedingly rich, being loam intermingled with sand: and the higher you go up in the country, towards the mountains, the value of the land increases; for it grows more strong, and of a deeper clay.

Virginia, in its natural state, produces great quantities of fruits and medicinal plants, with trees and flowers of infinitely various kinds. Tobacco and Indian corn are the original produce of the country; likewise the pigeon-berry and rattle-snake-root, so esteemed in all ulcerous and pleuritical complaints: grapes, strawberries, hiccory nuts, mulberries, chesnuts, and several other fruits, grow wild and spontaneously.

Besides trees and flowers of an ordinary nature, the woods produce myrtles, cedars, cypresses, sugar-trees, firs of different sorts, and no less than seven or eight kinds of oak; they are likewise adorned and beautified with red-flowering maples, sassafras-trees, dog-woods, acacias, red-buds, scarlet-flowering chesnuts, fringe-trees, flowering poplars, umbrellas, magnolias, yellow jasamines, chamæ-daphnes, pacoons, atamusco-lilies, May-apples, and innumerable other sorts; so that one may reasonably assert that no country ever appeared with greater elegance or beauty.

Not to notice too the almost numberless creeks and rivulets which every where abound, it is watered by four large rivers of such safe navigation, and such noble and majestic appearance, as cannot be exceeded, perhaps, in the whole known world.

James river, which was formerly called Powhatan, from its having been the seat of that emperor, is seven miles broad at the mouth, navigable to the falls (above 150 miles) for vessels of large burden, and thence to the mountains for small craft and canoes.

These falls are in length about six or seven miles; they consist of innumerable breaks of water, owing to the obstruction of the current by an infinite number of rocks, which are scattered over the bed of the river; and form a most picturesque and beautiful cascade.

The honorable colonel Byrd has a small place called Belvedere, upon a hill at the lower end of these falls, as romantic and elegant as any thing I have ever seen. It is situated very high, and commands a fine prospect of the river, which is half a mile broad, forming cataracts in the manner above described; there are several little islands scattered carelessly about, very rocky and covered with trees, and two or three villages in view at a small distance. Over all these you discover a prodigious extent of wilderness, and the river winding majestically along through the midst of it.

York river, for about forty miles, to a place called West Point, is confined in one channel about two miles broad: it flows in a very direct course, making but one angle, and that an inconsiderable one, during the whole way. At West Point it forks, and divides itself into two branches; the southward called Pamunky; the northward Mattapony: each of these branches, including the windings and meanders of the river, is navigable seventy or eighty miles, and a considerable way of this space for large ships.

The Rappahannoc is navigable to the falls, which are a mile above Fredericsburg, and about 110 from the bay. Vessels of large burden may come up to this place; and small craft and canoes may be carried up much higher.

The Potowmac is one of the finest rivers in North-America: it is ten miles broad at the mouth, navigable above 200 miles to Alexandria, for men of war; and allowing for a few carrying places, for canoes above 200 farther, to the very branches of the Ohio. Colonel Bouquet, a Swiss gentleman in the Royal Americans, came down this autumn from Fort Cumberland* to Shenando with very little difficulty; whence to the great falls, I have been told, a navigation might easily be effected: so that this river seems to promise to be of as great consequence as any in North-America.

In all these rivers the tide flows as far as the falls, and at Alexandria it rises between two and three feet. They discharge themselves into Chesapeak Bay, one of the finest in the world, which runs a great way up the country into Maryland; is from ten to twenty miles broad; navigable near a hundred leagues for vessels of almost any burden; and receives into its bosom at least twenty great rivers.

These waters are stored with incredible quantities of fish, such as sheeps-heads, rock-fish, drums, white pearch, herrings, oysters, crabs, and several other sorts. Sturgeon and shad are in such prodigious numbers, that one day, within the space of two miles only, some gentlemen in canoes caught above 600 of the former with hooks, which they let down to the bottom, and drew up at a venture when they perceived them to rub against a fish; and of the latter above 5000 have been caught at one single haul of the seine.

In the mountains there are very rich veins of ore; some mines having been already opened which turn to great account; particularly Spotswood's iron mines upon the Rap-

* The distance from Fort Cumberland to Shenando is above 100 miles; from Shenando to the great falls about 60; and from the great falls to Alexandria about 17 or 18.

pahannoc, out of which they smelt annually above six hundred ton: and one of copper upon the Roanoke, belonging to colonel Chiswell. This last mentioned gentleman is also going to try for lead upon some hunting grounds belonging to the Indians, towards New River, and the Green Briar; where, it is said, there is fine ore, and in great plenty, lying above ground. Some coal mines have also been opened upon James River near the falls, which are likely to answer very well.

The forests abound with plenty of game of various kinds; hares, turkeys, pheasants, woodcocks, and partridges, are in the greatest abundance. In the marshes are found soruses, a particular species of bird, more exquisitely delicious than the ortolan; snipes also, and ducks of various kinds. The American shell-drake and blue-wing exceed all of the duck kind whatsoever; and these are in prodigious numbers. In the woods there are variety of birds remarkable both for singing and for beauty; of which are the mocking-bird, the red-bird or nightingale, the blue-bird, the yellow-bird, the humming-bird*, the Baltimore-bird, the summer duck, the turtle, and several other sorts.

Insects and reptiles are almost innumerable. The variety of butterflies is not greater that is that of the rich and vivid colours with which each particular species is distin-

* The humming-bird is the smallest and most beautiful of all the feathered race: its colours are green, crimson and gold: it lives chiefly by suction upon the sweets and essences of flowers: and nothing can be more curious than to observe numbers of them in gardens, where there are honeysuckles or trumpet-flowers, flying from flower to flower, putting their slender bills into every one, and sucking out the sweetest juices. The motion of their wings is incredibly swift, and produces a humming noise, not unlike that of a large humble bee. They are frequently kept in cages, but seldom live longer than two months. The food which is given them, is either honey or sugar, mixed with water. Repeated attempts have been made to send them alive to England, but always without success.

guished and beautified; and such is the number and appearance of the fire-flies, that on a summer's evening the whole air seems to glow and be enlightened by them. Several snakes of this country are harmless and beautiful; such as the black-snake, the wampum-snake, the bead-snake, the garter-snake, and some others: but the rattle-snake and vipers are exceedingly venemous and deadly. There are two curious species of frogs here: one is called the bull-frog, which is prodigiously large, and makes so loud a noise, that it may be heard at a great distance; the other is a small green frog, which sits upon the boughs of trees, and is found in almost every garden.

Of quadrupeds there are various kinds, squirrels of four or five different species*, opossums, racoons, foxes, beavers, and deer: and in the deserts and uninhabited parts, wolves, bears, panthers, elks or moose deer, buffaloes, mountain-cats, and various other sorts. Such are in general the natural productions of this country.

Viewed and considered as a settlement, Virginia is far from being arrived at that degree of perfection which it is capable of. Not a tenth of the land is yet cultivated: and that which is cultivated, is far from being so in the most advantageous manner. It produces, however, considerable quantities of grain and cattle, and fruit of many kinds.

* Of the several species of squirrels, the ground and flying-squirrels are much the smallest and most beautiful. The former are of a dusky orange hue, streaked with black; the latter grey or ash-coloured, and elegantly formed. These have a spreading or fan-tail, and two membranes adhering to their sides; which, when they spring or leap from a tree, they expand, and are thereby enabled to fly through a considerable space. The former are of a very wild nature; but these may be easily, and are frequently tamed.—There is a species of polecat in this part of America, which is commonly called a skunk. This animal, when pursued, or assailed by its enemy, ejects its urine; which emits such a fetid and insupportable stench, as almost to stifle and suffocate whatever is within the reach of it.

The Virginian pork is said to be superior in flavour to any in the world; but the sheep and horned cattle being small and lean, the meat of them is inferior to that of Great Britain, or indeed, of most parts of Europe. The horses are fleet and beautiful; and the gentlemen of Virginia, who are exceedingly fond of horse-racing, have spared no expence or trouble to improve the breed of them by importing great numbers from England.

The fruits introduced here from Europe succeed extremely well, particularly peaches, which have a very fine flavour, and grow in such plenty as to serve to feed the hogs in the autumn of the year. Their blossoms in the spring make a beautiful appearance throughout the country.

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## A LOYAL PARSON.

[We are indebted to a fair correspondent for the following anecdote illustrative of the times which immediately preceded our revolutionary war, and which she had from the late John Cowper, Esq., of Norfolk. It is taken now, she writes us, from her Note Book, exactly as she jotted it down some years ago.]

*Nansemond Church. Time—before the Revolution. The Incumbent—the Rev. Mr. Agnew.*

There were signs in the times, but they were not fully developed; Mr. Agnew was observed to visit very actively among his congregation; he urged them to a full attendance on Whitsunday. The gentlemen observed that his eloquence was particularly directed to the ladies.

In Provincial times certain pews were reserved, and on the door was painted for whose use—thus: "Magistrates," on one side of the centre aisle; and "Magistrates Ladies" on the opposite side. Whitsunday arrived. The body of the church was occupied by females, except the reserved

seats. The men, to the number of at least five hundred, were around the house, listening through the windows. For some time all was quiet and decorous—the prayer for the King, Queen and royal family, was heard without a murmur—it was in the book. The text was given out—The 22d chapter of the Gospel according to Saint Matthew, and the 21st verse: "Render therefore unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's, and unto God the things that are God's." The gentlemen were seen to prick their ears. The sermon went on. The conjecture of a political discourse was confirmed. Mr. William Cowper (the uncle of the reminiscent) who was both Vestryman and Magistrate, rose, ascended the pulpit-stairs, and requested Mr. Agnew to come down. "I am here doing my master's business." "*Which* master—your master in Heaven, or your master over the water? You must leave this church, or I will use force." "I will never be the cause of breeding riot in my Master's House." The Rev. Gentleman walked through the church, and through the throng—the crowd parted to make him a passage—he ascended his carriage, and rolled off. All was quietness. He never returned to that pulpit.

No vestige of the church remains. The preacher, the people, and the church have all passed away.

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## THE LATE DOCTOR ALEXANDER.

Archibald Alexander, D. D., L.L. D., late Professor of Theology in the Seminary of the Presbyterian Church at Princeton, in New Jersey, was born on the 17th of April, 1772, on the banks of a small tributary of the James River, called South River, and near the western foot of the Blue Ridge, in that part of Augusta County, Virginia, which has since, from the great natural curiosity it contains, been

named Rockbridge. He was descended by both parents from Presbyterians of Scotland, who emigrated first to Ireland, and thence to America.

He was educated at Liberty Hall Academy, which has since become Washington College, under the instructions of the founder of that institution, Rev. William Graham, an able and eminent preacher and professor. Besides Mr. Graham, his classical teachers were James Priestly, afterward President of Cumberland College, Tennessee, and Archibald Roane, afterward Governor of Tennessee.

In the summer of 1789, he joined in the full communion of the church, and commenced the study of theology under Mr. Graham, who had a class of six or eight students. He was licensed to preach by the Presbytery of Lexington, October 1, 1791, and was ordained on the 5th of May, 1795. Part of the intervening years he spent in itinerant labors in Virginia, and in that region which is now Ohio.

In the spring of 1797, he became President of Hampden Sydney College, in the County of Prince Edward, at the same time being pastor of the churches of Briery and Cumberland. He was now but twenty-five years old, and it may safely be alleged that there was never won in this country, at so early an age, a more brilliant or a purer reputation. His arduous and responsible duties were discharged with industry and energy, equal to his abilities, until health gave way, and, in the spring of 1801, he resigned these charges, in well-grounded apprehension of a settled pulmonary consumption.

The summer of 1802 was spent by Mr. Alexander in travelling on horseback through New England, and by this means he so far recovered his health as to resume the Presidency of the College and the charge of his parishes. About the same time he was married to Janette Waddell, cond daughter of Rev. James Waddell, D. D., that re-

markable preacher whose blindness and eloquence have been celebrated by Mr. Wirt in *The British Spy*.

In the Autumn of 1806, he received a call from the Third Presbyterian Church, at the corner of Pine and Fourth-sts., in Philadelphia. Though he had declined an invitation to the same church ten years before, he accepted this, and thus became a second time the successor of the Rev. John Blair Smith, D. D. He continued at this post until, in the spring of 1812, he was summoned by the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church to be the first Professor in the Theological Seminary then just founded at Princeton. This chair, we believe, he occupied until his death—until within a few weeks, at least, discharging all its honorable duties. It is a pleasing fact that the first two Professors in this Institution were associated in its service nearly forty years. During this period a large number of clergymen have proceeded from the seminary, and it has now not far from one hundred and fifty students. It is important to observe that it has no connection with the College of New Jersey, at the same place.

The eminent usefulness of Dr. Alexander is not to be measured by the long and wise discharge of his duties as a professor. He was a voluminous, very able and popular writer. In addition to occasional sermons and discourses, and numerous smaller treatises, he wrote constantly for *The Princeton Review*, a quarterly miscellany of literature, and theological and general learning, of the highest character, which is now in the twenty-seventh year of its publication. His work on *The Evidences of the Christian Religion* has passed through numerous editions in Great Britain as well as in America, and this, as well as his *Treatise on the Canon of Scripture*, which has also been republished abroad, we believe, has appeared in two or three other languages. The substance of the latter has, however, been

incorporated with more recent editions of the former, under the title of *Evidences of the Authenticity, Inspiration and Canonical Authority of the Holy Scriptures*, of which a fifth edition—the last we have seen—was published in Philadelphia in 1847. Among his other works are *Thoughts on Religion; a Compend of Bible Truth;* and a *History of Colonization on the Western Coast of Africa*—the last an octavo volume of more than six hundred pages, published in Philadelphia in 1846. His principal writings, however, have been on practical religion and on the History and Biography of the Church, and these for the most part have been published anonymously.

Dr. Alexander was the father of six sons, of whom three are clergymen. The eldest, James W. Alexander, D. D., for several years Professor in the College of New Jersey, and sometime Pastor of the Duane-street Church in this city, is a fine scholar and an able preacher, and has enrolled himself among the benefactors of the people by many writings of the highest practical value designed to elevate the condition of the laboring classes to the true dignity of citizenship and a Christian life. Another is Rev. Joseph Addison Alexander, D. D., Professor of Oriental Literature in the Theological Seminary at Princeton, and author of the well-known works on the Earlier and the Later Prophecies of Isaiah. He is generally regarded as one of the most profound and sagacious scholars of the present age.

The late venerable Professor was undoubtedly one of those who, by the union of a most Christian spirit and a faultless life to great abilities, have been deserving of the praise of doing most for the advancement of true religion.

[*Inter. Mag.*

## A REMINISCENCE OF THE LATE DR. ALEXANDER.

In October, 1816, the Synod of Virginia sat in Fredericksburg:—Dr. A. came on from Princeton, to meet his brethren in the ministry there. To these brethren, the companions and fellow laborers of his early days, he was strongly attached. According to the custom of Synod, there was preaching every day and every night during the meeting. The congregations were large, attentive, and deeply interested in the services. The Superior Court was in session there at the same time, and drew together a large collection of men distinguished for their intelligence.

The fame of Dr. A. had gone before him, as a superior preacher, and a man occupying the highest station in the Presbyterian church. Great anxiety was consequently manifested to hear him. On Sabbath day the sacrament of the Lord's Supper was to be administered, and it was announced that Dr. A. would preach the Action sermon. At an early hour the church was filled to its utmost extent. Among the audience was found the Judge of the Court, Judge Brockenbrough, of Richmond, many lawyers and physicians, and not a few who seldom entered the house of God. Dr. A. began his sermon with that humility and simplicity for which he was ever so remarkable. Such an introduction, to men accustomed to judge of greatness by pompous manners and splendid diction, produced a feeling of disappointment, and one eminent lawyer, who afterwards became a Judge of the Court of Appeals, rose from his seat and left the church.

The text which he had selected was 1 Cor. v. 7. "For even Christ our Passover is sacrificed for us." As he advanced in explaining the origin, design, and typical sig-

nification of the Jewish Passover, he became warm and animated, and soon commanded the attention of his whole audience, and awakened a universal and intense interest. During the discourse of that morning, which many will recollect as long as memory lasts, several incidents occurred, which showed the power of true Christian eloquence.

As he passed from the description of the Jewish Passover, to the sacrifice of Christ, he said, bending forward and looking intently on the Communion table spread before him, where the bread and wine were covered neatly: "*but where is our lamb?*" At these words, so impressively uttered, and accompanied by a gesture so significant, an old French dancing master, who scarcely ever entered the church, rose from his seat near the pulpit, and gazed intently, to see if there was not something on the Communion table, which he had not yet seen. An intelligent little girl too, who sat before him, after she returned home, said: "Aunt H. did you ever hear such a man? When he said, "where is our lamb," he seemed as if he was looking for a lamb on the Communion table."

As he proceeded in describing the progressive scenes of our Saviour's sufferings, his hearers became deeply and almost universally affected. Feelings which could scarcely be suppressed were manifest in every part of the house; and tears were seen rolling down the cheeks of many but little accustomed to weep. When he depicted the last scene of our Saviour's sufferings on the cross, that power of "descriptive painting," for which he was remarkable in his pulpit efforts, was displayed in a manner rarely surpassed by the most accomplished orators. Amidst the unutterable agonies which Jesus suffered while hanging on the cross, he introduced Mary his mother among the spectators, beholding the cruel sufferings of her beloved

son, and quoted the prediction of Simeon as there fulfilled: "Yea, a sword shall pierce through thine own soul." Such was his gesture, his voice, his whole manner, that had Mary actually stood before the audience, with flowing tears, and every token of deepest sorrow, the impression could hardly have been increased.

Dr. A. never aimed to excite mere animal feelings. The effects produced, were the result of bible facts and truths, clearly presented by one who believed them, and felt their power. During the delivery of that discourse, it would have been easy, repeatedly, to have produced an amount of feeling that could not be controlled. Such, however, was his command over himself and his audience, that besides the speaker's voice, nothing was heard but, here and there, a half suppressed sob, and nothing seen to disturb the solemnity of divine worship.

Many heard Dr. A. on that occasion, for the first and last time; but it is believed that the revelations of the final judgment, will prove that his labors then were blessed to the good of many souls.

S. B. W.

*Union Theological Seminary, Dec.* 25, 1851.

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## DESULTORY APPLICATION.

If life be dissipated in alternations of desultory application, and nervous indolence, if scheme be added to scheme, and plan to plan, all to be deserted, when the labour of execution begins, the greatest talents will soon become enervated, and unequal to tasks of comparative facility.

[*Quar. Rev.*

## VIRGINIANS IN GEORGIA.

[We copy the following lively and graphic sketches of two Virginians who emigrated from our State to Georgia, shortly after our revolutionary war, from an "Address delivered in the College Chapel, at Athens, before the Society of Alumni, on Thursday, August 7th, 1851, being the Semi-Centennial Anniversary of Franklin College;" by the Hon. Geo. R. Gilmer: which we have read with much interest—the whole of it—but more particularly, of course, (from the present bent of our taste,) that part of it which has furnished us with these extracts for our work.]

### BENJAMIN TALIAFERRO.

Benjamin Taliaferro, descended from an Italian family, whose fighting capacity in the times when sir names were acquired by remarkable qualities, created for its members the descriptive name Taliaferro, literally like iron.

Zach Taliaferro, the father of Benjamin Taliaferro, lived in Amherst, a mountain county of Virginia. Just before he became Sheriff by right as the oldest Justice of the County Court, he met one day, a famous outlaw, who, supposing him already Sheriff, took to his heels to escape arrest. Old Zach pursued. It was cold winter weather. The outlaw went into a mill-pond, supposing that the freezing water would secure his safety. He reckoned without his host. Old Zach followed, and coming up, took the outlaw by his collar; led him out of the pond, and then turned him loose, telling him, that he was not yet sworn in Sheriff, and that he had only captured him, to let him know what he would do, when he was.

Formerly, in Virginia, the highest reputation for valor, was acquired by the strength and skill exhibited in whipping neighbors, in a contest at fisticuffs. Benjamin Taliaferro was publicly bantered, when a young man, for a fight of this sort. He declined the combat, and was in danger of being disinherited by his father, for his supposed want of courage. That he was not afraid to fight, when it was right, he proved in many a battle in the Revolutionary war. He was with Gen. Washington in the Jerseys, during the winter campaign of 1777. At the battle of Princeton, he captured, with his company, a British Captain and his command. When the British officer stepped forward in his

dashing regimentals, to deliver up his sword, the proud, barefooted, ragged Virginian Captain, ashamed of his appearance, ordered his Lieutenant to receive the sword of his prisoner.

When Gen. Washington called upon his officers to volunteer their services in aid of Gen. Lincoln, then hard pressed by British superiority, in the Southern States, Capt. Taliaferro offered his. He was among the prisoners made by the British at the capture of Charleston. He was permitted to return home on parole.

When Capt. Taliaferro returned to Amherst, he found Martha Meriwether, whom he had left a romping girl, a charming young woman. His brother Zach, a young lawyer, was paying his addresses to her. The brothers contended for the prize: the ancient maxim, "*arma cedant togæ*," proved not to be true, when the gown was man's distinction and woman ruled; the officer defeated the lawyer. The brothers lived to be old men, but never met afterwards in friendship.

Capt. Taliaferro moved to Georgia in 1784. He became one of the leading men of the State; was President of the Senate, member of Congress, and filled many other high offices. He was a member of the Legislature which passed the Yazoo Act, and resisted all the efforts of the speculators, to induce him to vote for it. When the people of Georgia rescinded that Act, and discarded from office those concerned in its passage, Col. Taliaferro was made Judge of the Superior Court, though he was no lawyer. The members of the bar, who had the law learning necessary for the office, and were willing to accept it, had been concerned, in some way or other, with that disgraceful contract. It became very important to the fraudulent land jobbers, who were interested in the land causes depending in the Courts of the Circuit in which Col. Taliaferro presided, to drive him from the bench. By agreement among them, he was challenged by Col. Willis, upon some frivolous pretence, to fight a duel, upon the supposition that his army opinions would compel him to fight, and therefore, to resign his Judgeship. They were mistaken, he accepted the challenge without resigning. The speculators tried a novel expedient to effect their purpose. Judge Taliaferro's attachment to his wife was well

known. Col. Willis and his friends, to overcome the Judge's determination to fight, made their preparations for the duel, by practising within sight and hearing of Mrs. Taliaferro—intending thereby so to frighten her, as to make it impossible for her husband to meet the challengers. They were again mistaken. Whilst they were practising, Mrs. Taliaferro was aiding the Judge to put in order the horseman's pistols which he had used when he belonged to Lee's Legion. The Judge and his opponent met. The horseman's pistol which had been oiled by the wife, sent its ball so near the speculator's vitals, that he declined a second shot. If the gentlemen Alumni will examine the College record, they will find that this Judge Taliaferro was one of the first trustees of Franklin College, and well worthy of being remembered on this day of jubilee.

## MERIWETHER LEWIS.

From 1790 to 1795, the Cherokee Indians were very troublesome to the frontier people of upper Georgia; stealing their negroes and horses; occasionally killing defenceless women and children, and exciting alarm lest more extensive massacres might be perpetrated. During this restless, uneasy state of the people, created by this constant apprehension of attack, a report reached the settlement twenty miles from here, on Broad river, that the Cherokees were on the war path for Georgia. Men, women and children collected together. It was agreed that the house where they were could not be defended, and might easily be burnt. They, therefore, sought safety in a deep, secluded forest. Whilst they were assembled round a fire at night, preparing something to eat, the report of a gun was heard. Indians! Indians! was heard from every tongue. Mothers clasped their infants in their arms, whilst the older children hung around them. The men seized their arms—all were in commotion and dismay. There belonged to the company a boy, who alone retained any self-possession. When every one was hesitating what to do, the light of the fire was suddenly extinguished by his throwing a vessel of water upon it. When all was dark, the sense of safety came upon all. That boy was Meriwether Lewis, who was afterwards selected by Mr. Jefferson, on account of his courage and admirable talents for command, to head the

first expedition across the Rocky Mountains to the Pacific Ocean, which, by its success, created for the United States the title upon which it rested, in its contest with the British government for the Oregon territory, and who thus secured for his country a greater increase of its population and possessions, than all others of his countrymen together, except Mr. Jefferson and Mr. Polk.

Meriwether Lewis, in his expedition to the Pacific, discovered a gold mine. The fact was not made public, nor the place pointed out at the time, lest it might become known to the Indians and Spaniards, and thereby be a public injury instead of a public benefit. He informed his friends, upon his return home, of the discovery which he had made, and his intention of making out such a description of the place, that it might be found, if he should die before the information could be useful to the country. As he was travelling from St. Louis, the seat of government of the Missouri Territory, of which he was then Governor, to Washington City, he stopped over night at a little inn on the road side, somewhere in Tennessee. In the morning his throat was found cut, and he dead; whether by his own hand or others in search of his account of the place where gold was to be found, is not known.

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## THOUGHTS ON OLD AGE.

BY SIR WM. TEMPLE.

Whether long life be a blessing or no, God Almighty only can determine, who alone knows what length it is like to run, and how it is like to be attended. Socrates used to say, that it was pleasant to grow old with good health and a good friend; and he might have reason: a man may be content to live while he is no trouble to himself or his friends; but, after that, it is hard if he be not content to die. I knew and esteemed a person abroad, who used to say, a man must be a mean wretch that desired to live after threescore years old. But so much, I doubt, is certain; that in life, as in wine, he that will drink it good, must not draw it to dregs.

Where this happens, one comfort of age may be, that whereas younger men are usually in pain when they are

not in pleasure, old men find a sort of pleasure whenever they are out of pain: and as young men often lose or impair their present enjoyments by raving after what is to come, by vain hopes, or fruitless fears; so old men relieve the wants of their age by pleasing reflections upon what is past. Therefore, men, in the health and vigour of their age, should endeavor to fill their lives with reading, with travel, with the best conversation, and the worthiest actions, either in their public or private stations; that they may have something agreeable to feed on when they are old.

But as they are only the clean beasts which chew the cud, when they have fed enough; so they must be clean and virtuous men, that can reflect with pleasure upon the past accidents and courses of their lives: besides, men who grow old with good sense, or good fortunes, and good nature, cannot want the pleasure of pleasing others, by assisting with their gifts, their credit, and their advice, such as deserve it; as well as by their care of children, kindness to friends, and bounty to servants.

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## THE SHADOWS OF THE PAST.

While I survey the long, and deep, and wide
  Expanse of time, the Past with things that were
  Thronged in dark multitude; the Future bare
As the void sky when not a star beside
The thin pale moon is seen; the race that died
  While yet the families of earth were rare,
  And human kind had but a little share
Of the world's heritage, before me glide
  All dim and silent. Now with sterner mien
Heroic shadows, names renowned in song,
  Rush by. And, decked with garlands ever green,
In light and music sweep the bards along;
And many a fair and many a well-known face,
Into the future dive, and blend with empty space.

*Hartley Coleridge.*

# Various Intelligence.

## THE VIRGINIA HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

### THE FIFTH ANNUAL MEETING.

The Fifth Annual Meeting of the Virginia Historical Society was held in the Hall of the House of Delegates, on Thursday evening, the 15th inst., before a large and brilliant audience of gentlemen and ladies assembled to enjoy the exercises of the occasion.

In the absence of the President of the Society, (the Hon. Wm. C. Rives,) Wm. H. Macfarland, Esq., of this city, one of the Vice-Presidents, presided; Thos. T. Giles, Esq., a member, in the absence of the Chairman (Conway Robertson, Esq.) read the report of the Executive Committee; and the Secretary and Librarian, Mr. Maxwell, read a list of books and other donations received during the past year; and announced the names of the Honorary and Corresponding Members, who had been elected during the same period.

At this point the Annual Discourse, which by arrangement was to have been delivered by Henry A. Washington, Esq., would have been the order of the evening; but that gentleman, having been unable to attend in consequence of the detention of the steamer Augusta, it was necessarily omitted.

On motion of Mr. Maxwell, the following resolution was unanimously adopted:

*Resolved*, That the thanks of the Society be returned to the City Council for the handsome and honorable provision which it has made in and by its ordinance of September 2nd, 1851, entitled "an Ordinance Providing further for the Education of Indigent Children; and making Provision for Public Lectures and Libraries;" for furnishing the Society with the free use of convenient rooms in the Athenæum; and also for the liberal grant of $150 per annum, for the purchase of books and maps, for their Library: a provision which, while it displays the generous spirit of that body, cannot fail to be as serviceable to the Society, as it must be beneficial to the citizens of our metropolis.

The Society then proceeded to the election of officers for the ensuing year—and adjourned, to meet again in the same place,

on Thursday evening, the 22nd inst., or at such other time as the Executive Committee should appoint—for the purpose of hearing Mr. Washington's Discourse.

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## THE ADJOURNED MEETING.

The Adjourned Meeting of the Society was held, by order of the Executive Committee, in the Hall of the House of Delegates, on Saturday evening, the 17th inst., in the presence, as before, of a large and brilliant assembly, among whom we observed the Governor of the State, the Lieut. Governor, several members of both Houses, and some other gentlemen of distinction whose presence seemed to give a new interest to the occasion. Wm. H. Macfarland, Esq., one of the Vice-Presidents, again presided; and the Secretary presented Mr. Washington, (now arrived) to the Chair and to the House: whereupon Mr. W. rose and addressed the meeting in a highly able and interesting discourse, which was heard with great attention throughout, and followed at the close by a general expression of approbation and applause.

The subject of the discourse was the Bill of Rights and Constitution of Virginia, adopted by the Convention of the State in 1776; and the precise point of the argument was to prove that the great democratic principle of equality which was then for the first time formally established and enshrined in those instruments, had an illustrious aristocratic origin; having been derived in fact from the Feudal System established on the continent of Europe after the fall of the Roman empire; or, more immediately, from the old English barons who extorted Magna Charta—that great basis of the British constitution—from the recreant John. It is true, their words *Nullus Liber Homo*—were intended only for themselves, and not for the people who as yet were hardly known in the community; but still they established the principle of equality for their own body, which the people of England afterwards managed to extend; and which their descendants, the people of Virginia, were the first to proclaim in those solemn instruments in which they announced their independence and liberty to the discarded monarch, to the disowned mother country, and to the whole world. This was the *doctrine* of the discourse, which appeared to be received with equal favor by persons of both political parties, and of all shades of opinions on many points. For ourselves, we were of course particularly pleased with the historical and conservative spirit which manifestly pervaded all the sentiments of the speaker, and seemed to be in fine harmony with all the proper feelings of the occasion. After all, however, we must

not be understood as assenting to our professor's retrospect, either as to his main proposition, or to some of his subordinate points, which struck us indeed as rather questionable; but we reserve our remarks on these topics for another time, when we shall have the discourse in print before us, and may more perfectly understand the author's views.

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## THE REPORT OF THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

In meeting the members of the society on this annual occasion, we feel happy in being able to congratulate you on the continued and still increasing prosperity of our association, in all its interests and pursuits.

As some proof of this, we may mention, in the first place, that our collections from the annual members have been made with more ease, and to a larger amount, than in any former year; and that we have also obtained some new life-members, whose payments have, of course, added something to our permanent fund. But, above all, we have to report, as we do with great pleasure, that the Council of the City of Richmond, in aiming to promote the moral and literary interests of our Metropolis, has passed an ordinance, which, among other things, offers our society the free use of convenient rooms in the Athenæum, and also grants to us the sum of $150 per annum for the gradual increase of our Library, on the single condition that it shall be open to the access of the citizens of Richmond, under proper regulations. We may add, that our society, at a late general meeting, held in the rooms, on Thursday last, the 8th instant, appreciating at once the advantages of this provision, have not hesitated to accept it on its own terms; and for our part, we must say, that we regard it as placing our society on something like a permanent footing, and as giving us a force and consideration in public opinion, which must be felt most beneficially in all our future operations.

In the mean time, we are happy to state, that we have done all in our power, with the slender means at our command, to advance the great objects of the society confided to our care. It is true that we have not been able, as yet, to publish our long-promised continuation and conclusion of the Early Voyages, in the supplemental volume which has been recently prepared by our Chairman, and is now in fact ready for the press, waiting only the necessary funds to see the light. But to console us in our regret on this point, the Virginia Historical Register, conducted by our secretary, and supported by our members, has continued to perform our duty for us, in collecting and diffusing a great variety of useful and agreeable information relating to

the early and revolutionary History of our State, in a manner which has afforded us great pleasure, and, we believe, has given much satisfaction to all its readers.

We have only further to report, that, during the year now closed, our society has lost three of its honorary members by death:—the Hon. Francis T. Brooke, for many years a Judge of our Supreme Court of Appeals;—Commodore Lewis Warrington of the United States Navy;—and the Reverend Doctor Archibald Alexander, Professor in the Theological Seminary at Princeton, New Jersey: to whom we must add the name of the first Vice-President of our Society, the Honorable James McDowell, sometime Governor of our State, and subsequently a member of Congress from the District in which he resided. These were all gentlemen of superior distinction in their different stations, whose eminent virtues, talents and public services reflected honor upon our State and Country; and whose memories we may now embalm with grateful praise.

For the rest, we again commend our society to the continued favor of its members, and of all our citizens who can appreciate its object. It must be obvious, indeed, that that object—appealing, as it does, immediately, to all the most generous feelings of our nature, as men and patriots,—is worthy of all the consideration and aid which we confidently ask for it, *for their own sakes;* and we may humbly venture to add, is not perhaps unworthy of some benefaction from the State,—represented by its General Assembly, now convened in this Capitol,—as well calculated to promote all that mental and moral improvement, which, in the new order of things about to prevail, must now, more than ever, be the paramount interest of our people, and the earnest desire of all our hearts.

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## DONATIONS.

*List of Books, &c., Presented to the Society during the past year.*

Almon's Remembrancer, 13 vols., 8vo. By Hon. Edward Coles, of Philadelphia.

Appendix to the Washington Astronomical Observations, vol. 4th, in pamphlet. By Lieut. Maury.

Georgia Historical Collections, 2 vols. royal 8vo. By the Georgia Historical Society.

Gayarre's Louisiana, 1 vol. royal 8vo. By Harper & Brothers.

Lossing's Field Book of the Revolution, vol. 1, 8vo. By the Author.

Maury's Investigations of the Winds and Currents of the Sea, 1 vol., 4to. By the Author.

Eleventh Report of the James River Company. By Joseph C. Cabell, Esq.

La Saiute Bible, in 2 vols. folio. By Dr. O. Balfour, of Norfolk.

Transactions of the American Ethnological Society, 2 vols., 8vo. By the Society.

Warville's Travels in the United States, 1 vol., 8vo. By Conway Robinson, Esq.

Southern Review, 8 vols., 8vo.; Southern Quarterly Review, 16 vols., 8vo.; Democratic Review, 26 vols., 8vo.; and Niles' Register, 42 vols., 8vo. By ThomasT. Giles.

De Hass's History and Indian Wars of Western Virginia, 1 vol., 8vo. By the Author.

A Portrait of Patrick Henry, painted for the Society, by Thomas Sully, Esq., of Philadelphia.

Some Indian Curiosities found in an Indian Grave, in King William; by Edward Hill, of that county.

Some do. found in Albemarle, near the foot of the Blue Ridge; by Dr. J. B. Garret, of that county.

Some Virginia coppers of the reign of George III.; by other gentlemen.

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## OFFICERS OF THE SOCIETY.

*The following is a list of the Officers of the Society, &c., at the present time.*

HON. WM. C. RIVES, *President.*
HON. JAMES M. MASON,
WM. H. MACFARLAND, ESQ. } *Vice-Presidents.*
HON. JOHN Y. MASON,
WM. MAXWELL. *Secretary and Librarian.*
GEORGE N. JOHNSON, *Treasurer.*

## EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

CONWAY ROBINSON, *Chairman.* THOMAS T. GILES,
GUSTAVUS A. MYERS, THOMAS H. ELLIS,
SOCRATES MAUPIN, CHARLES CARTER LEE,
ARTHUR A. MORSON.

The Officers of the Society are, *ex-officio*, members of the Executive Committee.

## HONORARY MEMBERS.

*Elected during the past year.*

Hon. John J. Crittenden, of Kentucky.
Hon. Geo. R. Gilmer, of Georgia.
Hon. Jared Sparks, L. L. D., President of Harvard University.
Rt. Rev. John Johns, Assistant Bishop of the Diocese of Va., and President of William and Mary College.
Rev. Sam'l B. Wilson, D. D., Professor in Union Theological Seminary, in Prince Edward.
Rev. Wm. A. Smith, D. D., President of Randolph Macon College.
Rev. J. B. Jeter, D. D., of St. Louis.
Hon. Briscoe G. Baldwin, a Judge of the Supreme Court of Appeals of Virginia.
Hon. John T. Lomax, a Judge of the General Court of Va.
Hon. John Eyre, of Northampton.

## CORRESPONDING MEMBERS.

*Elected during the past year.*

Dr. Wills De Hass, of Marshall county.
Lyman C. Draper, Esq., of Leverington, Pennsylvania.
J. Morrison Harris, of Baltimore.

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## THE COUP D'ETAT.

It appears that another change has come over the spirit of France, which we must briefly notice in our way. We allude of course to the *coup d'etat*, as it is called, of the 2nd ult., by which the President, Louis Napoleon suddenly seized upon the State under his guardianship—discharged the assembly—imprisoned a number of its leading members, and took in fact the whole government into his own hands. At the same time, to give some colour of plausibility to his proceedings, he issued a proclamation in which he appealed to the people of France to sustain his act, and submitted a new plan of government for their adoption—modestly offering himself to be the chief or sole manager of the political machine—and solemnly pledging himself to abide by their decision in the case. The proposition pleased, and the people of France, it seems, have sustained his appeal by an overwhelming vote. So the republic is virtually *effete*, and Louis Napoleon is actually the sole dominator of France, with the old title of President, but with the

new power of an Emperor, in his hands. It is said, too, that aping his uncle in all things, he will soon assume that title also, and so complete the *role* of his ambition. What is to be the end of all this novelty, we can not of course take upon us to predict; but shall leave time to shew.

We ought perhaps to add here, that on the first assumption of arbitrary power by the President of France, our minister to the republic, Mr. Rives, very properly declined appearing at the *Elysee*,—at least until the result of the President's appeal to the people should be known; but after their decisive vote, sanctioning the usurpation, he has resumed his attendance at the receptions, where he has been recognised, of course, with all due respect.

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## KOSSUTH.

We may properly note here that this celebrated chieftain, so famous for his gallantry in Hungary, and for his fortitude in exile, arrived in New York on the 5th ult., and was received the day after by the public authorities and people of that city with the highest possible demonstrations of respect. Indeed the procession of that day—the subsequent banquet—and other honors of various kinds which were successively lavished upon him, appear to have exceeded all that have ever been paid to any other man, and the popular enthusiasm about the great Magyar would seem to have risen to its utmost height.

In the mean time, however, his various speeches have disclosed the singular fact, that he has come over to our country under a great mistake. For, it appears, that forgetting the very clear and distinct terms in which our Executive had invited him to visit us, he has declared that his great object in coming over to our shore, was to enlist the people and the government to establish the doctrine of non-intervention by any foreign power in the affairs of Hungary, (or any other nation able and willing to declare and maintain her own independence,) and to raise a fund of "material aid" for the service of his country in any new struggle which she may be disposed to make for the recovery of her rights. This avowal has opened the eyes of all reflecting persons, and caused no small revulsion of feeling in the minds of many who were previously well disposed to admire his character in all its traits.

The "Governor" has since visited the cities of Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington, and has been received in all these

places with the highest honors. In Washington, more particularly, he was not only welcomed by the President (to whom he made a striking address, which was answered by a very considerate reply,) but was solemnly received by the Senate, and subsequently by the House. A public dinner was also given to him by a large number of members of Congress, and other distinguished persons; at which he made a very brilliant speech, (the most eloquent we have seen from him,) followed by another more solid and substantial, but of rather doubtful propriety, from Mr. Webster, which must have pleased him greatly. Here, however, we think, his career virtually ends. It is quite impossible, indeed, that his doctrine, or his design, can receive the sanction of the government or people of the United States, who will hardly abandon the counsel and policy of Washington, and of all his successors, for him. Henceforth he may continue his course: and make, perhaps, some scanty collections for his fund; but he can accomplish nothing that can be truly honorable to himself, or of any real service to his country.

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## THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY.

The General Assembly of our State commenced its session—the first under the new constitution—on the 12th inst., when Oscar M. Crutchfield, Esq., of Spotsylvania, was elected Speaker of the House of Delegates, and George E. Deneale, Esq., of Rockingham, President pro. tem. of the Senate.

The Governor's Message subsequently communicated to both houses, and since published, presents a fair and pleasing picture of our State.—in its actual condition, prospects and resources; and has been received, we believe, with general approbation.

From the returns of the late popular election which have been opened in the House of Delegates, and since counted, it appears that the Hon. Joseph Johnson, of Harrison, has been duly elected Governor of the State for the term of four years; the Hon. Shelton F. Leake, of Madison, Lieutenant Governor, and the Hon. Willis P. Bocock, of Appamattox, Attorney General. We may add, that these gentlemen have since entered upon the duties of their offices, with the best wishes of all our citizens for the happiness and honor of their administration.

original same as copy



## OIL WELL AND OIL SPRING.

Near the Forks of Hughes' River, in the Western part of our State, there is an Oil Well and an Oil Spring which are said to be great curiosities in their way. A correspondent of the Christian Advocate and Journal thus describes them:

This well was dug for salt, but it commenced blowing out oil, and continues its blowings, at intervals, up to the present time. Every fifth day it blows out about fourteen gallons of oil.

At the [illegible] spring, vast quantities of oil are annually gathered, by sinking pits in the [illegible] forty feet deep. The bed of oil lies parallel with the bed of the river, and is generally near five feet thick. The oil in its natural state adheres to sand, and can only be s[illegible] from it by washing the sand in water. The sand is w[illegible] by sinking [illegible] small pit as deep as the bed of oil; the pit so [illegible] with w[illegible] when men go into it, with broad hoes, and [illegible] the sand [illegible] boiling it to them and pushing it from th[illegible] While this [illegible] the oil loses its affinity for the sand, an[illegible] immediate [illegible] the top of the water; it is then gathere[illegible] large [illegible] put into large cisterns or hogsheads, wh[illegible] it is then put into barrels and sent to m[illegible] fifteen feet square, have yielded one hun[illegible] barrels of oil, but all are not alike rich. Th[illegible] weakness in the breast, sprains, cuts, an[illegible] very well in lamps, and it may be used for [illegible] of fish oil; but it makes the leather [illegible]

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## [illegible] CURRENT CHARTS.

A sil[illegible] ance and value, has been going on for a [illegible] the direction of Lieut. Maury, of the Nat[illegible] Washington, aided by the personal efforts o[illegible] in recording and communicating t[illegible] observations whilst traversing the oce[illegible] the "Sailing Directions" of Lieuten[illegible] duration of various voyages have be[illegible] extent; and more will yet be are [illegible] advance to perfection. Every [illegible] y is [illegible] new achievements. One of the [illegible] is the well authenticated [illegible] as above, have already *shorten*[illegible] *California, not less than for-*

*ty days on an average.* According to the abstracts of logs and other statistical information returned to his office, it appears that the average passage of sailing vessels bound from the Atlantic to the Pacific ports of the United States, has been as follows, viz :

| | |
|---|---|
| Average of those without the Wind and Current Charts, - - - - - | 187½ days. |
| With ditto. - - - - - | 144½ days. |
| Saving of time, - - - | 43 days. |

Nor does Lieut. Maury stop here. He is still investigating the subject, and hopes to point out routes hereafter, that will lead to a still further reduction in the average length of the passage.

The data and materials used in the construction of the Wind and Current Charts, have been collected without cost to the government. The undertaking is based upon the voluntary coöperation of American ship masters and owners, who, we trust, will not relax their efforts, until their new field of science shall have been fully explored. Not only to themselves, and preëminently to Lieut. Maury, but to the country and to science, will the benefit and the glory accrue.—*N. Y. Observer.*

## SCRAPIANA.

### PRIDE.

There is perhaps nothing more baffling to pride than its meeting with contentment in an humble station; it is then like the wind wasting its strength where there is nothing to oppose it, or the waves spending their foam upon the smooth printless sand.

### MODERATION.

Man's rich with little were his judgment true;
Nature is frugal, and her wants are few;
Those few wants answered bring sincere delights;
But fools create themselves new appetites.
Fancy and pride seek things at vast expense;
That relish not to reason nor to sense.

THE
VIRGINIA HISTORICAL REGISTER,
AND
LITERARY COMPANION.

Vol. V. APRIL, 1852. No. II.

## THE EXPEDITION AGAINST THE SHAWANOE INDIANS IN 1756.

The expedition of the Virginians against the Shawanoe Indians, in 1756, is an event of some importance and still more interest in the annals of the State. As yet, however, we have no proper and sufficiently satisfactory account of it before the public. Neither Marshall, Burk, the Campbells, father and son, nor Howison, have given us, in their respective works, any particulars of this border enterprise.—Reliable data were probably not at their command. It is true the expedition proved abortive, and sufficiently mortifying to all concerned in it; yet composed as it was, with the exception of a small band of friendly Cherokees, entirely of Virginia troops, conducted by one of Virginia's border heroes, it well deserves something more than a mere passing notice in any work illustrative of the history of the Old Dominion. The publication of Morton's Diary in the Virginia Historical Register, for July, 1851, has, at length, shed some little light upon it, but hardly sufficient to dispel the darkness that has hitherto concealed it from our view. Indeed, the information it gives us is so imperfect that it has even led one of our best antiquaries to inquire whether

"the expedition to which this Diary refers, is the same with that styled the Sandy Creek expedition;"—a question which I have answered in the affirmative in the last number of the same work. But to complete the proof on this point, and to give a fuller account of this affair than has ever yet been submitted to the public, I shall now proceed to give an outline of this enterprise, drawn from an unpublished journal of the expedition, kept by Captain William Preston, one of the actors, and some other manuscript papers in my possession. These ancient witnesses will serve to place this whole affair in quite a different light from the traditionary accounts of Withers, and other writers; and fully corroborate the authority of Lieut. Morton's Diary.—I ought, perhaps, to say here, that no man ever bore a fairer reputation than Captain, afterwards Colonel William Preston; he distinguished himself at the battle of Whitsell's Mills, in March, 1781, at the head of a regiment of frontier riflemen, and died at the close of the Revolution. His descendants are amongst the most talented and patriotic in our country.

The place of rendezvous was Fort Frederick, on the western bank of New River, and probably at or near the well known locality of Ingle's Ferry. Maj. Andrew Lewis had the chief command, and under him were Captains William Preston, Peter Hog, (such was Captain Hog's orthography of his name, as original signatures of his prove; the name is modernized with the addition of a final *e*,) John Smith, Archibald Alexander, [Robert?] Breckenridge, Woodson, and Overton, whose companies appear to have been already engaged in guarding the frontiers when called upon for this new service; together with the volunteer companies of Captains Montgomery and Dunlap, and Captain Paris, at the head of a party of friendly Cherokees. In the latter part of 1755, one hundred and thirty Chero-

kee warriors had come to the assistance of the Virginians; whether all these were engaged in this enterprise does not distinctly appear, though all were ordered by Gov. Dinwiddie to join it; and Preston's Journal mentions that a detachment of forty was ordered out on a scouting excursion on one occasion during the expedition. Old Outacité, the Round O, and the Yellow Bird were the war leaders of the party—the two latter having been commissioned Captains by Major Lewis. Col. David Stewart, of Augusta, accompanied the troops on this perilous adventure, and seems to have acted as commissary. The whole force, including the friendly Cherokees, amounted to 365 men, of whom 340 went upon the campaign, while Lieut. Tyler and some 24 men remained to garrison Fort Frederick, and protect the neighboring frontier—an indispensable service, as while the men were rendezvousing for the expedition, two persons were killed by the savages on Red Creek, within a few miles of Fort Frederick.

On Monday, the 9th February, 1750, Captain Preston, with his two Lieutenants, Audley Paul and David Robinson, and twenty-five privates, left Fort Prince George, in pursuance of the orders of Major Lewis of the 4th of the same month, and marched for Fort Frederick, having under their charge a waggon load of 2000 lbs. of dried beef.—They reached the place of rendezvous on the night of Wednesday, the 11th; and it is added, "Captain Hog's company is but a little behind us." On Friday, the 13th, at noon, a general review of the troops took place by Maj. Lewis, at which, including the friendly Indians, about 340 men appeared—and among these were Captain Hog and his company. The next day Captain Dunlap, with his company of volunteers, 25 in number, arrived; and these made up the complement. Several days were requisite to procure a sufficiency of horses, and to prepare pack-sad-

dles for them, with which to transport the provisions, ammunition, and other necessaries. During this delay, the Reverends John Craig and John Brown, pioneer Presbyterian clergymen in the Virginia Valley, preached twice respectively to the soldiery, and one of each of their efforts is, by Captain Preston, denominated a "Military Sermon."

Major Lewis marched from Fort Frederick, on Wednesday, February 18th, with the advance—and among them Capt. Hog's company; Captains Preston and Paris brought up the rear the following day. Passing the Bear Garden on the North Fork of Holsten, they proceeded on over two large mountains to Burke's Garden, where they arrived on the 24th, and where they found plenty of potatoes in the deserted plantations; it snowed that night. Thence they steered for the head of Clinch, which they reached the 26th; "that day," says Capt. Preston, "I bought a little horse of Lieut. Smith for £4, to carry me out of the Shawnee Towns;" and that night it rained. The next day, "a very great rain" compelled the troops to remain in camp, except a few hunters who killed three or four bears. On the 28th, the march was resumed, when passing several branches of Clinch, they at length reached the head of Sandy Creek, where they met with great trouble and fatigue, occasioned by a very heavy rain and the driving of the pack-horses down the creek, which was crossed and re-crossed twenty times that evening; the hunters that day killed three buffaloes and some deer. On Sunday, the 29th, the troops crossed and re-crossed the creek, which proved to be very crooked, *sixty-six* times in the space of fifteen miles: "I passed the creek," says Capt. Preston, "sixteen times on foot; the Sabbath day was spent very disagreeably."

On Monday, March 1st, they experienced "a great gust of thunder, hail and rain;" and Capt. Preston adds, "I bathed in ye river at nine o'clock;" signs of the enemy

were seen, as on former occasions. On the 2d, they were put upon half allowance of beef, which was almost exhausted. Their rations on the 3rd, were reduced to half a pound of flour per man, and no meat, except what they could kill, and that was very scarce; no food for the horses, which occasioned many of them to stray away; a few bears were killed; nine miles were gained that day.—After a tedious search for the strayed horses, some of which could not be found, the toilsome march was resumed on the 4th, and about six miles only were gained; the addition of several branches very much increased the volume of the stream, and rendered it difficult for the foot men to wade, which they had to do sixteen times that day; the hunters had no success, and "nothing but hunger and fatigue" stared them in the face. On Friday, the 5th, fifteen miles were accomplished with painful difficulty, "the river being very deep, and often to cross, almost killed the men, and the more so as they were in the utmost extremity for want of provisions:" Capt. Preston records in his journal, "this day my £4 horse expired, and I was left on foot with a hungry belly, which increased my woe; and this was indeed the case with almost every man in the company:"—Rained hard all night; and "no appearance of a level country though it was wishfully looked for;" and encamped near the Forks of Sandy.

The troops did not move on Saturday, the 6th, till eleven o'clock, and then only to cross the South East Fork and encamp. The Cherokees proposed to make bark canoes to carry themselves down the river, which was immediately put in practice; Major Lewis, at the same time, set men to work to make a large canoe to carry down the ammunition, and the small remains of the flour, then almost exhausted; "the men murmured very much for want of provisions, and numbers threatened to return home." When

this was told to Maj. Lewis, he was "very much concerned, and had no other way to please them but to order a cask of butter to be divided among them, which was no more than a taste to each man: it rained very hard all that night, which still added to our misfortunes, as we had no tents, nor indeed hardly any other necessary for such a journey." The morning of Sunday, the 7th, was raining, yet the men continued to work at the canoes, and it was agreed upon by the officers, that Captains Smith, Preston, Breckenridge, Dunlap, and Lieut. Morton, with their companies, and part of Montgomery's volunteers, making a total of 130 in number, with nearly all the horses, should proceed down the creek fifteen miles, and no further, in search of hunting ground, there to await the arrival of Major Lewis, with the remainder of the men, who tarried to complete the canoes. A single pound of flour to each man was the only subsistence allotted to this advance detachment, and that to last until Major Lewis and the remainder of the men could overtake them.

Although this party marched at 9 o'clock in the morning, yet so difficult was it to find a passage over the mountain for the horsemen, and to secure which they had to leave the creek some distance, that at sun-set they had accomplished but about six miles, and encamped on the bank of the stream. No game was found; hunger and want increased. The mountains seemed very high, and no appearance of a level country, which greatly discouraged the men. A great number of them resolved to break off homeward next morning, justifying this unmilitary movement by declaring, that their daily allowance of half a pound of flour per man was insufficient for their support, and even this inadequate supply would soon cease; that they were faint and weak, and could not travel the mountains, or wade the rivers as they had done; and, finally, that there

was no game in the mountains, nor any prospect of a level country ahead. Capt. Preston proposed to kill horses for food. This they refused to do, saying it might answer if they were returning to support them home, but that it was not proper diet to sustain men encountering every hardship on a long march against an enemy. Captain Preston then urged them to make a further trial the next day down the river, to which they at length agreed with some reluctance. It rained hard that night.

At 8 o'clock on the morning of Monday, the 8th of March, the movement down the creek was recommenced, and continued about three miles, where the rugged mountains so completely closed in upon the streams as to preclude a passage between them. It became necessary to bear off some distance from the creek, pursue up a branch, over a high mountain, and down another branch; here two elks were discovered, seven shots fired, but all unfortunately without effect. Now passing another high mountain, they came upon the head of a branch, down which they followed some miles, where they met with some of the volunteers who had kept nearer the stream, and had luckily killed two elks within a mile of Sandy. Arriving there, after a tedious march of seven miles, camp was struck upon the bank of the creek, one of the elks was brought in and divided among that portion of the men associated with Captain Preston, to the no small joy of every man. "By that time," says Captain Preston, "hunger appeared in all our faces, and most of us had become weak and feeble, and had we not got that relief, I doubt not but several of the men would have died of hunger; their cries and complaints were pitiful and shocking, and the more so as the officers could not afford them any help, for they were in equal want with their men."

The volunteers had the good fortune to kill two buffaloes

and an elk on the morning of Tuesday, the 9th, which afforded still further relief. The men, however, still continued to murmur; no further advance movement was attempted, as it was thought that the limited distance of 15 miles below the Forks had been attained. A great number of the young men went out that day to hunt and view the country; some of whom went seven or eight miles down the river and returned that night, reporting that they had climbed a very high mountain in order to survey the country, and that there seemed to be several prodigious mountains before them, compared with which the country behind appeared level; that the creek seemed to bear to the westward, and no probability of being able to travel with horses beside it; and that they saw no game. This report very naturally dispirited the men more than ever; in short, they agreed almost to a man to set out on their return home next morning. Capt. Preston, with a full knowledge of this determinatien, convened the officers, and it was concluded that each Captain should exert his best efforts to prevail on his men to stay until Major Lewis should arrive with the remainder of the troops. It rained very hard that night; and Capt. Preston confesses, that his mind was in a very confused and perplexed state to think of the men returning in such a manner, "which would infallibly ruin the expedition."

Although the men, on the morning of the 10th, were prepared to commence their return, yet an appeal from Capt. Preston to his company, that should they go before Major Lewis' arrival, his own character would suffer by it, induced them, as well as the other companies, to stay, until a letter could be sent to the Major. Lieut. Morton was immediately despatched, with two men, with a letter, wherein Capt. Preston set forth the confusion and disorder prevailing among the men, and their determination to return home;

that the meat was consumed, and that nothing remained on which the men could subsist, and earnestly begged Maj. Lewis to come down that evening or next morning, if possible. During the afternoon McNutt and another person arrived from the camp in the Forks with intelligence that the canoes were to set off that morning, that a horse had been killed to support the men, who were almost perished with hunger, and very uneasy.

Notwithstanding the promises of the men to remain until the Major's arrival, they were bent on marching homewards on Thursday morning, the 11th; but after many arguments and persuasions by Capt. Preston, they consented to remain that day for the Major's coming, as also for Andrew Lynam, who had been out three days making what observations he could. A little venison was procured for the support of the men that day. About noon two Indians came down in a canoe from Major Lewis' camp, reporting that the upper companies would be down that night. In the afternoon Andrew Lynam and William Hall returned with the information, that they had been fifteen miles down the stream; saw a large buffalo path, and fresh signs of buffaloes and elks; that they saw great numbers of turkies, and were of opinion that game was plenty; that they found an old fort which they believed was a hunting fort built by the Indians; that they thought the main mountain was not more than two miles beyond the farthest point to which they penetrated, but did not wait to make further discoveries, as they judged these would be sufficient to encourage the men to prosecute their journey. While this report greatly pleased and cheered the officers, it rather increased than quieted the mutiny among the men; for they looked upon it as formed only to draw them still farther from home; that were the game ever so plenty, they said it was utterly impossible to support 340 men by it, as there was

nothing else to depend on; and if they proceeded any farther, they must inevitably perish with hunger, which they looked upon to be more inglorious than to return and be yet serviceable to their country, when properly provided for. "These and many other weighty arguments," says Captain Preston, "they made use of, but through the whole they laid great part of our misfortunes on the com——es for not providing necessaries for such a number of men, as we had not above fifteen days provisions when we left Fort Frederick, to support us on a journey of near 300 miles, as we suppose." Lieut. Morton returned, and informed Captain Preston that he had delivered his letter to Major Lewis, who could hardly credit the contents, and said that he had often seen the like mutiny among soldiers, and it might easily be settled, &c. Eight of Capt. Smith's men went off, and two others with them. It rained very much all night.

The next morning, Friday, the 12th, Capt. Preston despatched Lieut. Paul to meet Major Lewis, and hasten him on. The soldiers being in readiness to march up the creek, eight or ten of Capt. Preston's men had their bundles on their backs and were about to start with them; Capt. Preston reasoned with them some time to no purpose, and was finally obliged to disarm them, and take their blankets by force. Half an hour afterwards five of them were found to have gone off privately; Lieut. Robinson and one soldier were sent in pursuit, and soon overtook and brought the deserters back to camp. Capt. Woodson now arrived with some of his company, with the intelligence, that his canoe overset, and he had lost his tents, and every thing valuable in it; that Major Lewis' canoe was sunk in the river, and that the Major, Capt. Overton, Lieut. Gun, and one other man had to swim for their lives, and that several things of value were lost, particularly five or six fine guns. Major Lewis and two others

soon after made their appearance, and gave information that being shipwrecked was the cause of so long detaining the Major, who left Capt Hog with his company to bring down the canoes and baggage, for which latter horses would have to be sent. The party of ten men who left the day before for home, were met by Major Lewis, and pretended that they went with the consent of their officers, who would have gone with them but for fear of their superiors. One of the men who came with Major Lewis brought in a little bear, which he took to Capt. Preston's tent, where the Major lodged that night; "by which," says Preston, "I had a good supper and breakfast- -a rarity."

On Saturday morning, the 13th of March, Major Lewis gave orders to each Captain to call his company together immediately, which was done, when the Major told the soldiers that he was informed of their design to go home, and that he was much surprised at it; he hoped they would alter their intentions of mutiny and desertion, and pursue the journey. He also set forth the ill-consequences that would certainly attend such conduct; he felt confident that they would be well supported when they reached the hunting ground, which he thought must be very near, and horses would support them for sometime. Notwithstanding all that could be said, the men appeared obstinately bent on going home; for, they said, if they went forward they must perish or eat horses, neither of which they were willing to do. Then Major Lewis stepped off some yards, and desired all who were willing to serve their country and share his fate, to go with him. All the officers, and some of the privates, not above twenty or thirty, joined him; upon which Montgomery's volunteers marched off, and were immediately followed by Capt. Preston's company, except the Captain, his two Lieutenants, and four privates; Captain Smith's company also followed these bad examples.—

Captain Woodson kept his company together all day under a pretence of marching down the country against the Shawanoes some other way, which was only to drew one day's provision for them—for a buffalo had been killed.—Major Lewis spoke to old Outacité, who appeared much grieved to see the men desert in such a manner, and said he was willing to proceed; but some of the warriors and young men were yet behind, and he was doubtful of them, but would send off a messenger to them to bring them down—which he did. The old chief added, that the white men could not bear abstinence like the Indians who would not complain of hunger.

Capt. Paris and Colonel Stewart came to the camp that morning with the information that one of Capt. Breckenridge's men got drowned the evening before, in attempting to cross the stream for some meal. "Indeed," says Preston's Journal, "hunger and want were so much increased that any man in the camp would have ventured his life for a supper. A small quantity of wet meal was brought in; I saw about one pound given to twelve men, and one of them bought a share for which he gave two shillings. One Jesse Mayo offered thirteen days hire as a pack-horseman for two pounds of bear's meat; so that it is impossible to express the abject condition we were in, both before and after the men deserted us, except when a little fresh meat was procured, which would not last any time, nor had it any strength to support men, as the salt was all lost. Lieut. Paul was ordered off with a party of men to Capt. Hog to bring the baggage, and on his way killed a buffalo. Mr. Dunlap's volunteers went off in the afternoon."

Here abruptly ends Capt. Preston's Journal. There can be no doubt, though Capt. Preston, Lieutenants Paul and Robinson, Old Outacité, and a patriotic few, resolved to share Maj. Lewis' uncertain fortunes, that all hope of ac-

complishing any thing at all adequate to the great sacrifices they would necessarily have to make, with so diminished a force, was now deemed utterly impracticable; and that to advance further would be but a reckless waste of life and energies; and, consequently, the further prosecution of the expedition was reluctantly abandoned, and all made the best of their way home. They must have been well nigh two weeks in reaching the settlements, as Sparks mentions their being "six weeks in the woods," and Washington speaks of their return, under date Winchester, the 7th of April. We can only conjecture their sufferings on their homeward march; that horses were very likely killed for food, buffalo tugs devoured, and shot-pouch flaps eaten, to satisfy in part the cravings of long-protracted hunger. With what inexpressible joy must these half-famished men have beheld the first inhabited cabins upon the out-skirts of the settlements!

It is difficult—even with our new light on the subject—to ascertain the precise object or design of this ill-starred expedition. Taylor and Withers affirm that it was the destruction of the Roanoke settlement. From the commencement of hostilities to the period of the marching of Major Lewis's little army, seventy persons had been killed, wounded, or captured on Holston, New, and Greenbrier rivers, while but a single individual was disturbed on the Roanoke, and he taken prisoner. This fact is derived from a manuscript account kept at the time by Capt. William Preston. But I have yet no certain means of determining the particular destination of the troops. Taylor and Withers say the plan was to attack the Scioto Shawanee towns, and to establish a fort and garrison at the mouth of Big Sandy. A manuscript letter before me of Gov. Dinwiddie, dated Williamsburg, Dec. 15th, 1755, addressed to Capts. Preston and Smith, mentions that they are to march to the

attack of the Shawanesse towns; and Capt. Preston speaks in his Journal of the design to go "to the Shawne Towns." Washington's Letters indicate "the Shawanese Town" as the point of attack, and Mr. Sparks says that it was situated at the mouth of the great Kenawha. To be a little more precise, its locality was on the Southern bank of the Ohio, just above Old Town Creek, three miles above Point Pleasant, and was known as the Upper Shawanoe Town at the mouth of the Scioto. Inasmuch as the mouth of Sandy, where Lewis designed to strike the Ohio, was about midway between these two important Shawanoe Settlements, it would appear probable that either or both were intended objects of attack, as circumstances might favor. Major Lewis in a letter to Capt. Preston now before me, dated Jan. 28th, 1756, says, he has received his "instructions from his Honor; they are not particular; he has left almost every thing to my management." It is impossible as yet to be more particular on this point.

The faithfulness of the noble old Cherokee Chief, when timidity and desertion swayed the minds of so many, very naturally inspires a wish to know something more concerning him. With some pains I have brought together, from various sources, the following sketch:

Outacite, or the Man-Killer, was among the most noted Cherokee chiefs of his day. The name he bore was the highest honorary title among the Cherokees, conferred as the reward of uncommon valor. As early as 1721, he was known as King of the Lower and Middle Cherokee settlements, and treated with Gov. Nicholson, of South Carolina; and in 1730, he was one of the Cherokee embassy, who visited England under the superintendence of Sir Alexander Cumming, and made a treaty with King George II. In 1755-'56, we find him in the service of the Colonies on the Virginia frontiers, serving patiently on

Lewis' disastrous Shawanoe Expedition, and probably participating in the defeat of Donville's party; and, in 1757, he joined Col. Washington at the head of twenty-seven warriors. What part he took, if any, in the Cherokee outbreak of 1758, we are ignorant; he was, however, one of the signers of the short-lived treaty of peace with Gov. Lyttleton, in Dec. 1759. From about this period he is generally mentioned as *Outacité, or the Judd's Friend,* in consequence of having saved, from the fury of his countrymen, a white man of the name of Judd, who was probably a trader. It was a richly deserved commemoration of a generous deed.

When, in 1760, the Cherokees succeeded in obtaining the surrender of Fort Loudon, in the Cherokee country, and treacherously fell upon Capt. Demeré and his fellow prisoners, Outacité made powerful exertions for the salvation of the whites, and but for his unwearied efforts none would probably have escaped the massacre. "He went around the field," say the newspaper accounts of the time, "ordering and calling to the Indians to desist, and the representations he made to them stopped the further progress and effects of their barbarous and brutal rage. He declares it as his opinion and resolution, that if they can now obtain peace, 'there never shall be more war as long as the old warriors live.'" Out of about two hundred captives, Capt. Demeré and twenty-five others were inhumanly slaughtered—the large proportion saved, is a lasting commentary on Outacité's noble promptings of humanity at a time when all others seemed completely under the influence of the demon of blood.

In 1764-'65, we find him at the head of a party of Cherokees making a foray to the Mississippi, where he intercepted two French batteaux ascending the river, loaded with amunition designed for the Shawanoes, and with them cap-

tured two French emissaries. He was a signer of the treaty of Lochabar, near Ninety-Six, in South Carolina, in Oct. 1770; in July, 1777, his name figures at the treaty of the Long Island of Holston, and, as we hear no more of him, he probably died soon after. He must, at this period, have been fully eighty years of age; and no Cherokee chieftain, except Attacullaculla or the Little Carpenter, has left behind him a more deservedly distinguished name.

Of the ROUND O, and YELLOW BIRD, who also accompanied Maj. Lewis on the Shawanoe Expedition, little is known—the former is said, in the newspapers of that day, to have died among his people of small pox, early in 1760; and a Cherokee chief bearing the name of the latter, signed the treaty of Hopewell in 1786, and that of Holston, in 1791.

LYMAN C. DRAPER.

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## COLONEL READ'S LETTERS.

[We are further indebted to our obliging correspondent, the author of the foregoing paper, and of a prior one in our last number on the same subject, for the following copies of Two Letters from Colonel Clement Read, of Lunenburg, to Colonel John Buchanan, of Augusta, taken, as he writes, from the originals in his possession; and which, we think, our readers will find valuable for the light they serve to shed on the state of things at the time when they were written, in the year after the Expedition against the Shawanees, just related.]

FROM COL. CLEMENT READ TO COL. JOHN BUCHANAN.

LUNENBURG, March 31, 1757.

*Dear Colonel.*—I am sorry the Expedition so well intended against the Shawnesse is likely to be defeated, and all

our schemes for carrying it on rendered abortive by an ill-timed jealousy and malicious insinuations. For God's sake, what view cou'd your people imagine I cou'd have in it; a prospect of gain I cou'd not have, as we proposed to go out as volunteers without pay or reward, but what depended only on fortune. Honour I cou'd not hope, for I was to go out only a common soldier. What then could be my inducements? Those indeed of deep penetration and profound skill in military achievements, and such as are happy enough to have M——s's craft, might see what my shallow understanding and weak capacity could not discover. But if I am to be credited, other principles induced me; 'twas the complaints of ye people, their distresses, the love of my country and the commands of the Council, prompted me to be so sanguine in the affair as I have been, and no other reason had I.

But as the people of your county have sent down their petition to the Council fill'd with complaints of the undue election and return of Col. Nash, (tho' he was chosen by the unanimous voice of the Augusta men at the election and Major Calloway and Obey Woodson, and they were the only persons that voted) I presume we may, without censure or reproach, decline having any thing further to do with it.

As I purpose to be at Williamsburg the latter end of April in order to settle my public accounts, I must be under the necessity of desiring you to come down and settle yo'r accounts of the monies put into your hands, by or before the 20th, otherwise I cannot perfect my settlement with the Commissioners: Pray, fail not and oblige

Yo'r mo. obed't hum. serv't,

CLEMENT READ.

To Col. John Buchanan, in Augusta.

By Capt. Parris.

*From the Same to the Same.*

LUNENBURGH, 9th August, 1757.

*Dear Sir.*—I received yours of the 1st instant, and am sincerely sorry for the distresses of your people, to hear of the murders daily committed, the captives daily taken, and of the people continually flying away from the inhuman savage enemy, gives me unutterable concern; I sympathize with them and feel a share of their sufferings. And I truly condole with you, sir, the fugitive part you take; alas! to be forced to fly a second time before the destroying ravagers of our country, to be forced again with your family to seek a shelter for your lives in a part where probably you will be a third time routed, is really shocking—intolerable. Poor miserable country! Poor ill-fated frontiers!

I rec'd a letter two daies agoe from the Governor, wherein he tells me he hath ordered a detachment of 250 men from the Virginia Regiment, that he ordered them to march to the protection of our frontiers on the 18th of July. I hope they are arrived, and that they will be serviceable, &c.

The alarm given us of the scituation of Bedford and Halifax are without foundation; and, by-the-bye, here I can't forbear taking notice that these alarming reports from our frontiers, when there is in fact no foundation for them, is really injurious and hurtful to the people: for after repeated advices of the depredations of the Indians, and as many expresses to the Governor concerning them, when 'tis discovered there is no foundation in fact for them, the Government imputes it [to] our idle fears, and are taught not to believe us, and so of consequence afford us no relief. Is not this very impolitic in us? To be sure it is.

There ought to go no expresses to the Governor but such as are well attested. The expenses we put the Government to last year, is the cause of constant murmurings against us. And it appears to me, that what with our precipitate motions on the one hand, and the tardy and frugal steps of the Government on the other, we shall be forced at the last, and very soon, too, I fear, to yield up all our large and fine back country to the enemy, and then where will be our barrier?

God Almighty, who hath in his hands the disposition of kings and kingdoms, &c., only knows what will be the issue of all these things: I, for my own part, with resignation to the Divine will, patiently wait the event.

I wou'd have you, sir, move the flower at Toshes, and the biscuit at Jno. Mills's, to some safe place, that it may be ready for this detachment from the Virg'a Regiment when they do arrive. And when they do arrive, be so kind as to inform me of their numbers, the names of the commanding officers, and the place where they take up their head quarters, that I may know where to send them the arms, amunition, provisions, &c., that I have here, as the Governor hath commanded me.

I long much to hear news from your parts, and I pray God it may be good, and when you can find time for it, be so good as to give me a particular history of the present situation of your country, and how they stand it about your Court-House, &c. The account would be thankfully accepted of you.

And when you have secured your family, I should be glad to see you to settle this account, as I cannot make up my accounts completely till it is done. And I shall set off for that purpose to the Commissioners the beginning of September, if I can see you before that time.

I shall issue the writ ag't Luney as you direct me, and have the cause taken care of as you desire.

I pray God to protect us from the barbarities of a cruel and blood-thirsty enemy; and I remain with respect and regard, Dear sir,

Your most obd't hum. serv't,

CLEMENT READ.

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## MELANCHOLY.

BY FLETCHER.

Hence, all you vain delights,
As short as are the nights
  Wherein you spend your folly;
There's nought in this life sweet,
If a man were wise to see't,
  But only Melancholy;
  Oh sweetest Melancholy!

Welcome, folded arms, and fixéd eyes,
A sigh, that piercing, mortifies;
A look that's fastened to the ground;
A tongue chained up without a sound.

Fountain heads and pathless groves,
Places which pale Passion loves;
Moonlight walks when all the fowls
Are warmly housed save bats and owls;
  A midnight bell, a parting groan,
  These are the sounds we feed upon:
Then stretch our bones in a still gloomy valley;
Nothing's so dainty sweet as lovely Melancholy.

## BURNABY'S TRAVELS IN VIRGINIA, IN 1759.

*Continued from our last number.*

Virginia is divided into fifty-two counties, and seventy-seven parishes, and by act of assembly there ought to be forty-four towns; but one half of these have not more than five houses; and the other half are little better than inconsiderable villages. This is owing to the cheapness of land, and the commodiousness of navigation; for every person may with ease procure a small plantation, can ship his tobacco at his own door, and live independent. When the colony shall come to be more thickly seated, and land grow dear, people will be obliged to follow trades and manufactures, which will necessarily make towns and large cities; but this seems remote, and not likely to happen for some centuries.

The inhabitants are supposed to be in number between two and three hundred thousand. There are a hundred and five thousand tytheables, under which denomination are included all white males from sixteen to sixty; and all negroes whatsoever within the same age. The former are obliged to serve in the militia, and amount to forty thousand.

The trade of this colony is large and extensive. Tobacco is the principle article of it. Of this they export annually between fifty and sixty thousand hogsheads, each hogshead weighing eight hundred or a thousand weight: some years they export much more. They ship also for the Madeiras, the Streights, and the West-Indies, several articles, such as grain, pork, lumber, and cyder: to Great Britain, bar-iron, indigo, and a small quantity of ginseng, tho' of an inferior quality, and they clear out one year with another about

ton of shipping.

Their manufactures are very inconsiderable. They make a kind of cotton-cloth, which they clothe themselves with in common, and call after the name of their country; and some inconsiderable quantities of linen, hose, and other trifling articles: but nothing to deserve attention.

The government is a royal one: the legislature consisting of a governor appointed by the king; a council of twelve persons, under the same nomination; and a house of burgesses, or representatives, of a hundred and eight or ten members, elected by the people; two for each county, and one for each of the following places, viz. the College of William and Mary, James-town, Norfolk-borough, and Williamsburg. Each branch has a negative. All laws, in order to be permanent, must have the king's approbation; nor may any be enacted, which are repugnant to the laws of Great Britain.

The courts of judicature are either county, or general courts. The county courts are held monthly in each county, at a place assigned for that purpose, by the justices thereof; four of them making a quorum. They are appointed by the governor, and take cognizance of all causes, at common law, or in chancery, within their respective counties, except criminal ones, punishable with loss of life, or member. This power they are not permitted to exercise except over negroes and slaves, and then not without a special commission from the governor for each particular purpose.* The general court is held twice a year at Williams-

* How necessary it may be that they should have such a power, even in this case, I will not pretend to say; but the law which transfers it to them seems so inconsistent with the natural rights of mankind, that I cannot but in pity to humanity recite it.

" Every slave committing any offence, by law punishable by death, or loss of member, shall be committed to the county goal, and the sheriff of the county shall forthwith certify such commitment, with the cause thereof,

burg. It consists of the governor and council, any five of which make a court. They hear and determine all causes whatsoever, ecclesiastical, or civil, and sit four and twenty days: the first five of these are for hearing and determining suits in chancery appeals from the decrees of the county or inferior courts in chancery; and writs of supersedeas to such decrees The other days are for trying suits or prosecutions in behalf of the king; and all other matters depending in the said court: appeals are allowed to the king in ceuncil, in cases of 500 l. sterling value. The governor has a power of pardoning criminals in all cases, except of treason or murder: and then he can only reprieve till he knows the king's pleasure.

The established religion is that of the church of England; and there are very few Dissenters of any denomination in this province. There are at present between sixty and seventy clergymen; men in general of sober and exemplary lives. They have each a glebe of two or three hundred acres of land, a house, and a salary established by law of 16,000 weight of tobacco, with an allowance of 1700 more for shrinkage. This is delivered to them in hogsheads ready packed for exportation, at the most convenient warehouse. The presentation of livings is in the hands of the vestry; which is a standing body of twelve

to the governor, or commander in chief, who may issue a commission of oyer and terminer to such persons as he shall think fit, which persons, forthwith after the receipt of such commission, shall cause the offender to be publicly arraigned and tried at the court-house of the said county, and take for evidence the confession of the offender, the oath of one or more credible witnesses, or such testimony of negroes, mulattoes, or Indians, bond or free, with pregnant circumstances as to them shall seem convincing, *without the solemnity of a jury*, and the offender being found guilty, shall pass such judgment upon him or her as the law directs for the like crimes, and on such judgment award execution."

Mercer's Abridgment of the Virginia Laws, p. 342.

members, invested with the sole power of raising levies, settling the repairs of the church, and regulating other parochial business. They were originally elected by the people of the several parishes; but now fill up vacancies themselves. If the vestry does not present to a living in less than twelve months, it lapses to the governor. The diocesan is the bishop of London; who has a power of appointing a commisary to preside over, and convene the clergy on particular occasions; and to censure, or even suspend them, in cases of neglect or immorality. His salary is 100 l. sterling per annum; and he is generally of the council, which is of equal emolument to him.*

An unhappy disagreement has lately arisen between the clergy and the laity, which, it is to be feared, may be of serious consequence. The cause of it was this. Tobacco being extremely scarce from a general failure of the crop, the assembly passed an act to oblige the clergy and all public officers to receive their stipends in money instead of tobacco. This the clergy remonstrated against, alledging the hardship of being obliged to take a small price for their tobacco, when it bore an extravagant one; seeing they never had any kind of compensation allowed, when it was so plentiful as to be almost a drug. They sent over an agent to England, and the law was repealed. This greatly exasperated the people; and such is their mutual animosity at this time, that, I fear, it will not easily subside, or be forgotten.

With regard to the law in question, it was certainly a very hard one, and I doubt whether, upon principles of free government, it can be justified; or whether the assembly can legally interpose any farther, than, in cases of ne-

* The commissary is commonly president of the college, and has the parish of Williamsburg, or some other lucrative parish, which render him about 350 l. a year: so that his annual income is between 5 and 600 l.

cessity, to oblige the clergy to receive their salaries in money instead of tobacco, at the current price of tobacco. They may, I am persuaded, in cases of exigency, always make, and might then have made, such a law, without any considerable detriment to the colony: for, supposing the price of tobacco to be, what it was at that time, about fifty shillings currency per hundred, what would the whole sum be, were the clergy to be paid ad valorem? Not 20,000 l. sterling. There are in Virginia, as I observed before, about sixty-five clergymen: each of these is allowed 16,000 weight of tobacco; which, at the rate of fifty shillings currency per hundred, amounts to 400 l.; 400 l. multiplied by 65, is equal to 26,000 l.; which, allowing 40 per cent. discount, the difference of exchange, is about 18,571 l. sterling.—Now what is this sum to such a colony as Virginia? But to this it will be said, perhaps, why should the clergy be gainers in a time of public distress, when every one else is a sufferer? The clergy will doubtless reply, and why should the clergy be the only sufferers in plentiful seasons, when all but themselves are gainers? Upon the whole, however, as on the one hand I disapprove of the proceedings of the assembly in this affair; so, on the other, I cannot approve of the steps which were taken by the clergy: that violenee of temper; that disrespectful behaviour towards the governor; that unworthy treatment of their commissary; and, to mention nothing else, that confusion of proceeding in the convention, of which some, though not the majority, as has been invidiously represented, were guilty; these things were surely unbecoming the sacred character they are invested with; and the moderation of those persons, who ought in all things to imitate the conduct of their divine Master. If, instead of flying out in invectives against the legislature; of accusing the governor of having given up the cause of religion by passing the bill; when, in fact,

had he rejected it, he would never have been able to have got any supplies during the course of the war, though ever so much wanted; if, instead of charging the commissary with want of zeal for having exhorted them to moderate measures, they had followed the prudent counsels of that excellent man, and had acted with more temper and moderation, they might, I am persuaded, in a very short time, have obtained any redress they could reasonably have desired. The people in general were extremely well affected towards the clergy, and had expressed their regard for them in several instances; they were sensible, moreover, that their salaries were too scanty to support them with dignity, and there had been some talk about raising them: had the clergy therefore, before they applied to England, only offered a memorial to the assembly, setting forth that they thought the act extremely hard upon them, as their salaries were small; and that they hoped the assembly would take their case into consideration, and enable them to live with that decency which became their character; I am persuaded, from the knowledge which I have of the people in general, and from repeated conversations with several members of the assembly, that they might have obtained almost any thing they could have wished; if not, they undoubtedly would have had reason to appeal. But, instead of this, without applying to the assembly for relief, after the act was passed, (for before, indeed, some of them did apply to the speaker in private) they flew out into the most violent invectives, immediately sent over an agent to England, and appealed to his majesty in council. The result has been already related.

The progress of arts and sciences in this colony has been very inconsiderable: the college of William and Mary is the only public place of education, and this has by no means answered the design of its institution. It has a

foundation for a president and six professors. The business of the president is to superintend the whole, and to read four theological lectures annually. He has a handsome house to live in, and 200 l. sterling per annum. The professor of the Indian school has 60 l. sterling, and a house also; his business is to instruct the Indians in reading, writing, and the principles of the Christian religion; this pious institution was set on foot and promoted by the excellent Mr. Boyle. The professor of humanity has the care of instructing the students in classical learning: he has an usher or assistant under him. The four other professors teach moral philosophy, metaphysics, mathematics, and divinity. Each of the professors has apartments in the college, and a salary of about 80 l. per annum.* The present chancellor of the college is the bishop of London.

From what has been said of this colony, it will not be difficult to form an idea of the character† of its inhabitants. The climate and external appearance of the country conspire to make them indolent, easy, and good-natured; extremely fond of society, and much given to convivial pleasures. In consequence of this, they seldom show any spirit of enterprize, or expose themselves willingly to fatigue. Their authority over their slaves renders them vain and imperious, and intire strangers to that elegance of sentiment, which is so peculiarly characteristic of refined and polished nations. Their ignorance of mankind and of learning, exposes them to many errors and prejudices, especially in regard to Indians and Negroes, whom they scarcely consider as of the human species; so that it is almost impos-

* They have been since raised, I believe, to 100 l.

† General characters are always liable to many exceptions. In Virginia I have had the pleasure to know several gentlemen adorned with many virtues and accomplishments, to whom the following description is by no means applicable.

sible, in cases of violence, or even murder, committed upon those unhappy people by any of the planters, to have the delinquents brought to justice: for either the grand jury refuse to find the bill, or the petit jury bring in their verdict, not guilty.*

The display of a character thus constituted, will naturally be in acts of extravagance, ostentation, and a disregard of œconomy; it is not extraordinary, therefore, that the Virginians out-run their incomes; and that having involved themselves in difficulties, they are frequently tempted to raise money by bills of exchange, which they know will be returned protested, with 10 per cent. interest.†

* There are two laws in this colony, which make it almost impossible to convict a planter, or white man, of the death of a Negroe or Indian. By the first it is enacted, that "if any slave shall die by reason of any "stroke or blow, given in correction by his or her owner, or by reason of any accidental blow whatsoever, given by such owner; no person concerned in such correction, or accidental homicide, shall undergo any prosecution or punishment for the same; unless, upon examination before the county court, it shall be proved by the oath of one lawful and credible witness, at least, that such slave was killed wilfully, maliciously, and designedly; nor shall any person indicted for the murder of a slave, and upon trial found guilty only of manslaughter, incur any forfeiture or punishment for such offence or misfortune." See Mercer's Abridgment, p. 345. By the second, "No Negroe, Mulatto, or Indian, can be admitted into any court, or before any magistrate, to be sworn as a witness, or give evidence in any cause whatsoever, except upon the trial of a slave for a capital offence." Mercer's Abridgment, p. 419.

† By an act of assembly, if any bill of exchange is drawn for the payment of any sum of money, and such bill is protested for non-acceptance or non-payment, it carries interest from the date thereof, after the rate of 10 per cent per annum, until the money be fully satisfied and paid.

A very curious anecdote relative to this law was mentioned to me at Williamsburg, of which I am persuaded the reader will excuse the relation. An usurer, not satisfied with 5 l. per cent. legal interest, refused to advance a sum of money to a gentleman, unless, by way of security, he would give him a bill of exchange that should be returned protested, by which he would be intitled to 10 per cent. The gentleman, who had immediate occasion

The public or political character of the Virginians, corresponds with their private one: they are haughty and jealous of their liberties, impatient of restraint, and can scarcely bear the thought of being controuled by any superior power. Many of them consider the colonies as independent states, not connected with Great Britain, otherwise than by having the same common king, and being bound to her with natural affection. There are but few of them that have a turn for business, and even those are by no means adroit at it. I have known them, upon a very urgent occasion, vote the relief of a garrison, without once considering whether the thing was practicable, when it was most evidently and demonstrably otherwise.* In matters

for the money, sat down and drew a bill upon a capital merchant in London, with whom he had never had any transaction, or carried on the least correspondence. The merchant, on the receipt of the bill, observing the name of the drawer, very readily honoured it, knowing the gentleman to be a person of great property, and concluding that he meant to enter into correspondence with him. The usurer upon this became intitled to only 5 l. per cent. He was exceedingly enraged, therefore, at being as he supposed, thus tricked: and complained very heavily to the gentleman of his having given him a good bill instead of a bad one.

* The garrison here alluded to, was that of Fort Loudoun, in the Cherokee country, consisting of a lieutenant, and about fifty men. This unfortunate party being besieged by the Cherokee Indians, and reduced to the last extremity, sent off runners to the governors of Virginia and Carolina, imploring immediate succour; adding that it was impossible for them to hold out above twenty days longer. The assembly of Virginia, commiserating their unhappy situation, very readily voted a considerable sum for their relief. With this, troops were to be levied; were to rendezvous upon the frontiers 200 miles distant from Williamsburg; were afterward to proceed to the fort 200 miles farther through a wilderness, where there was no road, no magazines, no posts, either to shelter the sick, or cover a retreat in case of any disaster; so that the unfortunate garrison might as effectually have been succoured from the moon. The author taking notice of these difficulties to one of the members, he frankly replied, "Faith, it is true: but we have had an opportunity at least of showing our loyalty." In a few days after arrived the melancholy news, that this unfortunate party was intirely cut off.

of commerce they are ignorant of the necessary principles that must prevail between a colony and the mother country; they think it a hardship not to have an unlimited trade to every part of the world. They consider the duties upon their staple as injurious only to themselves; and it is utterly impossible to persuade them that they affect the consumer also. Upon the whole, however, to do them justice, the same spirit of generosity prevails here which does in their private character; they never refuse any necessary supplies for the support of government when called upon, and are a generous and loyal people.

The women are, upon the whole, rather handsome, though not to be compared with our fair country-women in England. They have but few advantages, and consequently are seldom accomplished; this makes them reserved, and unequal to any interesting or refined conversation. They are immoderately fond of dancing, and indeed it is almost the only amusement they partake of: but even in this they discover great want of taste and elegance, and seldom appear with that gracefulness and ease, which these movements are so calculated to display. Towards the close of an evening, when the company are pretty well tired with country dances, it is usual to dance jiggs; a practice originally borrowed, I am informed, from the* Negroes. These dances are without any method or regularity: a gentleman and lady stand up, and dance about the room, one of them retiring, the other pursuing, then perhaps meeting, in an irregular fantastical manner. After some time, another lady must sit down, she being, as they term it, cut out: the second lady acts the same part which the first did, till somebody cuts her out. The gentlemen perform in the same

* The author has since had an opportunity of observing something similar in Italy. The trescone of the Tuscans is very like the jiggs of the Virginians.

manner. The Virginian ladies, excepting these amusements, and now and then a party of pleasure into the woods to partake of a barbacue, chiefly spend their time in sewing and taking care of their families: they seldom read, or endeavour to improve their minds; however, they are in general good housewives; and though they have not, I think, quite so much tenderness and sensibility as the English ladies, yet they make as good wives, and as good mothers, as any in the world.

It is hard to determine, whether this colony can be called flourishing, or not: because though it produces great quantities of tobacco and grain, yet there seem to be very few improvements carrying on in it. Great part of Virginia is a wilderness, and as many of the gentlemen are in possession of immense tracts of land, it is likely to continue so. A spirit of enterprize is by no means the turn of the colony, and therefore few attempts have been made to force a trade; which I think might easily be done, both to the West Indies and the Ohio. They have every thing necessary for such an undertaking; viz. lumber, provisions, grain, and every other commodity, which the other colonies, that subsist and grow rich by these means, make use of for exports; but, instead of this, they have only a trifling communication with the West Indies; and as to the Ohio, they have suffered themselves, notwithstanding the superior advantages they might enjoy from having a water-carriage almost to the Yoghiogheny, to neglect this valuable branch of commerce; while the industrious Pensylvanians seize every opportunity, and struggle with innumerable difficulties, to secure it to themselves. The Virginians are content if they can but live from day to day; they confine themselves almost intirely to the cultivation of tobacco; and if they have but enough of this to pay their merchants in London, and to provide for their pleasures;

they are satisfied, and desire nothing more. Some few, indeed, have been rather more enterprising, and have endeavoured to improve their estates by raising indigo, and other schemes: but whether it has been owing to the climate, to their inexperience in these matters, or their want of perseverance, I am unable to determine, but their success has not answered their expectations.

The taxes of this colony are considerable, and the public debt amounts to at least 400,000 l. currency; this they have been driven into by the war, having seldom had less than a thousand or fifteen hundred provincial troops in pay, exclusive of the expences of some forts. The ways and means employed for raising the money have been generally the same: they have first made an emission of so much paper currency as the exigency required, and then laid a tax for sinking it. This tax has been commonly upon lands and negroes, two shillings for every titheable; and a shilling or eighteen-pence upon every hundred acres of land. This mode of taxation has ocasaioned some divisions in the house; for the owners of large tracts being unable, perhaps, to cultivate a tenth part of their possessions, and every man's real income arising from the number of his Negroes, have thought it very hard to pay a tax for what they pretend is of no value to them: but much better arguments may undoubtedly be urged in support of the tax than against it.

The taxes for the present debt are laid till the year sixty-nine, when the whole, if they add nothing more to it, will be discharged. The use of paper currency in this colony has intirely banished from it gold and silver. Indeed the introduction of it was certain in time to produce this effect; but lest it should not, the Virginians fell into a measure, which completed it at once: for by an act of assembly they fixed the exchange between currency and sterling

debts, at five and twenty per cent. not considering that the real value of their currency could only be regulated by itself. The consequence was, that when from frequent emissions, the difference of exchange between bills upon merchants in London and currency, was 40 per cent. the difference between currency and specie* was only five and twenty. So that the monied men collected all the specie they could, sent it away to Philadelphia, where it passed for its real value, purchased bills of exchange with it there, and sold them again in Virginia with fifteen per cent. profit: and this they continued to do till there was not a pistole or a dollar remaining.

* Fixing the difference between currency and sterling debts, was, in reality, fixing it between currency and specie.

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## A GHOST STORY.

[We are again indebted to our fair correspondent for another anecdote illustrative of the times immediately preceding our revolutionary war, and relating to the same "Loyal Parson," whom we introduced to our readers in our last number.]

*Dear Mr. Editor,*—As you were good enough to publish my first offering, I presume you may not be unwilling to receive, and perhaps register a second. It is, to be sure, a Ghost Story; but as it was originally related by a parson, and as coming within his own knowledge, I suppose we may consider it as quite true. I give it to you as it was told to me, some years ago, by the late Com. B——— of N———, in his pleasant manner. I made a note of it at

the time, according to the advice of Capt. Cuttle, and draw it now from my book. Thus it runs:

"A relation of mine, Mr. Colquhoun of Suffolk, was engaged to a young lady of the same place. His Father insisted on his going to Edinborough to complete his education. Such was the ardor of his attachment that he felt that he could not survive a separation from his Lady-love unless he parted from her as his wife—this he told his parents. His father consented to the marriage, provided he consented to a separation of three years. He gave the promise, and left his bride: she was his, and he could endure the severance.

Three years rolled away, as they will, whether of joy or sorrow; and he was preparing to return home, when he had a dream that revealed to him the death of his wife. He arrived in Virginia—the dream was a reality. The shock made him a maniac. The madness gradually wore away—melancholy succeeded. He would escape from his home, and spend night after night on her grave, praying to have one—but one look at her. He trusted that the earnestness of his prayer would meet with acceptance.

Mr. Agnew, a Scotch clergyman, was pastor of his church; he asked him if he thought that departed spirits were ever permitted to visit this earth. 'I'll tell you a Ghost Story, and you may judge how near I was in believing that they might—that they did. I was invited to preach in Gloster, and was a guest in a large house. There was great simpering among the young members of the family, when they saw me. 'I, a minister!'—my youth made it ludicrous to them—even the servants joined. I had experienced something like it before—had disturbed their associations—a young and gay clergyman; I should have been the reverse—old and grave.

'I retired. All was comfortable, and I was soon asleep. Towards morning I awoke. The curtains were parted; in the opening I saw a tall figure shrouded in white. I fainted. On recovering, the eyes of the figure seemed to gaze on me. I felt that prayer was my only defence. I struggled to put myself in the attitude of prayer. Never did I supplicate with greater earnestness. Prayer gave me courage. I stretched forth my hand, and touched something—'twas cold. I recoiled,—again I fainted. How long I remained insensible, I know not. When consciousness returned, reason came with it. I *touched* the object—spirits are not *material*, *therefore* that was no spirit.

'The morning had dawned—objects were distinct. I opened my eyes, the curtains were still parted, and there stood—a *Barber's block*, on which mine host's wig was displayed.

'The truth, the whole truth flashed upon me—the children and the servants wanted to play the young Parson a trick. With the wig, the dredging-box, and a morning-gown, a Ghost was gotten up. At breakfast I saw the parties in the trick. I kept silence. Their countenances betrayed them.

'So ends *my* Ghost Story—*as* veritable a Ghost *as can* be met with.' "

This was Mr. Agnew's answer to Mr. Colquhoun. *I*, the narrator of another's recollection, think a little more gravity would have better become the office and the occasion. In provincial times, however, greater license was allowed to parsons than there would be now.

## ORIGINAL LETTER:

*From General Washington to George Mason, Esq., of Gunston Hall.*

[We copy the following Letter from General Washington to George Mason, Esq., of Gunston Hall, from the Whig of January 31st, where it appears as taken from the Alexandria Gazette, and is introduced in these terms: "We have before us," (says the Alexandria Gazette,) "in the well-known, bold, legible, and excellent hand-writing of General Washington, the following letter which a friend from an adjoining county has been kind enough to send us. It is addressed to Col. George Mason, and is very interesting: for although begun only in answer to one asking letters of introduction for Col. Mason's eldest son, whose ill health forced him to try the climate of the south of France, yet the occason is seized to exhibit, in a most striking degree, the deep concern that ever filled the mind of the Patriot Chief, for the public welfare. Without farther preface, we append the letter:"]

CAMP AT MIDDLEBROOK, March 27th, 1779.

*Dear Sir*,—By some interruption of the last week's mail, your favor of the 8th did not reach my hands till last night. Under cover of this, Mr. Mason, (if he should not have sailed,) to whom I heartily wish a perfect restoration of health, will receive two letters: one of them to the Marquis de la Fayette, and the other to Doct. Franklin, in furnishing which I am happy, as I wish for instances in which I can testify the sincerity of my regard for you.

Our Commissary of Prisoners hath been invariably and pointedly instructed to exchange those officers first, who were first captivated, as far as rank will apply, and I have every reason to believe he has obeyed the order, as I have refused a great many applications for irregular exchanges

in consequence, and I did it because I would not depart from my principle, and thereby incur the charge of partiality. It sometimes happens, that officers later in captivity than others, have been exchanged before them, but it is in cases where the ranks of the enemy's officers in our possession do not apply to the latter. There is a prospect now, I think, of a general exchange taking place, which will be very pleasing to the parties and their connexions, and will be a means of relieving much distress to individuals, though it may not, circumstanced as we are at this time, be advantageous to us, considered in a national and political point of view. Partial exchanges have, for some time past, been discontinued by the enemy:

Though it is not in my power to devote much time to private correspondences, owing to the multiplicity of public letters (and other business) I have to read, write and transact, yet I can with great truth assure you, that it would afford me very singular pleasure to be favored, at all times, with your sentiments in a leisure hour, upon public matters of general concernment, as well as those which more immediately respect your own State, (if proper conveyances would render prudent a free communication.) I am particularly desirous of it, at this time, because I view things very differently, I fear, from what people in general do, who seem to think that the contest is at an end, and to make money, and to get places, the only thing now remaining to do. I have seen without dispondency, (even for a moment,) the hours which America has styled her gloomy ones—but I have beheld no day since the commencement of hostilities, that I have thought her liberties in such imminent danger as at the present. Friends and foes seem now to combine to pull down the goodly fabric we have hitherto been raising at the expense of so much time, blood and treasure—and unless the bodies politic

will exert themselves to bring things back to first principles, correct abuses, and punish our internal foes, inevitable ruin must follow. Indeed we seem to be verging so fast to destruction, that I am filled with sensations to which I have been a stranger, till within these three months. Our enemy behold with exulation and joy, how effectually we labor for their benefit, and from being in a state of absolute despair, and on the point of evacuating America, are now on tiptoe. Nothing, therefore, in my judgment, can save us, but a total reformation in our own conduct, or some decisive turn to affairs in Europe. The former, alas! to our shame be it spoken! is less likely to happen than the latter, as it is now consistent with the views of the speculators—various tribes of money makers—and stock-jobbers of all denominations, to continue the war for their own private emolument, without considering that their avarice and thirst for gain must plunge every thing (including themselves) in one common ruin.

Were I to indulge my present feelings, and give a loose to that freedom of expression which my unreserved friendship for you would prompt me to, I should say a great deal on this subject. But letters are liable to so many accidents, and the sentiments of men in office sought after by the enemy with so much avidity, and besides conveying useful knowledge (if they get into their hands) for the superstructure of their plans are often perverted to the worst of purposes, that I shall be somewhat reserved, notwithstanding this letter goes by a private hand to Mount Vernon, I cannot refrain lamenting, however, in the most poignant terms, the fatal policy too prevalent in most of the States, of employing their ablest men at home in posts of honor or profit, till the great national interests are fixed upon a solid basis. To me it appears no unjust simile to compare the affairs of this great continent, to the mechanism of a clock, each

State representing some one or the other of the smaller parts of it, which they are endeavoring to put in fine order, without considering how useless and unavailing their labor, unless the great wheel or spring which is to set the whole in motion, is also well attended to and kept in good order. I allude to no particular State, nor do I mean to cast reflections upon any one of them—nor ought I, it may be said, to do so upon their representatives; but as it is a fact too notorious to be concealed, that C—— is rent by party—that much business of a trifling nature and personal concernment withdraws their attention from matters of great national moment at this critical period—when it is also known that idleness and dissipation takes place of close attention and application, no man who wishes well to the liberties of his country, and desires to see its rights established, can avoid crying out: Where are our men of abilities? Why do they not come forth to save their country? Let this voice, my dear sir, call upon you, Jefferson, and others. Do not, from a mistaken opinion, that we are about to sit down under our own vine and our own fig tree—let our hitherto noble struggle end in ignominy. Believe me when I tell you there is danger of it. I have pretty good reasons for thinking, that administration a little while ago, had resolved to give the matter up, and negotiate a peace with us upon almost any terms; but I shall be much mistaken if they do not now, from the present state of our currency, dissentions, and other circumstances, push matters to the utmost extremity. Nothing, I am sure, will prevent it, but the interposition of Spain and their disappointed hopes from Russia.

I thank you most cordially, for your kind offer of rendering me service. I shall, without reserve, as heretofore, call upon you whenever circumstances occur that may re-

quire it, being with the sincerest regard, dear sir, your most obedient and affectionate humble servant,

GO. WASHINGTON.

George Mason, Esq., Gunston Hall.

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## THE LATE COMMODORE WARRINGTON.

Commodore Lewis Warrington, of the United States navy, was born in Williamsburg, in 1782, and after finishing his academic course at William & Mary College, entered the navy the 6th of January, 1800, and soon after joined the frigate Chesapeake, then lying at Norfolk. In this ship he remained on the West India station until May 1801, when he returned to the United States and joined the frigate President, under Commodore Dale, and soon blockaded Tripoli until 1802, when he again returned to the United States, and joined the frigate New-York, which sailed, and remained on the Mediterraenan station until 1803. On his return from the Mediterranean he was ordered to the Vixen, and again joined the squadron which had lately left, where he remained during the attack on the gun-boats and batteries of Tripoli, in which the Vixen always took part. In November, 1804, he was made acting lieutenant; and in July, 1805, he joined the brig Siren, a junior lieutenant. In March, 1806, he joined the Enterprise, as first lieutenant, and did not return to the United States until July, 1807—an absence of four years. After his return in 1807, he was ordered to the command of a gun-boat on the Norfolk station, then under the command of Commodore Decatur. This was a position calculated to damp the ardor of the young officer, as it was so far below several he had filled. He, however, maintained his

usual bearing for two years, when he was again ordered to the Siren as first lieutenant. On the return of this vessel from Europe, whither she went with dispatches, Lieut. Warrington was ordered to the Essex, as her first lieutenant, in September of the same year. In the Essex he cruised on the American coast, and again carried out dispatches for the government, returning in 1812. He was then ordered to the frigate Congress as her first lieutenant, and sailed, on the declaraton of war, with the squadron under Commodore Rogers, to intercept the British West India fleet, which was only avoided by the latter in consequence of a heavy fog, which continued for fourteen days. He remained in the Congress until 1813, when he became first lieutenant of the frigate United States, in which he remained until his promotion to the rank of master commandant, soon after which he took command of the sloop-of-war Peacock. While cruising in the Peacock, in latitude 27 deg. 40 min., he encountered the British brig-of-war, Epervier. His own letter to the Secretary of the Navy, descriptive of that encounter, is as follows:

AT SEA, APRIL 29, 1814.

SIR:—I have the honor to inform you that we have this morning captured, after an action of forty-two minutes, his Britannic Majesty's brig Epervier, rating and mounting eighteen thirty-two pound carronades, with one hundred and twenty-eight men, of whom eleven were killed and fifteen wounded, according to the best information we could obtain. Among the latter is her first lieutenant, who has lost an arm, and received a severe splinter wound in the hip. Not a man in the Peacock was killed, and only two wounded, neither dangerously. The fate of the Epervier would have been decided in much less time, but for the circumstance of our fore-yard having been totally disabled by two round-shot in the starboard quarter, from her first broadside, which entirely deprived us of the use of our fore-topsails, and compelled us to keep the ship large throughout the remainder of the action. This, with a few topmast

and topgallant backstays cut away, and a few shot through our sails, is the only injury the Peacock has sustained. Not a round-shot touched our hull, and our masts and spars are as sound as ever. When the enemy struck he had five feet of water in his hold; his maintopmast was over the side; his mainboom shot away; his foremast cut nearly away, and tottering; his forerigging and stays shot away; his bowsprit badly wounded, and forty-five shot holes in his hull, twenty of which were within a foot of his water-line, above and below. By great exertions we got her in sailing order just as night came on. In fifteen minutes after the enemy struck, the Peacock was ready for another action, in every respect, except the foreyard, which was sent down, fished, and we had the foresail set again in forty-five minutes—such was the spirit and activity of our gallant crew. The Epervier had under convoy an English hermaphrodite brig, a Russian, and a Spanish ship, which all hauled their wind, and stood to the E. N. E. I had determined upon pursuing the former, but found that it would not be prudent to leave our prize in her then crippled state, and the more particularly so as we found she had on board one hundred and twenty thousand dollars in specie. Every officer, seaman, and marine did his duty, which is the highest compliment I can pay them.

I am, &c., L. WARRINGTON.

Capt. Warrington brought his prize safely home, and was received with great honor, because of his success in the encounter. In the early part of the year 1815, he sailed in the squadron under Commodore Decatur, for a cruise in the Indian Ocean. The Peacock and Hornet were obliged to separate in chasing, and did not again meet until they arrived at Tristan d'Acunha, the place appointed for rendezvous. After leaving that place, the Peacock met with a British line-of-battle ship, from which she escaped, and gained the Straits of Sunda, where she captured four vessels, one of which was a brig of fourteen guns, belonging to the East India Company's service. From this vessel Captain Warrington first heard of the ratification of peace. He then returned to the United States. While in command

of the Peacock, Capt. Warrington captured nineteen vessels, three of which were given up to prisoners, and sixteen destroyed.

Since the close of the war, Commodore Warrington has filled many responsible stations in the service for a long time, having been on shore-duty for twenty-eight years. He was appointed one of the Board of Naval Commissioners, and subsequently held the post of chief of the Bureau of Ordnance in the Navy Department, which post he held at the time of his death. His whole career of service extended through a period of more than fifty-one years, during all of which time he was greatly respected, and held as one of the most prominent officers of the United States navy. At the time of his death, which occurred at Washington, on the 12th of October last, (after a short but painful illness,) there was but one older officer in the service.—*Inter. Mag.*

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## OLD ENGLISH PLAYWRIGHTS.

The following passage from Heywood's "Hierarchie of Angels," (London, 1637,) which I find in Hone's Table Book, communicated by that dear lover of old English plays, Charles Lamb, is somewhat curious for "containing a string of names, all but that of Watson, his contemporary Dramatists;" and it may have a little additional interest for us Virginians, as furnishing a catalogue of the authors with whom we may suppose our early fathers of the colony, or some of them, were most familiar;—that is, if they could find time, amidst their planting and tending of their corn and tobacco, and other engagements, to read any thing. "The poet," says L., "is complaining, in a mood half serious, half comic, of the disrespect which poets in his own

time met with from the world, compared with the honors paid them by antiquity. *Then* they could afford them three or four sonorous names, and at full length; as to Ovid, the addition of Publius Naso Sulmensis; to Seneca, that of Lucius Annæas Cordubensis; and the like. *Now*, says, he,

Our modern poets to that pass are driven,
Those names are curtail'd which they first had given;
And, as we wish'd to have their memories drown'd,
We scarcely can afford them half their sound.
Greene, who had in both Academies ta'en
Degree of Master, yet could never gain
To be call'd more than Robin; who, had he
Profest aught save the Muse, served, and been free
After a sev'n years prenticeship, might have
(With credit too) gone Robert to his grave.
Marlowe, renown'd for his rare art and wit,
Could ne'er attain beyond the name of Kit;
Although his Hero and Leander did
Merit addition rather. Famous Kid
Was call'd but Tom. Tom Watson, though he wrote
Able to make Apollo's self to dote
Upon his Muse; for all that he could strive,
Yet never could to his full name arrive.
Tom Nash (in his time of no small esteem,)
Could not a second syllable redeem.
Excellent Beaumont, in the foremost rank
Of the rarest wits, was never more than Frank.
Mellifluous Shakspeare, whose enchanting quill
Commanded mirth or passion, was but Will:
And famous Jonson, though his learned pen
Be dipt in Castaly, is still but Ben.
Fletcher, and Webster, of that learned pack
None of the meanest, neither was but Jack;
Decker but Tom; nor May, nor Middleton;
And he's now but Jack Ford, that once were John.

"Possibly," continues L., "our Poet was a little sore, that the contemptuous curtailment of their baptismal names was chiefly exercised upon his poetical brethren of the drama. We hear nothing about Sam Daniel, or Ned Spen-

ser, in his catalogue. The familiarity of common discourse might probably take the greater liberties with the dramatic poets as conceiving of them as more upon a level with the stage actor. Or did their greater publicity, and popularity in consequence, fasten these diminutives upon them out of a feeling of love and kindness; as we say Harry the Fifth, rather than Henry, when we would express good will?—as himself says, in those reviving words put into his mouth by Shakspeare, where he would comfort and confirm his doubting brothers:

> Not Amurath an Amurath succeeds,
> But Harry Harry!

And doubtless Heywood had an indistinct conception of this truth, when (coming to his own name,) with that beautiful *retracting* which is natural to one that, not satirically given, has wandered a little out of his way into something recriminative, he goes on to say:

> Nor speak I this, that any here exprest,
> Should think themselves less worthy than the rest,
> Whose names have their full syllables and sound,
> Or that Frank, Kit, or Jack, are the least wound
> Unto their fame and merit. I for my part
> (Think others what they please) accept that heart
> Which courts my love in most familiar phrase;
> And that it takes not from my pains a praise;
> If any one to me so bluntly come:
> I hold he loves me best that calls me Tom.
>
> LIBANS.

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## THE PREJUDICE AGAINST KNOWLEDGE DERIVED FROM BOOKS.

There is apparently a strong prejudice still lurking in the minds of many amongst us against the knowledge derived from books, or book learning, (or *larning* as they call

it,) compared with that which is picked up by observation, or in the course of current chat. The latter is thought to be fresh and real; and worth having; while the former is considered as idle, visionary, and good-for-nothing. The first settlers of our State, I suppose, or many of them, brought this feeling over with them from England, and it has grown with our growth; and if banished from our towns, still hides itself in many holes and corners of our country. But it is high time to ferret it out in all its quarters, and drive it, if possible, out of every nook.

There was a time indeed, I admit, when this feeling was not altogether unreasonable or unwise; for there was a time when the few books that were to be had were confined almost entirely to the subjects of school divinity, logic, and metaphysics, which were far above the reach of common people, and could not be brought home to their business and bosoms in any manner whatever. By degrees, however, these new vehicles of information took a wider and more popular range—encircling history, biography, voyages, and travels—the whole world of truth, and a boundless region of fiction,—and at present, we know, there is no species of information which they do not embrace. And they give us this information now, not as formerly, in a dull and drowsy manner, but freely, freshly, gaily and with all the life and interest of oral communication. They fairly talk to us. Now, then, to prefer the knowledge which a man may pick up by chance, or gain by his own eyes and ears in the short round of his personal experience, to that which he may acquire by the help of books, is, in effect, to prefer a small stock of knowledge to a large one; the loose relations of a few individuals about him, to the well considered reports of the more intelligent and cultivated minds who have travelled far and wide for the acquisition of knowledge, and brought home the *spolia opima*

of their researches, done up in the most portable and pleasant forms, for the instruction and entertainment of their fellow-men at home. The prejudice, therefore, is no longer tolerable; cannot be indulged, and ought to be exploded at once. A READER.

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## MR. WASHINGTON'S DISCOURSE.

The Virginia Constitution of 1776. A Discourse Delivered before the Virginia Historical Society, at their Annual Meeting, January 17th, 1852. By H. A. Washington. Published by the Society. Richmond. Macfarlane & Fergusson.

This is really an able and interesting discourse, and for its general scope and spirit at least, deserves no small portion of praise. As we apprehended, however, in hearing, so we find on reading it, that we cannot quite agree with our worthy and intelligent author in all the views and opinions which he so strongly avows, and which he seems so anxious to impress. We ought perhaps to specify some of them. In the first place, then, we cannot quite agree with him, (as, of course, we should be glad to do,) that our Constitution of '76 was purely *historical*, and not at all *theoretical;* or, to use his own words, "that it was not framed with reference to any mere abstract theory of government" whatever. It is true, we admit, that the Constitution itself, for the body of it, is perhaps, strictly *historical;* for the frame of polity which it established was in fact only the old colonial government vamped up with singular skill, on its actual basis, and with such alterations and additions only as the new state of things at the time had rendered absolutely necessary and proper. Bnt if we look at the Bill of Rights, which we must consider as part and parcel of the instrument, (as has been judicially decided, and as our author himself subsequently takes it,) we may surely see a little something in that which appears to have reference to a theory of some sort of the abstract rights of man, and smacks indeed very strongly of the "social compact" of Locke, and the "contrat social" of Rousseau, which subsequently produced such flagrant consequences in France and throughout the whole world.

But passing over this minor point, we can not quite agree with our author in what we take to be his main proposition, that "the rights, franchises, and liberties, which our fathers brought with them from England,—which they enjoyed throughout the whole colonial period, under the protection of royal charters, and the courts of law, and which when all connection between the colony and the mother country had been dissolved forever, George Mason and his associates gathered together, and bound up in the Bill of Rights and Constitution of '76—*have a high and noble pedigree, and are, in truth, an inheritance transmitted to this democratic age and country; from the bosom of an exclusive aristocracy:*" that is, as he explains, from the old English Barons who extorted Magna Charta from the recreant John at Runnymede, and that Magna Charta itself is in fact "the great prototype of the first Constitution of Viriginia." That there is some historical connection, indeed, between the two transactions is what we can easily see, but that they involve a common principle, or that there is any great resemblance between them in any essential respect, as our author seems particularly anxious to show, is what after all his able and ample illustration we cannot so clearly perceive. For in what does he suppose the resemblance consists? Why he says: "Magna Charta is an instrument drawing a line between the powers of the Crown and the rights of the English barons. The Constitution of Virginia is an instrument drawing a line between the powers of the government and the rights of the people. The principle of Magna Charta is, that the barons of England had certain rights which the Crown dare not invade. The principle of the Constitution of Virginia is, that the people of the Commonwealth have certain rights, which the government is bound, under all circumstances, to respect." (p. 15.) And, he tells us in another place, that "when we come to look at the Constitution of '76, analytically and philosophically, we find that, passing over the mere machinery of government, it is, *in principle*, an instrument drawing a line between the powers of the government, and the rights of the governed." And again, he insists that "this principle, lying at the basis of our government, and so important in the annals of Constitutional liberty—the principle, I mean, which draws a line between the government and the *individual*—has no place in the ancient world. It is of comparatively recent, and as I shall

show, of *feudal and aristocratic origin.*" And he proceeds accordingly, at some length, to trace it to the old feudal barons on the continent, and more particularly to the old Norman barons in England. Now, this—that there is any real resemblance between the Magna Charta of the aristocratic barons, and the first Constitution of our democratic Virginia, in this respect,—is what we say we cannot so clearly perceive. On the contrary, to our view there is rather a striking contrast between them. For in the first place, the English barons, as he himself argues, did not stipulate any thing for the people; but only for themselves alone. (This is not perhaps strictly true, but we are willing to give him the advantage of his own view on this point.) And, *we* add, they did not certainly stipulate any thing for themselves *as individuals* against the government, but rather for themselves *as barons* and so as a component part of the government, against the arbitrary encroachments of another part of the government, the king, whom they were for keeping within his proper bounds, if necessary even by force and arms. But in our Constitution of '76, we do not see our fathers of the Convention stipulating any thing at all for themselves against the king or parliament, whose yoke they were throwing off, with any reservation of their rights, either as statesmen or as persons, but taking *all* power into their own hands, *as representatives of the people*, and for *their* benefit only. Nor can we see in the instrument, any care whatever to guard the rights of the people against the possible encroachments of the government they were creating for them. On the contrary, they appear to us to have proceeded with the most generous and lavish confidence that was ever displayed by any body of men, in any similar case. Thus they confide *all* the power which they had assumed for the people to the House of Delegates, with only the check of a negative in the Senate, a congenial body derived from the same source—the people themselves. The truth is, that regarding the Constitution they were making as virtually the work of their constituents, and the creature of their will and choice, and to be administered under their eyes by delegates elected by themselves, they did not for a moment imagine that it ever would or could be abused. They left the two Houses, therefore, composing the Legislature, to exercise all the

omnipotence of the British parliament, untrammelled by any restrictions but those which the Bill of Rights might seem to impose. Then as to any stipulation for a resort to force in any event, (which is what has gathered all that halo of glory about the heads of those old barons as they loom upon us through the mist of antiquity—)that was not in any of their thoughts; and they were quite satisfied to rest the rights and liberties of their constituents upon the judicial power of the courts to nullify any unconstitutional act—if they even thought of that. And, we may add, that they did not even reserve the right of alteration and amendment of the Constitution itself—for there is no appearance of that "sardonic grin of death," (as Mr. Randolph called it,) on its face, or in any feature of its frame. The fact is, they fondly flattered themselves that they had made a constitution that might last forever, and they stamped it accordingly with the seal of immortality,—as if it were indeed divine.

For the rest, we warmly commend this discourse of Mr. W. to the careful consideration of all students of our history, as containing a little something to doubt and question, but much more to approve and applaud.

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## LOSSING'S PICTORIAL FIELD BOOK OF THE REVOLUTION. NO. 21.

Pictorial Field Book of the Revolution; or, Illustrations, by Pen and Pencil, of the History, Scenery, Biography, Relics and Traditions of the War of Independence. By Benson J. Lossing. New York, Harper & Brothers.

This is the most pleasing number of this valuable and interesting work that we have seen; for it comes home to our own "*field*"—to our own State, and city; and furnishes us with many vivid recollections of revolutionary times and characters hereabouts that are truly refreshing. The letter-press is pleasantly written, and the cuts, (with some exceptions,) are nearly all that we could expect or wish in such things. We shall notice this work again.

# Various Intelligence.

## GOLD MINES IN VIRGINIA.

We have frequently had occasion to notice the development of the Gold Mines of Virginia. Within the past three years several rich mines have been opened, and worked successfully in different sections of the State.

The attention of the World has been awakened to the importance of this branch of mining. Since the discovery of the Mineral wealth of California, thousands have flocked to that distant country, incurring great risks and deprivations in the hope of realizing their fortunes. A few have turned their attention to the same business nearer home, where success has generally attended their labours, while many of the sanguine wanderers, who ventured their all, returning, after a year's absence, broken in health and spirits, no richer than when they left.

We believe Com. Stockton was one of the first who introduced into Virginia effective machinery for reducing, on a large scale, the Quartz Rock, and *demonstrating* that a profitable business could be done in this branch of mining. Some three years since he purchased the tract of land in Fluvanna county, about sixty miles distant from this city, upon which was a rich and extensive Gold vein, where he erected a large mill and other works. The glowing accounts received from California, of the richness and extent of the *auriferous* Quartz of that country, induced Com. Stockton to suspend, for a time, his mining operations in this State, and to send his experienced workmen, with complete outfit, machinery, &c., to test the newly discovered Gold veins in California.

We are informed by a friend, who conversed a short time since with one of the Company, that they were not successful, the results not meeting expectations: their operations were discontinued in that country, the workmen returned to this State and Com. Stockton has resumed his mining operations in Fluvanna county, on a larger scale than heretofore, having introduced improved machinery, and has good prospects of doing a profitable and permanent business.

There are several other Gold Mines in operation in this State, and are said to be doing well.

We have taken some pains to gain information on this subject, believing, as we do, that as the country becomes settled,

and improved machinery introduced, *this branch of mining* in our State, at no very distant day, will produce an annual amount of the precious metal, that will go far towards furnishing us with a *solid basis* for our *currency*.

The mines of Wm. M. Moseley & Co., and the Garnett Mining company, in Buckingham county, are perhaps paying larger dividends to the stockholders, on their outlay, than any other mines in this State.

We have seen specimens of the quartz from this vein, unequalled in richness by any auriferous quartz ever shown us. We were recently shown a large rock, weighing 108 lbs., with the gold visible all through it, with many other specimens which were taken from the Garnett vein at 90 feet from the surface; at which depth, the vein is from 16 to 20 feet wide, all carrying gold.

There are several shafts sunk upon the vein, and galleries opened some six hundred feet in length, where the mills of these two companies are situated near together and on the same vein.

Six miles from these mines, are two other mills, worked by Mr. Eldridge and Mr. Wiseman, which are said to be doing very well.—*Richmond Whig*.

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## THE MEDICAL COLLEGE.

The Annual Commencement of this institution was held in the Chemical Hall of the establishment, on Monday evening, the 15th ult., before a large and brilliant company, with the usual ceremonies, and apparently with great satisfaction to all present. The Address to the graduates by the Rev. Dr. Green, the President of Hampden Sidney College, was characteristically eloquent in some parts, and pleasantly humorous in others; and the Charge by Dr. Gibson, was, as usual, altogether handsome and becoming.

The following is a list of the graduates:

Wm. W. S. Butler, of Portsmouth; Peter T. Coleman, of Cumberland; John B. Gardner, of Henrico; Charles A. Gilbert, of Amherst; Robert J. Grammer, of Dinwiddie; Beverley Grigg, of Greensborough, Ala.; Burleigh C. Harrison, Richmond City; Owen Baylor Hill, Richmond City: Wm. N. Horseley, Amherst; John Keys, Washington County; Burgess M. Long, Chesterfield County; Edwin S. McArthur, Chesterfield County; George A. Matthews, Columbus, Miss.; Thomas P. Marston, James City County; Thomas B. Moon, Albemarle County; James H. Oley, Bedford County; Beverly S. George Peachy, Williamsburg; John F. Sinton, Henrico; David Steel,

Petersburg; Wesley A. Trotter, Henry; Robert H. Turner, Louisa; Jackson W. Whitemore, Petersburg; Wm. L. Wood, Hanover, and Cyril G. Wyche, Henderson, N. C.

The gold medal for the best Thesis, was presented to Doctor B. Gregg, of Alabama, with great applause.

We are always gratified to witness the growing prosperity of this institution, which we regard as highly honorable to our City and State.

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## THOMAS MOORE.

The death of this distinguished poet, which occurred at his residence, Sloperton Cottage, on the 26th of February last, has called forth many grateful tributes to his memory; and very properly. He was certainly a fine poet, and almost a great one. He was not, indeed, we suppose, quite equal to any very lofty or continuous flight; at least he had not those stores of mind, or those qualities of head and heart, which, according to Milton, are necessary for the production of an epic poem; but to any performance below that, it would appear that he was fully competent. His genius was lively and versatile, and his Muse was always ready with her wings for any excursion that seemed to promise pleasure or sport. His poems, accordingly, were once extremely popular, and are still read by many, as they deserve to be, for their various merits. His translation of Anacreon—(a juvenile production,) though not exactly true to the original, and rather Irish (or Mooreish) than Attic, is yet probably the best version of the old Teian that we have. His Lalla Rookh is a splendid tissue of dazzling images and sparkling conceits, with some passages of real power that seem to raise him above himself; though they still leave him far below the great masters of song—"there sitting where he durst not soar." His Two-penny Post-Bag, and his Fudge Family in Paris, in a lighter vein, are excellent in their way; and above all his Irish Melodies, and other songs, though seldom heard at present, ought to embalm his memory in all tuneful hearts. Surely if he had left us nothing but his "Last Rose of Summer," it should preserve his fame in all the odor of sweetness for many years.

We must add here, that Moore has some associations with our State, which we may recall with a certain degree of interest, if not with any great amount of pleasure. We allude to the fact that he once lighted on our soil for a few days,—having landed at Norfolk, on his way to Bermuda, in November, 1803. The place, however, as gay and joyous as it was, and ready enough to welcome him to share in all its amusements, did not

happen to please him, and he had the bad taste to record his unfavorable impressions of it in a Poetical Epistle to a Miss M———, which he afterwards published, and with a foot-note in which he mentioned the three most remarkable nuisances of the town at that time, in a sentence which a few of its present inhabitants may perhaps still remember—to laugh at and forgive. He wrote also, while here, his Ballad entitled "the Lake of the Dismal Swamp," a poem of a better mood, and a much more agreeable memorial of his visit. Leaving Norfolk for Bermuda, he returned to it again the following spring, and stopping there, at this time, only three or four days, he came to our city by the way of Williamsburg, and after a short stay here, passed on to Washington—and thence to Philadelphia—finding or making "occasion for his mirth" in all that he saw, or fancied, by the way; and scribbling satirical verses to amuse himself and his friends at home. It is proper to add, however, that he subsequently recanted all these effusions of his idle gaiety in the most handsome and honorable terms; and they do not appear in his collected works.

For the rest, we have only to say, that while we admire the beauty of Moore's poetry, we regret that we cannot commend its morality with equal praise. He appears, indeed, to have written for the most part without any serious design or desire to make the world either wiser or better by his strains, but merely to give pleasure and to get applause; and he had his reward. He led a gay and brilliant life for many years, followed by a calm and pleasant old age, (as we suppose,) living in elegant retirement, not without honor, and with as much literary leisure as he wished—till a cloud came over his intellect which left him but "the shadow of a name"—and hung about him until he faded away from the scene, and was—as he is now—no more. Alas! that he did not aspire to live a higher life, and to leave—as he might have done—a better and more permanent fame!

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## THE ATHENÆUM.

We had the pleasure of being present, with many others, at the opening of this institution, (a new thing in our city,) on Saturday evening, the 31st of January last, and of hearing the address of Judge Robertson on the occasion, which struck us as very appropriate and interesting; and appeared to give equal satisfaction to all the company. The subject was the value of knowledge, and the importance of mental and moral culture; with some reference, of course, to the lectures which were to follow; and it was well and handsomely treated. We were ourselves particularly gratified by the judge's illustration of the

often-quoted aphorism of Lord Bacon, that "knowledge is power"; and thought that his cases from history especially, were well put. His style too, we found, was much more rhetorical than we had expected,—an agreeable surprise. It was certainly a good beginning, and seemed to augur well for the sequel.

We have since heard a number of the lectures which have been delivered by different gentlemen, on various subjects; and have been considerably pleased with several of them that seemed to approach the true idea of such things. We are sorry we cannot say quite as much for all of them.

We have observed, with great pleasure, that some of our most worthy and intelligent citizens, and more particularly our ladies, have manifested a disposition to countenance and encourage this novel entertainment, by their personal attendance, and otherwise, that is highly proper and becoming.

We owe it to the committee to add, that they appear to us to have discharged their duty in this service with as much propriety as possible in so new an engagement. They have done well, and, we may fairly hope, will do better hereafter.

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## THE WRITINGS OF WASHINGTON.

It appears that the editor of this well-known work, Mr. Jared Sparks, now President of Harvard University, has recently published several papers in the New York Evening Post, in answer to the communications of an anonymous writer which appeared some time ago in the same journal, charging him with having taken some great and unwarrantable liberties with the text of his author in preparing the letters of Washington for the press; and in answer also to the strictures of Lord Mahon, who in his recent continuation of his History of England, has adverted to the charges, and condemned the infidelities of Mr. S. in the strongest terms. We have not seen these papers, and therefore cannot properly judge how far Mr. S. has succeeded in defending himself in the case, but the Whig of this city gives us a short passage from one of them in which Mr. S. writes:

"I deny that any part of the charge is true in any sense, which can authorize the censures bestowed by these writers, or raise a suspicion of the editor's fidelity and fairness. It would certainly be strange, if the editor should undertake to prepare for the press a collection of manuscript letters, many of them hastily written, without a thought that they would ever be published, and should not at the same time regard it as a solemn duty to correct obvious slips of the pen, occasional inaccuracies of ex-

pression, and manifest faults of grammar, which the writer himself, if he could have revised his own manuscripts, would never for a moment have allowed to appear in print. This is all I have done in the way of altering or correcting Washington's letters. The alterations are strictly verbal or grammatical; nor am I conscious that, in this process, an historical fact, the expression of an opinion, or the meaning of a sentence, has, on any occasion, been perverted or modified."

All this, we suppose, is true, and we are willing to give Mr. S. the full benefit of his own statement; but we must still think that, by his own showing, he has opened himself to some censure in the case. In our opinion, he ought to have published the letters, as far as possible, exactly as they were written, in all respects; and left the reader to make such trivial alterations as he mentions for himself. There is always danger that petty infidelities may lead to greater, and that the assumption of a liberty with the text in a small point, may pave the way to the indulgence of a taste for correction in matters of more importance. Moreover the allowance of any license of this sort, in a single instance, is apt to cast some shade of suspicion over the integrity of all the rest. Therefore, we should say, let all alteration and amendment alone.

At the same time, we are not disposed to judge Mr. S. with harshness, or to censure him with any asperity. As at present advised, we are inclined to think, that his offence has been merely an error of judgment, and that proceeding from an honorable motive; and if we cannot acquit him, we will not condemn.

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## WINE-MAKING AT CETTE.

I said that it was good—good for our stomachs—to see no English bunting at Cette. The reason is, that Cette is a great manufacturing place, and that what they manufacture there is neither cotton nor wool, Perigord pies, nor Rheims biscuits,—but wine. "*Ici*," will a Cette industrial write with the greatest coolness over his Porte Cochere—"*Ici on fabrique des vins.*" All the wines in the world, indeed, are made in Cette. You have only to give an order for Johannisberg, or Tokay—nay, for all I know, for the Falernian of the Romans, or the Nectar of the gods—and the Cette manufacturers will promptly supply you. They are great chemists, these gentlemen, and have brought the noble art of adulteration to a perfection which would make our own mere logwood and sloe-juice practitioners pale and wan with envy. But the great trade of the place is not so much adulterating as concocting wine. Cette is well situated for this noble manufacture. The wines of southern Spain are

brought by coasters from Barcelona and Valencia. The inferior Bordeaux growths come pouring from the Garonne by the Canal du Midi; and the hot and fiery Rhone wines are floated along the chain of etangs and canals from Beaucaire. With all these raw materials, and, of course, a chemical laboratory to boot, it would be hard if the clever folks of Cette could not turn out a very good imitation of any wine in demand. They will doctor you up bad Bordeaux with violet powders and rough cider—colour it with cochineal and turnsole, and outswear creation that it is precious Chateau Margaux—vintage of '25.—Champagne, of course, they make by hogsheads. Do you wish sweet liqueur wines from Italy and the Lavant? The Cette people will mingle old Rhone wines with boiled sweet wines from the neighbourhood of Lunel, and charge you any price per bottle. Do you wish to make new Claret old? A Cette manufacturer will place it in his oven, and, after twenty-four hours' regulated application of heat, return it to you nine years in bottle. Port, sherry, and Madeira, of course, are fabricated in abundance with any sort of bad, cheap wine and brandy, for a stock, and with half the concoctions in a druggist's shop for seasoning. Cette, in fact, is the very capital and emporium of the tricks and rascalities of the wine-trade, and it supplies almost all the Brazils, and a great proportion of the northern European nations with their after-dinner drinks. To the grateful Yankees it sends out thousands of tons of Ay and Moet, besides no end of Johannisberg, Hermitage, and Chateau Margaux, the fine qualities and dainty aroma of which are highly prized by the transatlantic amateurs. The Dutch flag fluttered plentifully in the harbour, so that I presume Mynheer is a customer to the Cette industrials—or, at all events, he helps in the distribution of their wares. The old French West Indian colonies also patronise their ingenious countrymen of Cette; and Russian magnates get drunk on Chambertin and Romanee Conti, made of low Rhone, and low Burgundy brewages, eked out by the contents of the graduated phial. I fear, however, that we do come in—in the matter of "fine golden sherries, at 22*s.* 9½*d.* a dozen," or "peculiar old-crusted port, at 1*s.* 9*d.*"—for a share of the Cette manufactures; and it is very probable that after the wine is fabricated upon the shores of the Mediterranean, it is still further improved upon the banks of the Thames.

*Angus B. Reach.*

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## LONDON AND NEW YORK.

The Metropolis of the old and of the new world are about to be brought within five days of each other. The Newfoundland Telegraph Company is now organizing in this city, with a cap-

ital of £100,000; and the Engineer, F. M. Gisborne, will leave in a few days for Europe, to make contracts for submarine wire. The Company is guarantied the exclusive right to telegraph across Newfoundland for thirty years, with a bonus of thirty square miles of land and $30,000. It is expected that the whole will be completed and in operation in six months from the present time.

This, so far as relates to the communication of intelligence, will shorten the distance between the two cities one-half. All the steamers of the Collins and Cunard lines, (12 ships,) making together twenty-eight trips per annum, each way, pass in sight of Cape Race, Newfoundland, at which point the Telegraph Company is to furnish a steam yacht to run out and exchange despatches with every steamer. The proposed Quebec and Liverpool and New-York and Galway lines, (eight vessels,) will touch at Cape Race, going and coming.—*N. Y. Obs.*

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# Miscellany.

## THE LETTER H.

We see by an article in a charming volume entitled "Recollections of a Literary Life," recently published by our old favorite Miss Mitford, that the Enigma on the letter H. which we remember reading some years ago, in a volume of Lord Byron's works, and which we thought at the time was the very best thing of the kind that we had ever read, evincing, as it seemed to us, a wonderfully nice ear, and a curiously delicate appreciation of the varying sounds of the letter in different words,—was, after all, not written by Lord B., but by a Miss Catherine Fanshawe, a poetess whom we confess we never heard of before. This strikes us of course as rather strange, but so it seems to be; for Miss M. assures us that though "she has it herself printed in two different editions of Lord Byron's works, the one English, the other American," she has a letter from a surviving friend of Miss F., in which he writes: "The letter H. (I mean the enigma so called, ascribed to Lord Byron,) she (Miss F.) wrote at the Deepdene. I well remember her bringing it

down at breakfast, and reading it to us, and my impression is, that she had then just composed it."

On this evidence—Miss M. does not hesitate to *restore* the poem to Miss F., and thereupon repeats it, as follows:

## A RIDDLE.

'Twas in heaven pronounced, and 'twas muttered in hell,
And echo caught faintly the sound as it fell;
On the confines of earth 'twas permitted to rest,
And the depths of the ocean its presence confess'd;
'Twill be found in the sphere when 'tis riven asunder,
Be seen in the lightning and heard in the thunder.
'Twas allotted to man with his earliest breath,
Attends him at birth, and awaits him in death,
Presides o'er his happiness, honor and health,
Is the prop of his house, and the end of his wealth.
In the heaps of the miser 'tis hoarded with care,
But is sure to be lost on his prodigal heir.
It begins every hope, every wish it must bound,
With the husbandman toils, and with monarchs is crowned.
Without it the soldier, the seaman may roam,
But woe to the wretch who expels it from home.
In the whispers of conscience its voice will be found,
Nor e'en in the whirlwind of passion be drowned.
'Twill not soften the heart; but though deaf be the ear,
It will make it acutely and instantly hear.
Yet in shade let it rest, like a delicate flower,
Ah! breathe on it softly—it dies in an hour.

This is certainly very beautiful, and whether written by a lord or a lady, does great credit to the author. This copy of it, however, we find has some variations from that in our memory, and not, we think, so good. Thus instead of the first couplet as Miss M. gives it:

'Twas in heaven pronounced, and 'twas muttered in hell,
And echo caught faintly the sound as it fell;

That which we read, as we still remember it, ran thus:

'Twas *whispered* in heaven; twas muttered in hell;
And echo caught *softly* the sound as it fell;

certainly much better. There were also, we believe, some other slight differences; but we cannot specify them just now.

## CONFORMITY TO THE WORLD.

"The old maxim," says Capt. Basil Hall, "that you are to do in Rome as the Romans do," seduces many worthy persons to forget what they owe to themselves, in consideration of what they affect to fancy they owe the Romans, but what, in truth, they merely find agreeable to themselves at the moment."

## STANZAS.

"I would not live alway."—*Job.*

I would not live forever here,
For something whispers in my breast,
This earth is not my spirit's sphere,
And cannot be my place of rest.

The highest happiness attained
Still leaves a void it cannot fill;
And when my dearest wish is gained
I sigh for something dearer still.

My soul, a Bird of Paradise,
Is always on her airy wings;
She cannot rest beneath the skies,
She cannot live on earthly things.* * *

* The Bird of Paradise, (according to the fabulous account of it,) has no legs,—of course never lights, but is always flying about in the air, and lives entirely upon the dew of Heaven.—See Goldsmith.

## LINES TO A LADY.

*Sent with a small pair of Scissars.*

I heed not the saw of old wives,
How scissars, they say, will cut love;
For ours shall last all our lives,
And longer—in heaven above.

No, even the scissars of Fate
Cannot sever our spirits, my dear;
And these which you see are not great,
I may give you, I think, without fear. P.

THE

# VIRGINIA HISTORICAL REGISTER,

AND

# LITERARY COMPANION.

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## BRADDOCK'S DEFEAT.

[The defeat of General Braddock on the banks of the Monongahela, in 1755, is one of the most memorable events in the annals of our American Colonies; and we may add, that the account of it belongs, in some respects, more particularly, to the history of our own State than to that of any other; as the expedition which led to it began its march from our territory, and was composed partly of our native forces; and as it was almost the first event that brought the gallantry and good conduct of our great general that was to be—the future leader of our revolutionary contest—into bright and prominent view. We submit, therefore, with great pleasure, the following illustrations of it, which we take, for the most part, from a magazine entitled the "Olden Time;" edited by Neville B. Craig, Esq., (Vol. 1, p. 64, &c.,) and which we think our readers will find highly interesting.

We believe we might leave these papers to speak for themselves, and to tell their own tale, as they do indeed with sufficient spirit, and with a particularity of detail which puts us, as it were, on the scene, and in sight of the whole drama; but it may perhaps be better to introduce them with a more condensed account of the affair which we find in Marshall's History of the American Colonies, (p. 285, &c.,) and which runs as follows:]

The establishment of the post on the Ohio, and the action at the Little Meadows, being considered by the British government as the commencement of war in America, the resolution to send a few regiments to that country was immediately taken; and early in the year, general Braddock embarked at Cork, at the head of a respectable body of troops destined for the colonies.

An active offensive campaign being meditated, general Braddock convened the governors of the several provinces, on the 14th of April, in Virginia, who resolved to carry on three expeditions.

The first, and most important, was against fort Du Quêsne. This was to be conducted by General Braddock in person at the head of the British troops, with such aids as could be drawn from Maryland and Virginia.

The second against Niagara and fort Frontignac, was to be conducted by governor Shirley. The American regulars, consisting of Shirley and Pepperel's regiments, constituted the principal force destined for the reduction of these places.

The third was against Crown Point. This originated with Massachusetts; and was to be prosecuted entirely with colonial troops, to be raised by the provinces of New England, and by New York. It was to be commanded by colonel William Johnson of the latter province.

As soon as the convention of governors had separated, general Braddock proceeded from Alexandria to a fort at Wills' creek, afterwards called fort Cumberland, at that time the most western post in Virginia or Maryland; from which place the army destined against fort Du Quêsne was to commence its march. The difficulties of obtaining wagons, and other necessary supplies for the expedition, and delays occasioned by opening a road through an excessively rough country, excited apprehensions that time would be afforded the enemy to collect in such force at Fort Du Quêsne, as to put the success of the enterprise into some hazard.

Under the influence of this consideration, it was determined to select twelve hundred men, who should be led by the general in person to the point of destination. The residue of the army, under the command of colonel Dunbar, was to follow, with the baggage, by slow and easy marches.

This disposition being made, Braddock pressed forward to his object, in the confidence that he could find no enemy capable of opposing him; and reached the Monongahela on the eighth of July.

As the army approached fort Du Quêsne, the general was cautioned of the danger to which the character of his enemy, and the face of the country, exposed him; and was advised to

advance the provincial companies in his front, for the purpose of scouring the woods, and discovering ambuscades. But he held both his enemy and the provincials in too much contempt, to follow this salutary counsel. Three hundred British troops, comprehending the grenadiers and light infantry, commanded by colonel Gage, composed his van; and he followed, at some distance, with the artillery, and the main body of the army, divided into small columns.

Within seven miles of fort Du Quêsne, immediately after crossing the Monongahela the second time, in an open wood, thick set with high grass, as he was pressing forward without fear of danger, his front received an unexpected fire from an invisible enemy. The van was thrown into some confusion; but the general having ordered up the main body, and the commanding officer of the enemy having fallen, the attack was suspended, and the assailants were supposed to be dispersed. This delusion was soon dissipated. The attack was renewed with increased fury; the van fell back on the main body; and the whole army was thrown into utter confusion.

The general possessed personal courage in an eminent degree; but was without experience in that species of war, in which he was engaged; and seems not to have been endowed with that rare fertility of genius which adapts itself to the existing state of things, and invents expedients fitted to the emergency. In the impending crisis, he was peculiarly unfortunate in his choice of measures. Neither advancing nor retreating, he exerted his utmost powers to form his broken troops, under an incessant and galling fire, on the very ground where they had been attacked. In his fruitless efforts to restore order, every officer on horseback except Mr. Washington, one of his aids-de-camp, was killed or wounded. At length, after losing three horses, the general himself received a mortal wound; upon which his regulars fled in terror and confusion. Fortunately the Indian enemy was arrested by the plunder found on the field, and the pursuit was soon given over. The provincials exhibited an unexpected degree of courage, and were among the last to leave the field.

The defeated troops fled precipitately to the camp of Dunbar, where Braddock expired of his wounds. Their panic was communicated to the residue of the army. As if affairs had become desperate, all the stores, except those necessary for immediate use, were destroyed; and the British troops were marched to Philadelphia, where they went into quarters. The Western parts of Pennsylvania, Maryland and Virginia, were left exposed to the incursions of the savages; the frontier settlements were generally broken up; and the inhabitants were driven into the interior. So excessive was the alarm, that even the

people of the interior entertained apprehensions for their safety, and many supposed that the sea-board itself was insecure.

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The first article we shall now submit in illustration of this sad affair, is the following

*Letter from Capt. Orme, one of the General's aids, to the Governor of Pennsylvania.*

"DEAR SIR: I am extremely ill in bed with the wound I have received in my thigh, that I am under the necessity of employing my friend, Captain Dobson, to write for me. I conclude you have had some account of the action near the banks of the Monongahela, about seven miles from the French fort. As the reports spread are very imperfect, what you have heard must consequently be so too. You should have heard more early accounts of it, but every officer whose business it was to have informed you was either killed or wounded, and our distressful situation put it out of our power to attend to it so much as we would otherwise have done. The 9th inst. we passed and repassed the Monongahela by advancing first a party of three hundred men, which was immediately followed by another of two hundred. The General with the column of artillery, baggage, and main body of the army, passed the river the last time about one o'clock. As soon as the whole had got on the fort side of the Monongahela we heard a very heavy and quick fire in our front. We immediately advanced in order to sustain them, but the detachments of two hundred and three hundred men gave way and fell back upon us, which caused such confusion and struck so great a panic among our men, that afterwards no military expedient could be made use of that had any effect upon them. The men were so extremely deaf to the exhortation of the General and the officers, that they fired away in the most irregular manner all their ammunition, and then ran off, leaving to

the enemy the artillery, ammunition, provisions and baggage; nor could they be persuaded to stop till they got as far as Gist's plantation, nor there only in part; many of them proceeded as far as Colonel Dunbar's party, who lay six miles on this side. The officers were absolutely sacrificed by their unparalleled good behaviour, advancing sometimes in bodies and sometimes separately; hoping by such example to engage the soldiers to follow them, but to no purpose. The General had five horses killed under him, and at last received a wound through the right arm, into the lungs, of which he died the 13th inst. Poor Shirley was shot through the head; Captain Morris wounded. Mr. Washington had two horses shot under him, and his clothes shot through in several places, behaving the whole time with the greatest courage and resolution. Sir Peter Halkett was killed upon the spot; Colonel Burton and Sir John St. Clair wounded, and enclosed I have sent you a list of killed and wounded, according to as exact an account as we are yet able to get. Upon our proceeding with the whole convoy to the Little Meadows, it was found impracticable to advance in that manner. The General, therefore, advanced with twelve hundred men, with the necessary artillery, ammunition and provision, leaving the main body of the convoy under the command of Col. Dunbar, with orders to join him as soon as possible. In this manner we proceeded with safety and expedition, till the fatal day I have just related; and happy it was that this disposition was made, otherwise the whole must either have starved or fallen into the hands of the enemy, as numbers would have been of no service to us, and our provisions were all lost. As our horses were so much reduced, and those extremely weak, and many carriages being wanted for the wounded men, occasioned our destroying the ammunition and superfluous part of the provisions left in Col-

onel Dunbar's convoy, to prevent its falling into the hands of the enemy; as the whole of the artillery is lost, and the troops are so extremely weakened by death, wounds, and sickness, it was judged impossible to make any further attempts; therefore, Colonel Dunbar is returning to Fort Cumberland, with every thing he is able to bring up with him; I propose remaining here till my wound will suffer me to remove to Philadelphia, from thence I shall proceed to England; whatever commands you may have for me you will do me the honor to direct to me here. By the particular disposition of the French and Indians it was impossible to judge the number they had that day in the field. Killed—General Braddock, William Shirley, Sec'y., Colonel Halkett. Wounded—Roger Morris and Robert Orme, Aid de Camps; Sir John St. Clair, Deputy Quarter Master General; Matthew Lesly, Assistant; Lieutenant Colonel Gage; between six and seven hundred officers and soldiers killed and wounded."

The next article which we shall give in relation to the action, is the notice of it in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, published in London, in August, 1755, a few weeks after the defeat took place. This is a contemporaneous account; it exhibits the feeling then existing, and gives the fullest list of the killed and wounded officers which we have seen. It will be seen, too, that even at that day there were rumors that officers killed some of the flying soldiers, and were in return shot down by them, thus giving some countenance to the story that General Braddock was shot by Fawcet. Our readers will scarcely fail to notice, that although the Virginia troops received full credit for the gallantry they displayed, the name of Washington is not mentioned.

"Of the expeditions set on foot against the French in America, mentioned in our last, the issue of one only was then known, the capture of fort Beausejour, by Gen. Monk-

ton, who commanded the expedition to Fundy. We have received the following accounts of General Braddock, who was destined to the Ohio.

"It was said by letters from Virginia, dated June 22nd, that on the 12th, General Braddock, with 2,000 regular troops, had passed the Allegheny mountains, and was within 5 days' march of Duquesne, a French fort on the Monongahela river, which runs into the Ohio. Sir John St. Clair having advanced near enough to view it, and consider the adjacent ground, remarked a small eminence that was within cannon shot; and the fort being built of wood, and garrisoned by 1,000 men, it was proposed to erect a battery on this eminence, and set fire to the place, by throwing into it a great number of red hot balls.

"Letters from Philadelphia, dated June 25, gave an account, that the General had been long detained at Will's Creek, and greatly distressed for want of forage and provisions. Landing the troops at Virginia is said to have been a most unfortunate error, as neither forage, provisions, nor carriages were there to be had, and that if they had landed in Pennsylvania it would have saved £40,000 sterling, and shortened the march six weeks He was, however, promised 150 wagons, and 300 horses, with a large quantity of forage and provisions, to be furnished from the back settlements of Pennsylvania; but after tedious and anxious expectation of these succors, he received, instead of 150 wagons, only 15; and instead of 300 horses, only 100. This disappointment, however great, was much aggravated when the wagons were unloaded, for the provisions stunk so intolerably, tat he must have suffered very greatly from hunger who could eat it. While he was in this distress he received an unexpected supply of £500 in provisions and wine, from Philadelphia, which was sent him by the hands of Mr. Franklin. The General accepted

this present with great joy, and urged Mr. Franklin to use his interest to procure further assistance. Mr. Franklin observed that General St. Clair's dress was of the Hussar kind, and this gave him a hint which he immediately improved. He caused a report to be propagated among the Germans, that except 150 wagons could be got ready, and sent to the General within a certain time, St. Clair, who was a Hussar, would come among them, and take away what he found by force. The Germans having formerly lived under despotic power, knew the Hussars too well to doubt their serving themselves, and believing that General St. Clair was indeed a Hussar, they provided instead of 150, 200 wagons, and sent them within the time that Mr. Franklin had limited.

"The Pennsylvanians also advanced a further sum above the King's bounty, and sent him 190 wagons more, laden each with a ton of corn and oats, four wagons with provisions and wine for the officers, and 60 head of fine cattle for the army.

"The General, as soon as he had received these supplies, pursued his march, having received from time to time various and contradictory accounts of the strength and motions of the enemy. Fort Duquesne was sometimes said to be garrisoned by its full complement, 1,000 men; sometimes he was assured by French deserters, that the garrison did not consist of more than 200, and that there were but 500 at Venango and Presq' Isle, on the banks of the Lake Erie, distant from Duquesne about 90 miles. He received also frequent intelligence of French parties in motion, particularly of a considerable number that were seen in batteaux, on the Lake Ontario, as we supposed on their way to the Ohio, and of 600 that had passed the lake in 120 canoes and batteaux, and were going to Niagara. It was

now expected that the next advices would give an account of the siege, if not of the capture of Fort Duquesne, as every one had been taught to believe, that our force in this part of the world was so much superior to the French, that to march and take possession was the same thing; but in the midst of this impatience and confidence, we were alarmed with the report that Gen. Braddock had been defeated, and soon after, the following article appeared in the Gazette:

"WHITEHALL, August 26, 1755.

"By his Majesty's ship the Sea-Horse, from Virginia, advice has been received, that Major General Braddock, having advanced with 2,000 men, and all the stores and provisions, to the Little Meadows, (about twenty miles beyond Fort Cumberland at Will's Creek,) found it necessary to leave the greatest part of his wagons, &c., at that place, under the command of Colonel Dunbar, with a detachment of 800 men, ordering him to follow as fast as the nature of the service would admit. The General having by this means lessened his line of march, proceeded with great expedition, his corps then consisting of about 1200 men, and 12 pieces of artillery, together with the necessary ammunition, stores and provisions. On the 8th of July, he encamped within ten miles of Fort Duquesne; and on the 9th, on his march through the woods toward that Fort, was attacked by a body of French and Indians, who made a sudden fire from the woods, which put the troops into great confusion, and occasioned their retiring with great precipitation, notwithstanding all the endeavors of the General and the officers, many of whom were killed whilst they were using all possible means to rally the men. The General, who exerted himself as much as any man could do, after having five horses killed under him, was shot through the

arm and the lungs, of which he died the fourth day. Sir Peter Halket was killed on the spot. Two of the General's aids de camp, (Captain Orme and Captain Morris,) were wounded. His Secretary, (son to Governor Shirley,) was killed. Sir John St. Clair, Quarter Master General, and his assistant, Mr. Leslie, both wounded. It is reckoned there were about 200 killed, and 400 wounded; the latter are mostly collected at Will's Creek, to which place Colonel Dunbar, with the remainder of the troops, was retired; from whom a more particular account is expected.

"The following list has been received of the officers killed and wounded on this occasion:

STAFF.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Major General Braddock, | | died of his wounds. |
| Robert Orme, Esq., | Aids de Camp, | wounded. |
| Roger Morris, Esq., | | |
| Willliam Shirley, Esq., Secretary, | | killed. |
| Sir John St. Clair, Deputy Quarter Master Gen., | | wounded. |
| Matthew Leslie, Gent., his Assistant, | | " |

LATE SIR PETER HALKET'S REGIMENT.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Sir P. Halket, Col., | killed. | Captain Tatton, | killed. |
| Lieut. Col. Gage, | wounded. | " Gethins, | " |

SUBALTERNS.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Lieut. Littleler, | wounded. | Lieut. Lock, | wounded. |
| " Dunbar, | " | " Disney, | " |
| " Halket, | killed. | " Kennedy, | " |
| " Treeby, | wounded. | " Townsend, | killed. |
| " Allen, | killed. | " Nartlow, | " |
| " Simpson, | wounded. | " Pennington, | wounded. |

COLONEL DUNBAR'S REGIMENT.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Lt. Col. Burton, | wounded. | Captain Rowyer, | wounded. |
| Major Sparkes, | " | " Ross, | " |
| Captain Cholmley, | " | | |

SUBALTERNS.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Barbut, | wounded. | Brereton, | killed. |
| Walsham, | " | Hart, | " |
| Crimble, | killed. | Montreseur, | wounded. |
| Wideman' | " | Macmullen, | " |
| Hanford, | " | Crow, | " |
| Gladwin, | wounded. | Sterling, | " |
| Edmeston, | " | | |

ARTILLERY.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Lieut. Smith, | killed. | Lieut. M'Cloud, | wounded. |
| " Buchanon, | wounded. | " M'Culler, | " |

ENGINEERS.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| P McKeller, Esq | wounded. | — Williamson, Esq. | wound. |
| R, Gordon, Esq. | " | | |

DETACHMENT OF SAILORS.

| | |
|---|---|
| Lieutenant Spendelow, | killed. |
| Mr. Talbot, Midshipman, | " |
| Captain Stone, of Gen. Lascelle's Regiment, | wounded. |
| " Floyer, of Gen. Warburton's Regiment, | " |

INDEPENDENT COMPANIES OF NEW YORK.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Captain Gates, | wounded. | Lieut. Howarth, | wounded. |
| Lieut. Sumain, | killed. | " Gray, | " |

VIRGINIA TROOPS.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Captain Stevens, | wounded. | Captain Peronie, | killed. |
| " Poulson, | killed. | | |

SUBALTERNS.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Hamilton, | killed. | Stuart, | wounded. |
| Wright, | " | Wagoner, | killed. |
| Splitdorff, | " | | |

" Several other accounts of this action, and lists of the dead and wounded have appeared in the papers, and are said to be taken from private letters. By the Gazette account, General Braddock seems to have been attacked by

an ambuscade of French and Indians, on his march through the woods, before he came within sight of the enemy; by the other accounts, he seemed to have reached an advanced party of French, before the action began. They are to this effect:

"The French who were posted at Fort Du Quesne, and on the Ohio, consisted of 1,500 regular, and 600 irregular troops, who had with them a considerable number of Indians in their interest. These forces having gained very particular intelligence of General Braddock's design, of the number and condition of his forces, and the route they were to take, no sooner found that he was advancing after having received his last supply of provisions, than they also advanced towards him, and having chosen a very advantageous piece of ground, about six miles south of their Fort, they formed a camp and intrenched themselves in a masterly manner, having a thick wood on each side of them, which extended along the route the General was to take. When he was come within three miles of their intrenchments, they drew out of their lines, placing their 600 irregulars in front, as a forlorn hope, and their 1,500 regulars behind to support them; they also stationed a great number of their Indians in the wood, on each side, who effectually concealed themselves behind trees and bushes.

"Soon after this fatal disposition was made, General Braddock appeared with his troops in the following order:

Colonel Gage and Burton, of Halket's Regiment.
The General, with Dunbar's Regiment.
The troops from Virginia, Maryland and Carolina.

"As soon as the whole army was got between the two ambuscades, the men were alarmed by the Indians, who fired singly at the General and other particular officers; upon this they pushed foward, as the enemy was in sight,

though not within musket-shot, and as soon as they came near enough, the attack was begun by the Colonels Gage, and Burton. This was a signal to the Indians in ambush, who immediately gave the war whoop, and rising from the thickets, discovered themselves on both sides, flanking our men in volleys, which did incredible execution. The advanced guard being now between three fires, immediately gave way; but being rallied with much difficulty by the officers, they gave one fire, and then retreated in the utmost confusion, and threw Dunbar's regiment which was behind them in the same disorder. They were with unspeakable difficulty and trouble once more rallied by their officers, and stood one fire from the enemy, but then, without returning it, both the regiments fled with the utmost terror and precipitation, deserting their officers, who, though alone, kept their ground until of sixty, only five remained that were not either killed or wounded. The Virginians who formed the rear still stood unbroken, and continued the engagement on very unequal terms near three hours, but were then compelled to retire. These letters give the same account of the General as that in the Gazette, but add that all the baggage, provisions, and even military chests are safe, being two days behind the army.

"There is, indeed, some reason to hope that this is true, from the account published by authority, for it is there said, that the General left the baggage, &c.,—behind him twenty miles, that he might march with the greater expedition; the very reason of his leaving them behind seems to prove, that he went forward without halting, and that it was impossible that the men with the baggage should keep near him; so that, as they must have been considerably behind him when the action happened, it is probable the broken troops joined them in their retreat, and proceeded safely with the baggage to Will's Creek.

"The European troops, whose cowardice has thus injured the country, are the same that run away so shamefully at Preston-Pans. To prevent, however, any unjust national reflections, it must be remarked, that though they are called Irish regiments, they are not regiments of Irishmen, but regiments on the Irish establishment, consisting of English, Irish and Scots, as other regiments do. It is, however, said that the slaughter among our officers was not made by the enemy, but that as they ran several fugitives through the body to intimidate the rest, when they were attempting in vain to rally them, some others, who expected the same fate, discharged their pieces at them, which, though loaded, they could not be brought to level at the French. On the other hand, it is alleged, that the defeat is owing more to presumption and want of conduct in the officers, than to cowardice in the private men; that a retreat ought to have been resolved upon the moment they found themselves surprised by an ambuscade; and that they were told by the men, when they refused to return to the charge, that if they could see their enemy they would fight them, but that they would not waste their ammunition against trees and bushes, nor stand exposed to invisible assailants, the French and Indian Rangers, who are excellent marksmen, and in such a situation would inevitably destroy any number of the best troops in the world."

Thus closed that ill conducted march from which so much was expected. Thus was that fine body of troops, after a long and fatiguing march of many days, after it had arrived within ten miles of its destination, when every thing seemed to smile upon their undertaking, when the brave commander was elate with every assurance of success, in one brief afternoon overwhelmed with disaster and inglorious defeat, and sent back disheartened and dismayed upon their comrades, under Dunbar. It is not our purpose to enter

into a detailed notice of the causes of this overwhelming catastrophe. It is an every day remark that Braddock was a rash, head-strong man, unused to contend with such foes as he found on the Monongahela, and that his defeat was a natural result of the haste with which he moved forward. We believe that he was a rash, conceited man, that he held his enemy in too much contempt, and paid too little attention to the counsel of men who had experience in Indian warfare; yet we believe that one of the leading causes of defeat arose from the detention of his advanced parties after they had crossed the Monongahela the second time. From all the accounts of the action, it is settled that the whole army had crossed the river before the attack commenced, and yet no portion of it had previously passed the rising ground where the attack took place: so that the whole number of the troops, with all the artillery, provisions, ammunition and baggage, with the horses, were collected in the few acres of ground between the river and the foot of the hill. In such circumstances there could be no *reserve*, no party upon which the troops in advance, when driven back, could rally: there was no man of the whole twelve hundred who stood beyond the range of the musket shot of the enemy.

Under such disadvantages all the desperate exertions of the gallant officers to rally the men were only hopeless sacrifices of their own lives. It is, therefore, no doubt true, as Captain Orme remarks in his letter, that it was happy that Dunbar was left behind, "as numbers could have been of no service." In fact every additional batallion would only have increased the confusion and embarrassment. We believe, therefore, that the radical error of Braddock on that day, the immediate cause of his defeat, was the crowding his army into too small a field, placing the whole body of his men and all the accompaniments of his march, artillery,

provisions, ammunition, teams, &c., in a space where every man was within range of the enemy's guns, and where, of course, there could be no *reserve*. It is true, the trees and brush would afford some protection to the army, but on the other hand they would greatly embarrass the movements of troops accustomed to manœuvre on the plains of the Netherlands.

We conclude with an extract from a work published in Kentucky, called "Sketches of Western Adventure," giving a narrative of Colonel James Smith's capture by the Indians, and of the terrible scene which he witnessed near Fort Duquesne on the day after Braddock's defeat, the 10*th of July*, 1755. Colonel Smith was well known in Pennsylvania, and, we believe, his veracity was unimpeachable. He subsequently removed to Kentucky, and was a member of the Legislature of that State.

That he was a prisoner among the Indians, there is no doubt; the Colonial Records at Harrisburg notice his capture. The French, too, were a small proportion of the combined force at Braddock's Field; the prisoners there taken were as likely to fall into the hands of the Indians as of the French, and being once in that position, probably could not be rescued without violence, which could hardly be looked for, under the circumstances. Without further comment, we submit to our readers this melancholy tale, which, we believe, has never been contradicted.

"In the spring of the year, 1755, James Smith, then a youth of eighteen, accompanied a party of three hundred men from the frontiers of Pennsylvania who advanced in front of Braddock's army, for the purpose of opening a road over the mountain. When within a few miles of Bedford Springs, he was sent back to the rear, to hasten the progress of some wagons loaded with provisions and stores for the use of the wood cutters. Having delivered his or-

ders, he was returning, in company with another young man, when they were suddenly fired upon by a party of three Indians, from a cedar thicket which skirted the road. Smith's companion was killed upon the spot; and although he himself was unhurt, yet his horse was so much frightened by the flash and report of the guns, as to become totally unmanageable, and after a few plunges threw him with violence to the ground. Before he could recover his feet, the Indians sprang upon him, and overpowering his resistance, secured him as a prisoner. One of them demanded, in broken English, whether 'more white men were coming up,' and upon his answering in the negative, he was seized by each arm and compelled to run with great rapidity over the mountain until night, when the small party encamped and cooked their suppers. An equal share of their scanty stock of provisions was given to the prisoner, and in other respects, although strictly guarded, he was treated with great kindness. On the evening of the next day, after a rapid walk of fifty miles through cedar thickets, and over very rocky ground, they reached the western side of the Laurel mountain, and beheld, at a little distance, the smoke of an Indian encampment. His captors now fired their guns and raised the *scalp* halloo! This is a long yell for every scalp that has been taken, followed by a rapid succession of shrill, quick, piercing shrieks—shrieks somewhat resembling laughter in the most excited tones. They were answered from the Indian camp below by a discharge of rifles, and a long whoop, followed by shrill cries of joy, and all thronged out to meet the party. Smith expected instant death at their hands, as they crowded around him; but, to his surprise, no one offered him any violence. They belonged to another tribe, and entertained the party in their camp with great hospitality, respecting the prisoner as the property of their guests. On the following morning Smith's

captors continued their march, and on the evening of the next day arrived at Fort Duquesne—now Pittsburgh. When within half a mile of the fort they again raised the scalp halloo, and fired their guns as before. Instantly the whole garrison was in commotion. The cannons were fired—the drums were beaten, and the French and Indians ran out in great numbers to meet the party and partake of their triumph. Smith was again surrounded by a multitude of savages, painted in various colours, and shouting with delight; but their demeanor was by no means as pacific as that of the last party he had encountered. They rapidly formed in two lines, and brandishing their hatchets, ramrods, switches, &c., called aloud for him to run the gauntlet. Never having heard of this Indian ceremony before, he stood amazed for some time, not knowing what to do; but one of his captors explained to him that he was to run between the two lines and receive a blow from each Indian, as he passed, concluding his explanation by exhorting him to 'run his best,' as the faster he ran the sooner the affair would be over. The truth was very plain—and young Smith entered upon his race with great spirit. He was switched very handsomely along the lines for about three-fourths of the distance, the stripes only acting as a spur to greater exertions, and he had almost reached the extremity of the line, when a tall chief struck him a furious blow with a club upon the back of the head, and instantly felled him to the ground. Recovering himself in a moment, he sprung to his feet and started forward again, when a handful of sand was thrown in his eyes, which, in addition to the great pain, completely blinded him. He still attempted to grope his way through, but was again knocked down and beaten with merciless severity. He soon became insensible under such barbarous treatment, and recollected nothing more until he found himself in the hospital of the fort, under

the hands of a French surgeon, beaten to a jelly, and unable to move a limb. Here he was quickly visited by one of his captors—the same who had given him such good advice when about to commence his race. He now inquired, with some interest, if he felt 'very sore.' Young Smith replied that he had been bruised almost to death, and asked what he had done to merit such barbarity. The Indian replied that he had done nothing, but that it was the customary greeting of the Indians to their prisoners—that it was something like the English 'how d'ye do,' and that now all ceremony would be laid aside, and he would be treated with kindness. Smith enquired if they had any news of General Braddock. The Indian replied that their scouts saw him every day from the mountains—that he was advancing in close columns through the woods—(this he indicated by placing a number of red sticks parallel to each other, and pressed closely together)—and that the Indians would be able to shoot them down 'like pigeons.'

"Smith rapidly recovered, and was soon able to walk upon the battlements of the fort, with the aid of a stick. While engaged in this exercise, on the morning of the 9th ——, he observed an unusual bustle in the Fort. The Indians stood in crowds at the great gate, armed and painted. Many barrels of powder, balls, flints, &c., were brought out to them, from which each warrior helped himself to such articles as he required. They were soon joined by a small detachment of French regulars, when the whole party marched off together. He had a full view of them as they passed, and was confident that they could not exceed four hundred men. He soon learned that it was detached against Braddock, who was now within a few miles of the Fort; but from their great inferiority in numbers, he regarded their destruction as certain, and looked joyfully to the arrival of Braddock in the evening, as the hour which

was to deliver him from the power of the Indians. In the afternoon, however, an Indian runner arrived with far different intelligence. The battle had not yet ended when he left the field; but he announced that the English had been surrounded, and were shot down in heaps by an invisible enemy; that instead of flying at once, or rushing upon their concealed foe, they appeared completely bewildered, huddled together in the centre of the ring, and before sun down there would not be a man of them alive. This intelligence fell like a thunderbolt upon Smith, who now saw himself irretrievably in the power of the savages, and could look forward to nothing but torture or endless captivity. He waited anxiously for further intelligence, still hoping that the fortune of the day might change. But about sunset, he heard at a distance the well known scalp halloo, followed by wild, quick, joyful shrieks, and accompanied by long continued firing This too surely announced the fate of the day. About dusk, the party returned to the fort, driving before them twelve British regulars, stripped naked, and with their faces painted black! an evidence that the unhappy wretches were devoted to death. Next came the Indians, displaying their bloody scalps, of which they had immense numbers, and dressed in the scarlet coats, sashes, and military hats of the officers and soldiers. Behind all came a train of baggage horses, laden with piles of scalps, canteens, and all the accoutrements of British soldiers. The savages appeared frantic with joy, and when Smith beheld them entering the fort, dancing, yelling, brandishing their red tomahawks, and waving their scalps in the air, while the great guns of the fort replied to the incessant discharge of the rifles without, he says that it looked as if h—l had given a holiday, and turned loose its inhabitants upon the upper world. The most melancholy spectacle was the band of prisoners. They appeared dejected

and anxious. Poor fellows! They had but a few months before left London, at the command of their superiors, and we may easily imagine their feelings at the strange and dreadful spectacle around them. The yells of delight and congratulation were scarcely over, when those of vengeance began. The devoted prisoners (British regulars), were led out from the Fort to the banks of the Allegheny, and to the eternal disgrace of the French commandant, were there burnt to death, with the most awful tortures. Smith stood upon the battlements, and witnessed the shocking spectacle. The prisoner was tied to a stake, with the hands raised above his head, stripped naked, and surrounded by Indians. They would touch him with red hot irons, and stick his body full of pine splinters, and set them on fire—drowning the shrieks of the victim in the yells of delight with which they danced around him. His companions in the meantime stood in a group near the stake, and had a foretaste of what was in reserve for each of them. As fast as one prisoner died under his tortures, another filled his place, until the whole perished. All this took place so near the fort, that every scream of the victims must have rung in the ears of the French commandant!

"Two or three days after this shocking spectacle, most of the Indian tribes dispersed, and returned to their homes, as is usual with them after a great and decisive battle. Young Smith was demanded of the French by the tribe to whom he belonged, and was immediately surrendered into their hands."

## THE ACCESSION OF WILLIAM AND MARY.

PETERSBURG, DECEMBER 29TH, 1851.

*Dear Sir,*—I send you the following letter from Colonel Nicholas Spencer, Secretary of the Colony of Virginia, to the Lords of the Privy Council, in London, upon the occasion of the accession of William and Mary to the crown of England; which I have copied for you from Anderson's History of the Colonial Church (vol. 2d.)—a rare work in this country. I am, &c.,

CHARLES CAMPBELL.

To WM. MAXWELL, ESQ.

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The duty incumbent on ye office of Secretary of this Dominion, in which I have had the hon'r for some yeares to serve, obliges me to give y'r Lordships an account of the present state of affaires, and let y'r Lordships know such occurrencies as have happened here of late, viz. that the mutations in England have extended their influences as far as these remoter Dominions; for noe sooner did ye news of the late admired transactions arrive here, tho' but imperfectly noised, and that with little probabilitie of truth, but it begun to be in the mouths of the mobile that there was noe King in England, and consequently noe Government here; upon this surmise followed rumors and reports that ye Papists in Maryland, together with those amongst us, have machinated to bring great numbers of fforraigne Indians to the destruction of the Protestants of both Dominions, and had prefixed a certaine time when the blow was to be given:—these, tho' false and groundless reports, raised great fears and jealousies in the minds of ye multi-

rude, and soon made them gather together in armes to repell ye supposed designs of ye Papists; and soe great a flame was kindled by the blasts of popular breath, that if it had not been timely prevented by ye vigilance, care and prudence of some of the Councell, and others, in the very beginning of it must have unavoidably proved fatall to both Dominions; and tho' it soon appeared those rumors were vaine and idle, and the people in some sort quieted, yet others like Hydra's head sprung up in their places, to ye great disquiet of this Government, and it was rationally believed that the difficulties of keeping this Dominion free from tumults, divisions and depredations would have been insuperable had not the news of the happy accession of the Prince and Princess of Orange to the Crown of England arrived here, with orders from their Maj'ties most Hon'ble privy Councell for proclaiming of the same, given check to unruly spiritts; w'ch Proclamation was effected at James Citty with all possible speed and with as great solemnity as the shortness of time and the necessity of the present circumstances would admitt of; and the Proclamations are now goeing forth into all the Counties of this Dominion that none may be ignorant of it, and the great cause o their tumults (viz. the beliefe that there was noe King in England, and consequently noe Government here) may be removed and peace and tranquillity restored and established among them, w'ch that it may succeed, is ye dayly prayer of all loyall subjects here, and particularly of

Right Hon'ble,
Yo'r Lordship's most dutifull
And most obed't Serv't,
NICHO. SPENCER.

James City, April 29th, 1689.

## BURNABY'S TRAVELS IN VIRGINIA, IN 1759.

*Continued from our last number, and concluded in this.*

During my stay in Virginia, I made several excursions into different parts of the country: one in particular to the great falls of Potowmac, of which, as I expected to be highly entertained, I kept a journal.

I departed from Williamsburg, Oct. 1, 1759, in company with another gentleman; and we travelled that day about forty miles, to a plantation in King William county; beautifully situated upon a high hill, on the north side of Pamunky river. A little below this place stands the Pamunky Indian town; where at present are the few remains of that large tribe; the rest having dwindled away through intemperance and disease. They live in little wigwams or cabins upon the river; and have a very fine tract of land of about 2000 acres, which they are restrained from alienating by act of assembly. Their employment is chiefly hunting or fishing, for the neighbouring gentry. They commonly dress like the Virginians, and I have sometimes mistaken them for the lower sort of that people. The night I spent here, they went out into an adjoining marsh to catch soruses; and one of them, as I was informed in the morning, caught near a hundred dozen. The manner of taking these birds is remarkable. The sorus is not known to be in Virginia, except for about six weeks from the latter end of September: at that time they are found in the marshes in prodigious numbers, feeding upon the wild oats. at first they are exceedingly lean, but in a short time grow so fat, as to be unable to fly: in this state they lie upon the reeds, and the Indians go out in canoes and knock them on the head with their paddles. They are rather bigger than a lark, and are delicious eating. During the time

of their continuing in season, you meet with them at the tables of most of the planters, breakfast, dinner, and supper.*

Oct. 2. We went to another plantation about twenty-four miles distant, belonging to a private gentleman, upon Mattapony river. We staid there all that and the next day on account of rain.

Oct. 4. We travelled twenty-five miles to another gentleman's house; and from thence, the day following, about twenty-five miles farther, to a town called Fredericsburg.

Fredericsburg is situated about a mile below the Falls of Rappahannoc: it is regularly laid out, as most of the towns in Virginia are, in parallel streets. Part of it is built upon an eminence, and commands a delightful prospect; the rest upon the edge of the water for the convenience of warehouses. The town was begun about thirty-two years ago, for the sake of carrying on a trade with the back settlers; and is at present by far the most flourishing one in these parts.

We left Fredericsburg the 6th instant, and went to see the Falls. At this place is a small mercantile town called Falmouth; whose inhabitants are endeavouring to rival the Fredericsburghers in their trade. It is built upon the north side of the river, and consists of eighteen or twenty houses.

The Falls of Rappahannoc are similar to those of James river, except that they are not upon so large a scale. The whole range scarcely exceeds half a mile, and the breadth not a hundred yards. At the time of our going to see them, there was a fresh in the river, which added very much

* In several parts of Virginia the ancient custom of eating meat at breakfast still continues. At the top of the table, where the lady of the house presides, there is constantly tea and coffee; but the rest of the table is garnished out with roasted fowls, ham, venison, game, and other dainties. Even at Williamsburg, it is the custom to have a plate of cold ham upon the table; and there is scarcely a Virginian lady who breakfasts without it.

to their beauty. The center of view was an island of about an hundred acres covered with trees; this divided the river into two branches, in each of which, at regular distances of fifteen or twenty yards, was a chain of six or seven falls, one above another, the least of them a foot perpendicular. The margin was beautifully variegated with rocks and trees, and the whole formed a pleasing romantic scene.

At this place we met with a person who informed us of his having been, a few days before, a spectator of that extraordinary phenomenon in nature, the fascinating power of the rattle-snake. He observed one lying coiled near a tree, looking directly at a bird which had settled there. The bird was under great agitation, uttered the most doleful cries, hopped from spray to spray, and at length flew directly down to the snake, which opened its mouth and swallowed it.

From hence we ascended up the river, about fifteen miles, to Spotswood's iron-mines; and in our way had a fine view of the Apalachian mountains, or Blue Ridge, at the distance of seventy miles. At this place I was much affected with the following incident. A gentleman in our company, which was now increased, had a small Negroe boy with him, about fourteen years of age, that had lived with him in a remote part of the country some time as a servant; an old woman who was working in the mines, and who proved to be the boy's grandmother, accidentally cast her eyes on him; she viewed him with great attention for some time; then screamed out, saying that it was her child, and flung herself down upon the ground. She lay there some seconds; rose up, looked on him again in an extasy of joy, and fell upon his neck and kissed him. After this, she retired a few paces, examined him afresh with fixed attention, and immediately seemed to lose herself in thoughtful and profound melancholy. The boy all this

while stood silent and motionless; reclining his head on one side, pale and affected beyond description. Upon the whole, it would not have been in the power of Raphael, to have imagined a finer picture of distress.

We returned from this place the next day to Fredericsburg; and ferrying over the Rappahannoc into the Northern Neck, travelled about seventeen miles to a gentleman's house in Stafford county: in the morning we proceeded through Dumfries, and over Occoquan river to Colchester, about twenty-one miles.

These are two small towns lately built for the sake of the back trade; the former on Acquia creek, the other upon Occoquan river, both of which fall into the Potowmac. About two miles above Colchester there is an iron furnace, a forge, two saw-mills, and a bolting-mill: at our return we had an opportunity of visiting them: they have every convenience of wood and water, that can be wished for. The ore wrought here is brought from Maryland; not that there is any doubt of there being plenty enough in the adjacent hills; but the inhabitants are discouraged from trying for it by the proprietor's (viz. lord Fairfax) having reserved to himself a third of all ore that may be discovered in the Northern Neck.

From Colchester we went about twelve miles farther to Mount Vernon. This place is the property of colonel Washington, and truly deserving of its owner.* The house is most beautifully situated upon a very high hill on the

* I cannot omit this opportunity of bearing testimony to the gallant and public spirit of this gentleman. Nov. 1, 1753, Lieut. Gov. Dinwiddie having informed the assembly of Virginia, that the French had erected a fort upon the Ohio, it was resolved to send somebody to M. St. Pierre the commander, to claim that country as belonging to his Britannic Majesty, and to order him to withdraw. Mr. Washington, a young gentleman of fortune just arrived at age, offered his service on this important occasion. The distance was more than 400 miles; 200 of which lay through a trackless

banks of the Potowmac; and commands a noble prospect of water, of cliffs, of woods, and plantations. The river is near two miles broad, though two hundred from the mouth; and divides the dominions of Virginia from Maryland.* We rested here one day, and proceeded up the river about twenty-six miles, to take a view of the Great Falls. These are formed in some respect like those of the Rappahannoc; but are infinitely more noble. The channel of the river is contracted by hills; and is as narrow, I was told, as at Fort Cumberland, which is an hundred and fifty miles higher up. It is clogged moreover with innumerable rocks; so that the water for a mile or two flows with accelerated velocity. At length coming to a ledge of rocks, which runs diametrically cross the river, it divides into two spouts, each about eight yards wide, and rushes down a precipice with incredible rapidity. The spout on the Virginian side makes three falls, one above another;

desert, inhabited by cruel and merciless savages; and the season was uncommonly severe. Notwithstanding these discouraging circumstances, Mr. Washington, attended by one companion only, set out upon this dangerous enterprise: travelled from Winchester on foot, carrying his provisions on his back, executed his commission; and after incredible hardships, and many providential escapes, returned safe to Williamsburg, and gave an account of his negociation to the assembly, the 14th day of February following.

* A very curious sight is frequently exhibited upon this and the other great rivers in Virginia, which for its novelty is exceedingly diverting to strangers. During the spring and summer months the fishing-hawk is often seen hovering over the rivers, or resting on the wing without the least visible change of place for some minutes, then suddenly darting down and plunging into the water, from whence it seldom rises again without a rock fish, or some other considerable fish in its talons. It immediately shakes off the water like a mist, and makes the best of its way towards the woods. The bald eagle, which is generally upon the watch, instantly pursues, and if it can overtake, endeavours to soar above it. The hawk growing solicitous for its own safety drops the fish, and the bald-eagle immediately stoops, and seldom fails to catch it in its pounces before it reaches the water.

the first about ten feet, the next fifteen, and the last twenty-four or twenty-five feet perpendicular: the water is of a vast bulk, and almost intire. The spout on the Maryland side is nearly equal in height and quantity, but a great deal more broken. These two spouts, after running in separate channels for a short space, at length unite in one about thirty yards wide; and as we judged from the smoothness of the surface and our unsuccessful endeavours to fathom it, of prodigious depth. The rocks on each side are at least ninety or a hundred feet high; and yet, in great freshes, the water overflows the tops of them, as appeared by several large and intire trees, which had lodged there.

In the evening we returned down the river about sixteen miles to Alexandria, or Bel-haven, a small trading place in one of the finest situations imaginable. The Potowmac above and below the town, is not more than a mile broad, but it here opens into a large circular bay, of at least twice that diameter.

The town is built upon an arc of this bay; at one extremity of which is a wharf; at the other a dock for building ships; with water sufficiently deep to launch a vessel of any rate or magnitude.

The next day we returned to colonel Washington's, and in a few days afterward to Williamsburg.

The time of my residence in this colony was ten months, and I received so many instances of friendship and good-nature, that not to acknowledge them would be an act of ingratitude. It would not be easy to mention particular instances, without being guilty of injustice by omitting others: but, in general, I can truly affirm, that I took leave of this hospitable people with regret, and shall ever remember them with gratitude and affection.

May 26, 1760. Having procured three horses, for myself, servant, and baggage, I departed from Williamsburg,

and travelled that night to Eltham; twenty-five miles.

May 27. I ferried over Pamunky river at Danfies, and went to Todd's ordinary upon Mattopony, or the northern branch of York river; thirty-two miles.

May 28. I went to a plantation in Caroline county; twenty-seven miles.

As I was travelling this day, I observed a large black-snake, about six feet long, lying cross the stump of a tree by the road side. I touched it with my switch several times before it stirred; at last it darted with incredible swiftness into the woods. On looking into the hole, where it had fixed its head, I observed a small bead snake about two feet long; beautifully variegated with red, black, and orange colour, which the black-snake was watching to prey upon. I took and laid it, half stupified, in the sun to revive. After I had proceeded about a quarter of a mile, it occurred to me that it would be a great curiosity if I could carry it to England; I therefore sent my servant back with orders to fetch it: but, at his return, he acquainted me that it was not to be found, and that the black-snake was in the same position wherein I had first discovered it. I mention this as an instance of the intrepid nature of the black-snake, which, though not venomous, will attack and devour the rattle snake; and, in some cases, it is asserted, even dare to assault a man.

May 30. I left Fredericksburg, and having ferried over the Rappahannoc at the falls, travelled that night to Neville's ordinary, about thirty-four miles.

May 31. I passed over the Pignut and Blue Ridges; and, crossing the Shenando, arrived, after a long day's journey of above fifty miles, at Winchester.

The Pignut ridge is a continuation of the south-west mountains. It is no where very high; and at the gap where I passed, the ascent is so extremely easy, owing to

the winding of the road between the mountains, that I was scarcely sensible of it.

The tract of country lying between this ridge and the coast, is supposed, and with some appearance of probability, to have been gained from the ocean. The situation is extremely low, and the ground every where broken into small hills, nearly of the same elevation, with deep intermediate gullies, as if it were the effect of some sudden retiring of the waters. The soil is principally of sand; and there are few, if any pebbles, within a hundred miles of the shore; for which reason the Virginians in these parts never shoe their horses. Incredible quantities of what are called scallop-shells, are found also near the surface of the ground; and many of the hills are intirely formed of them. These phenomena, with others less obvious to common observation, seem to indicate, that the Atlantic, either gradually, or by some sudden revolution in nature, has retired, and lost a considerable part of that dominion which formerly belonged to it.

The Blue-ridge is much higher than the Pignut: though even these mountains are not to be compared with the Alleghenny. To the southward, indeed, I was told, they are more lofty; and but little, if at all, inferior to them. The pass, at Ashby's Gap, from the foot of the mountain on the eastern side to the Shenando, which runs at the foot on the western, is about four miles. The ascent is no where very steep; though the mountains are, upon the whole, I think, higher than any I have ever seen in England. When I was got to the top, I was inexpressibly delighted with the scene which opened before me. Immediately under the mountain, which was covered with chamœdaphnes in full bloom, was a most beautiful river: beyond this an extensive plain, diversified with every pleasing object that nature can exhibit; and, at the distance of fifty

miles, another ridge of still more lofty mountains, called the Great, or North-ridge,* which inclosed and terminated the whole.

The river Shenando rises a great way to the southward from under this Great North-ridge. It runs through Augusta county, and falls into the Potowmac somewhere in Frederic. At the place where I ferried over, it is only about a hundred yards wide; and indeed it is no where, I believe, very broad. It is exceedingly romantic and beautiful, forming great variety of falls, and is so transparent, that you may see the smallest pebble at the depth of eight or ten feet. There is plenty of trout and other fish in it; but it is not navigable, except for rafts. In sudden freshes it rises above forty or fifty feet. The low grounds upon the banks of this river are very rich and fertile; they are chiefly settled by Germans, who gain a sufficient livelihood by raising stock for the troops, and sending butter down into the lower parts of the country. I could not but reflect with pleasure on the situation of these people; and think if there is such a thing as happiness in this life, that they enjoy it. Far from the bustle of the world, they live in the most delightful climate, and richest soil imaginable; they are every where surrounded with beautiful prospects and sylvan scenes; lofty mountains, transparent streams, falls of water, rich vallies, and majestic woods; the whole interspersed with an infinite variety of flowering shrubs, constitute the landscape surrounding them: they are subject to few diseases; are generally robust; and live in perfect liberty: they are ignorant of want, and acquainted with but few vices. Their inexperience of the elegancies of life, precludes any regret that they possess not the means of enjoying them: but they possess what many princes would

* All these ridges consist of single mountains joined together, and run parallel to each other.

give half their dominions for, health, content, and tranquillity of mind.

Winchester is a small town of about two hundred houses. It is the place of general rendezvous of the Virginian troops, which is the reason of its late rapid increase, and present flourishing condition. The country about it, before the reduction of Fort du Quesne, was greatly exposed to the ravages of the Indians, who daily committed most horrid cruelties: even the town would have been in danger, had not colonel Washington, in order to cover and protect it, erected a fort upon an eminence at one end of it, which proved of the utmost utility; for although the Indians were frequently in sight of the town, they never dared to approach within reach of the fort. It is a regular square fortification, with four bastions, mounting twenty-four cannon; the length of each curtain, if I am not mistaken, is about eighty yards. Within, there are barracks for 450 men. The materials of which it is constructed, are logs filled up with earth: the soldiers attempted to surround it with a dry ditch; but the rock was so extremely hard and impenetrable, that they were obliged to desist. It is still unfinished; and I fear, going to ruin; for the assembly, who seldom look a great way before them, after having spent about 9000 l. currency upon it, cannot be prevailed upon to give another thousand towards finishing it, because we are in possession of Pitsburg; and, as they suppose, quite secure on this account: yet it is certain, that, in case of another Indian war on this side, which is by no means improbable, considering our general treatment of that people, it would be of the utmost advantage and security.

There is a peculiarity in the water at Winchester, owing, I was told, to the soil's being of a limy quality, which is frequently productive of severe gripings, especially in stran-

gers; but it is generally supposed, on the other hand, to be specific against some other diseases.

During my stay at this place, I was almost induced to make a tour for a fortnight to the southward, in Augusta county, for the sake of seeing some natural curiosities; which, the officers assured me, were extremely well worth visiting: but as the Cherokees had been scalping in those parts only a few days before; and as I feared, at the same time, that it would detain me too long, and that I should lose my passage to England, I judged it prudent to decline it.

The curiosities they mentioned to me, were chiefly these:

1. About forty miles westward of Augusta court-house, a beautiful cascade, bursting out of the side of a rock; and, after running some distance through a meadow, rushing down a precipice 150 feet perpendicular.

2. To the southward of this about twenty miles, two curious hot springs, one tasting like alum, the other like the washings of a gun.

3. A most extraordinary cave.

4. A medicinal spring, specific in venereal cases. A soldier in the Virginian regiment, whose case was almost desperate, by drinking and bathing in these waters, was, after a few days, intirely cured. This fact was asserted very strongly by some officers, who had been posted there: but colonel Washington, of whom I inquired more particularly concerning it, informed me that he had never heard of it; that he was not indeed at the place where it is said to have happened, but that having had the command of the regiment at that time, he should probably have been informed of it. What credit therefore is to be given to it, the reader must judge for himself.

5. Sixty miles southward of Augusta court-house, a nat-

ural arch, or bridge, joining two high mountains, with a considerable river running underneath.

6. A river called Lost river, from its sinking under a mountain, and never appearing again.

7. A spring of a sulphureous nature, an infallible cure for particular cutaneous disorders.

8. Sixteen miles north-east of Winchester, a natural cave or well, into which, at times, a person may go down to the depth of 100 or 150 yards; and at other times, the water rises up to the top, and overflows plentifully. This is called the ebbing and flowing well, and is situated in a plain, flat country, not contiguous to any mountain or running water.

9. A few miles from hence, six or seven curious caves communicating with each other.

A day or two before I left Winchester, I discovered that I had been robbed by my servant: he confessed the fact, and pleaded so little in justification of himself, that I was obliged to dismiss him. This distressed me very much, for it was impossible to hire a servant in these parts, or even any one to go over the mountains with me into the lower settlements. However, by the politeness of the commander of the place, the honourable colonel Byrd, and of another gentleman* of my acquaintance, I got over these difficulties; for the former, while I continued at Winchester, accommodated me with his own apartments in the fort, ordering his servants to attend and wait upon me: and the latter sent a negroe boy with me as far as colonel Washington's, eighty miles distant from this place. On the 4th of June, therefore, I was enabled to leave Winchester, and I travelled that night about eighteen miles, to Sniker's ferry upon the Shenando.

The next morning I repassed the Blue-ridge at William's

* Colonel Churchill.

Gap, and proceeded on my journey about forty miles. I this day fell into conversation with a planter, who overtook me on the road, concerning the rattle-snake, of which there are infinite numbers in these parts; and he told me, that one day going to a mill at some distance, he provoked one to such a degree, as to make it strike a small vine which grew close by, and that the vine presently drooped and died.*

My accommodations this evening were extremely bad; I had been wet to the skin in the afternoon; and at the miserable plantation in which I had taken shelter, I could get no fire; nothing to eat or drink but pure water; and not even a blanket to cover me. I threw myself down upon my mattrass, but suffered so much from cold, and was so infested with insects and vermin, that I could not close my eyes. I rose early in the morning, therefore, and proceeded upon my journey, being distant from colonel Washington's not more than thirty miles. It was late, however, before I arrived there, for it rained extremely hard, and a man who undertook to shew me the nearest way, led me among precipices and rocks, and we were lost for above two hours. It was not indeed, without some compensation; for he brought me through as beautiful and picturesque a scene, as eye ever beheld. It was a delightful valley, about two miles in length, and a quarter of one in breadth, between high and craggy mountains, covered with chamœdaphnes* or wild ivy, in full flower. Through the

* Several persons to whom I have mentioned this fact, have seemed to doubt of the probability of it. But were it not true, a question will naturally arise, how an idea of that nature should occur to an ignorant planter, living remote from all cultivated society; and, more particularly, how he should happen to fix upon that tree; which, supposing the thing possible, is the most likely to have been affected in the manner described.

* The chamœdaphne is the most beautiful of all flowering shrubs: Catesby in his Natural History of Carolina speaks of it in the following man-

middle of the valley glided a rivulet about eight yards wide, extremely lucid, and breaking into innumerable cascades; and in different parts of it stood small clumps of evergreens; such as myrtles, cedars, pines, and various other sorts. Upon the whole, not Tempe itself could have displayed greater beauty or a more delightful scene.

At colonel Washington's I disposed of my horses, and, having borrowed his curricle and servant, I took leave of Mount Vernon the 11th of June.

I crossed over the Potowmac into Maryland at Clifton's ferry, where the river is something more than a mile broad; and proceeded on my journey to Malborough, eighteen miles.

ner: "The flowers grow in bunches on the tops of the branches, to foot-stalks of three inches long; they are white, stained with purplish red; consisting of one leaf in form of a cup, divided at the verge into five sections. In the middle is a stilus, and ten stamina, which, when the flower first opens, appear lying close to the sides of the cup, at equal distances; their apices being lodged in ten little hollow cells, which being prominent on the outside, appear as so many little tubercles. As all plants have their peculiar beauties, it is difficult to assign to any one an elegance excelling all others; yet considering the curious structure of the flower, and beautiful appearance of this whole plant, I know of no shrub that has a better claim to it." Catesby, Vol. II. p. 98.

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## THE CAPTURE OF THE REDOUBTS

### BEFORE YORK TOWN, IN 1781.

[We are indebted to Robert Saunders, Esq., of Williamsburg, for the following copy of a letter from Robert Andrews to John Page, Esq., (of Rosewell, Gloucester county,) afterwards Governor of Virginia, the original of which was found among his papers, after his death.]

*My Dear Sir,*—I have just received your Billet, but have neither seen the Governor, Tucker, or Bradford. I do not

know what your Queries may be, but I am certain you will be highly pleased with our success yesterday evening.

A little after seven o'clock an attack was made by the French Grenadiers, and the American light Infantry on the Enemy's two left Redoubts below the Town. In ten minutes they were both in our Possession without our firing a shot: The Enemy blazed away very furiously, not only from these Redoubts but their whole Line. We made about 70 prisoners, and it is supposed about 30 were bayoneted. Our Loss in killed and wounded was near an hundred. The acquisition of these two Places not only brings us into closer neighbourhood with the Enemy, but puts us on a level with them with respect to Ground. A few Days more will, I hope, close the scene; and enable us to look at each other in Triumph from York and Gloucester Points.

I most heartily rejoice with you on the brightening Prospect. And am

Your Friend, &c.,

ROBERT ANDREWS.

Our Marquis commanded the light Infantry and rode to the Redoubt.

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From To-Day, a Boston Literary Journal:

## VIEWS OF AMERICA IN 1782.

Some portions of the journal of M. De Broglie have recently been published, containing an interesting account of his visit to this country in 1782, and of the aspect of things at that time. We give below some parts of this journal, translated from the Courier des Etats Unis.

We think that our readers cannot fail to take an interest in these fragments. They show the degree of respect and curiosity which the character and fame of Washington had inspired, even at that early period. The Prince de Broglie came to the United States, with letters of introduction from Benjamin Franlin, for the purpose of joining the army of Count de Rochambeau. In the writings of Washington, published by Mr. Sparks,

will be found a letter to Dr. Franklin, written about the date of the interview described in this fragment, in which Gen. Washington acknowledges the receipt of two letters; one presented by the Count de Segur, and the other by the Prince de Broglie, which, he remarks, "were rendered doubly agreeable by the pleasure I had in receiving them from the hands of two such amiable and accomplished young gentlemen." This letter was dated Oct. 18, 1782:—

Extracts from M. De Broglie's Journal.

THE AMERICAN ARMY.

I found, on disembarking, the American army encamped in a place called Verplank's Point. It was then composed of about six thousand men who, for the first time during the war, were well armed, well drilled, well kept, and camped under tents of a regular form.

I passed along its front with pleasure, astonishment, and admiration. All the soldiers appeared to me fine, robust, and well chosen. The sentinels, well kept, extremely attentive, and sufficiently well placed under arms, contrasted so completely with the crude idea that I had formed of these troops that I was obliged to repeat to myself several times that I was indeed seeing this army, that formerly had no other uniform than a cap on which was written "Liberty."

I saw, upon an eminence which faced the camp, an assemblage of tents, which, I easily judged, must be the camp of General Washington. Notwithstanding the impatience, so natural, which I felt to see this famous man, as I knew no one who could present me to him, I contented myself with approaching as nearly as possible his establishment, that I might see him in case he should come out. I continued my way to render myself at the camp of the French army, distant fourteen miles, that is, nearly five leagues. I reached Crampon at four o'clock in the afternoon, and I found the generals at table. I was taken next day into the

brilliant position of colonel; and, as there was nothing to do, I found myself soon as wise and as far advanced as all the warriors of York.

GENERAL WASHINGTON.

I pressed M. de Rochambeau, who received me with kindness, to add that of making me acquainted with Washington. He assented; and, the day after my arrival, he went with me to dine with this famous man. I gave him a letter from my father; and, after a slight "*shake hand*," he was kind enough to say a thousand flatteries and polite things to me. Here is his portrait, which I have formed from what I have been able to see of him for myself, and from what the conversations which I have had with regard to him, have taught me:

The General is about forty-nine years of age; he is large, finely made, very well proportioned. His figure is much more pleasing than the picture represents it. He was fine looking until within about three years; and although those who have been constantly with him since that time say that he seems to them to have grown old fast, it is undeniable that the General is still fresh, and active as a young man.

His physiognomy is pleasant and open; his address is cold, though polite; his pensive eye is more attentive than sparkling; but his countenance is kind, noble and composed. He maintains, in his private deportment, that polite and attentive deportment which does not offend. He is the enemy of ostentation and vain-glory. His manners are always equable; he has never shown the least temper. Modest even to humility, he seems not to estimate himself duly; he receives with good grace the deference paid to him, but rather shuns than courts it. His society is agreeable and pleasing. Always serious, never constrained; always simple, always free and affable, without being fami-

liar, the respect which he inspires never becomes painful. He talks little in general, and in a very low tone of voice; but he is so attentive to what is said to him, that you are satisfied that he understands you, and are almost willing to dispense with a reply. This conduct has often been of advantage to him in various circumstances; no one has more occasion than he to use circumspection, and to weigh well his words. He unites to an unalterable tranquillity of soul, a fine power of judgment; and one can seldom reproach him for a little slowness in determination, or even in acting, when he has formed his decision. His courage is calm and brilliant; but to appreciate in a sure manner the extent of his talents, and to grant him the name of a great warrior, I think it would be necessary to have seen him at the head of a greater army, with more means, and in face of a less superior enemy. One can at least give him the title of an excellent patriot, a wise, virtuous man; and one is tempted to grant him all qualities, even those which circumstances have not permitted him to develop. Never was there a man more fitted to lead the Americans, nor one who has evinced in his conduct more consistency, wisdom, constancy and reason.

Mr. Washington has never received any compensation as General; he has refused such, as not needing it. The expenses of his table are alone made at the expense of the State. He has every day as many as thirty people at dinner, gives good military receptions and is very attentive to all the officers whom he admits to his table. It is, in general, the moment of the day when he is most gay.

At desert, he makes an enormous consumption of nuts, and, when the conversation amuses him, he eats them for two hours, "drinking healths," according to the English and American custom, several times. This is called *toasting*. They begin always by drinking to the United States

of America; afterward to the King of France, to the Queen, and success to the arms of the combined army. Then is given sometimes what is called a sentiment; for example—"To our success with our enemies and the ladies!" "Success in war and love!"

I have *toasted* several times *with* Gen. Washington. On one occasion I proposed to him to drink to the Marquis de Lafayette, whom he looks upon as a son. He accepted with a smile of benevolence, and had the politeness to propose to me in return that of my father and wife.

M. Washington appears to me to keep up a perfect bearing towards the officers of his army; he treats them very politely, but they are far from growing familiar with him; they all wear, on the contrary, in presence of this General, an air of respect, confidence and admiration.

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## GEORGE WYTHE.

[We find the following letter from the late Mr. Clay to B. B. Minor, Esq., of this city,—containing an interesting notice of the eminent patriot and judge, George Wythe, with a glance at his own early youth—in the Whig of May 18th, and readily transfer it to our more convenient pages to which it properly belongs.]

LETTER FROM HON. HENRY CLAY TO B. B. MINOR, ESQ.

Ashland, May 3, 1851.

*My Dear Sir*—I duly received your favor of the 21st ult., in which you inform me that one of the Richmond booksellers intends to publish a new edition of the Reports of the lamented Chancellor Wythe, and you express a wish that I would furnish a brief memoir of the illustrious author. It would be a most pleasing and grateful task to

comply with your request, if I possessed the requisite authentic materials, and the requisite capacity to prepare the work. But the first condition does not exist, and it is therefore unnecessary to dwell upon the second. My acquaintance with the Chancellor commenced in the year 1793, in my 16th year, when I was a clerk in the office of the court over which he presided, and when I think he must have passed the age of three score years and ten. I knew nothing personally of his career at the bar, of his ancestry, or of the part which he had taken in public affairs. I understood that he was born in Elizabeth City; that he was taught the Greek letters by his mother, and afterwards, by her assistance and by his own exertions, he became an accomplished Greek scholar. How he learned the Latin language I do not remember to have heard, but probably at William and Mary College, or at some other college in Lower Virginia. When I first knew him, his right hand had become so affected with rheumatism or gout, that it was with difficulty he could write his own name. Owing to that cause he engaged me to act as his amanuensis, and I attended him frequently, though not every day, to serve him in that capacity for several years. Upon his dictation, I wrote, I believe, all the reports of cases which it is now proposed to re-publish. I remember that it cost me a great deal of labor, not understanding a single Greek character, to write some citations from Greek authors, which he wished inserted in copies of his reports sent to Mr. Jefferson, Mr. Samuel Adams of Boston, and to one or two other persons. I copied them by imitating each character as I found them in the original works.

Mr. Wythe was one of the purest, best, and most learned men in classical lore that I ever knew. Although I did not understand Greek, I was often highly gratified in listening to his readings in Homer's Illiad and other Greek

authors, so beautifully did he pronounce the language. No one ever doubted his perfect uprightness, or questioned his great ability as a Judge. I remember an incident which occurred in my presence, which demonstrated with what scrupulous regard he avoided the possibility of any imputation upon his honor, or his impartiality. A neighbor of his, Mr. H———, who had the reputation of being a West India nabob, and who at the time had an important suit pending in the Court of Chancery, sent him a demijohn of old arrack, and an orange tree for his niece, Miss Nelson, then residing with him. When the articles were brought into Mr. Wythe's house, with the message from the donor, Mr. Wythe requested the servant to take them back to his master, and to present to him his respects, and thanks for his kind intentions, but to say that he had long ceased to make any use of arrack, and that Miss Nelson had no conservatory in which she could protect the orange tree. I was amused at another scene, which I witnessed between him and the late Justice Washington of the Supreme Court, then practising law in the city of Richmond. He called on the Chancellor with a bill of injunction in behalf of General ———, to restrain the collection of a debt. The ground of the application was, that the creditor had agreed to await the convenience of General ———, for the payment of the debt, and that it was not then convenient to pay it. The Chancellor attentively read the bill through, and deliberately folding it up, returned it to Mr. Washington, enquiring with an ineffable smile upon his countenance, "do you think, sir, that I ought to grant this injunction?" Mr. Washington blushed, and observed that he had presented the bill at the earnest instance of his client.

Mr. Wythe's relations to the Judges of the Court of Appeals, were not of the most friendly or amicable kind, as

may be inferred from the tenor of his reports. Conscientiously and thoroughly convinced of the justice and equity of his decrees, he was impatient when any of them were reversed, and accordingly evinces that feeling in his reports. Mr. Pendleton, from what I have heard and the little I knew of him, I suppose was more prompt and ready, and possessed greater powers of elocution than his great rival. Mr. Wythe's forte, as I have understood, lay in the opening of the argument of a case; in which, for thorough preparation, clearness and force, no one could excel him. He was not so fortunate in reply. Mr. Pendleton, on the contrary, was always ready, both in opening and concluding an argument, and was prompt to meet all the exigencies which would arise in the conduct of a cause in court. The consequence was, that Mr. Pendleton was oftener successful than Mr. Wythe in their struggles at the bar. On one occasion, when Mr. Wythe, being opposed to Mr. Pendleton, lost the cause, in a moment of vexation, he declared, in the presence of a friend, that he would quit the bar, go home, take orders, and enter the pulpit. You had better not do that, replied his friend, for if you do, Mr. Pendleton will go home, take orders, and enter the pulpit too, and beat you there. Mr. Pendleton was far less learned than Mr. Wythe, but he possessed more versatile talents, was an accomplished gentleman, and better adapted to success in general society and in the busy world. Although not so finished a scholar as Mr. Wythe, he had a much more pleasing style of composition. The high consideration in which Messrs. Pendleton and Wythe were both held, was often evinced by the distinguished honors and eminent offices which they received from their parent State. It was particularly exhibited in the organization of the Convention which adopted the Constitution of the United States, when Mr. Pendleton was appointed to preside over

the body, and Mr. Wythe to preside over the Committee of the Whole, which he did during, I believe, the entire sitting of the Convention—the Constitution having been considered and discussed in Committee of the Whole.

Mr. Wythe's personal appearance and his personal habits were plain, simple, and unostentatious. His countenance was full of blandness and benevolence, and I think he made, in his salutation of others, the most graceful bow that I ever witnessed. A little bent by age, he generally wore a grey coating, and when walking carried a cane. Even at this moment, after the lapse of more than half a century since I last saw him, his image is distinctly engraved on my mind. During my whole acquaintance with him, he constantly abstained from the use of all animal food.

It is painful and melancholy to reflect, that a man so pure, so upright, so virtuous, so learned, so distinguished and beloved, should have met with an unnatural death. The event did not occur until several years after I emigrated from Richmond to the State of Kentucky, and of course I am not able, from personal knowledge, to relate any of the circumstances which attended it. Of these, however, I obtained such authentic information as to leave no doubt in my mind as to the manner of its occurrence. He had a grand nephew, a youth scarcely, I believe, of mature age, to whom, by his last will and testament, written by me upon his dictation before my departure from Richmond, after emancipating his slaves, he devised the greater part of his estate. That youth poisoned him, and others—black members of his household—by putting arsenic into a pot in which coffee was preparing for breakfast. The paper which had contained the arsenic, was found on the floor of the kitchen. The coffee having been drank by the Chancellor and his servants, the poison developed

its usual effects. The Chancellor lived long enough to send for his neighbor, Major William Duval, and got him to write another will for him, disinheriting the ungrateful and guilty grand nephew, and making other dispositions of his estate. An old negro woman, his cook, also died under the operation of the poison, but I believe that his other servants recovered. After the Chancellor's death, it was discovered that the atrocious anthor of it had also forged bank checks in the name of his great uncle; and he was subsequently, I understood, prosecuted for the forgery, convicted, and sentenced to the penitentiary; but whether that was the fact or not, can be ascertained by a resort to the records of the proper criminal courts in Richmond.

I have written this hasty sketch, not as a memoir of the illustrious man of whom it treats, but for the purpose of contributing some materials, which may be wrought by more competent hands, into a biography more worthy of his great name and memory. I conclude it by an acknowledgement, demanded of me alike by justice and feelings of gratitude, that to no man was I more indebted, by his instructions, his advice, and his example, for the little intellectual improvement which I made, up to the period, when, in my 21st year, I finally left the city of Richmond.

I am, with great respect,

Your friend and obedient servant,

MR. B. B. MINOR. H. CLAY.

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## LYING ALL OVER.

"It is a hard matter," says Washington Allston, "for a man to lie *all over*, Nature having provided king's evidence in almost every member. The hand will sometimes act as

a vane, to show which way the wind blows, when every feature is set the other way; the knees smite together, and sound the alarm of fear under a fierce countenance; the legs shake with anger when all above is calm." Mrs. Jameson, quoting this remark, adds in confirmation of it, "An eminent lawyer who is accustomed to examine witnesses, once told me, that in cases under his scrutiny when the words and oaths have come forth glibly, and the whole face and form seemed converted into one impenetrable and steadfast mask, he has detected falsehood in a trembling of the muscle underneath the eye, and that the perception of it has put him on the scent again, when he had thought himself hopelessly at fault; so true it is that a man "cannot lie all over."

Now I can easily believe this account of the lawyer; for I remember that some years ago when I was a practising barrister, a man came to me one day to engage me to defend him on a trial for murder, (a most foul and shocking one it was,) when wishing to ascertain whether he was really guilty or not, I questioned him very closely about the case, and watched him very narrowly all the while, but he protested his innocence with such absolute assurance, and his face was such a perfect mask of indifference, showing no sign of criminality, that I was almost induced to believe that he might be innocent, when, looking keenly on him, I saw a little blush, or something like it, come out upon the tip of his ear, which satisfied me, or at least made me strongly suspect, that he had done the deed: which was afterwards most clearly proved upon him, and subsequently by his own confession. So I agree with Allston, that "it is indeed a hard matter for a man to lie all over."

Q.

## MR. MAYER'S DISCOURSE.

Tah Gah-Jute, or Logan, and Captain Michael Cresap. A Discourse by Brantz Mayer; Delivered in Baltimore, before the Maryland Historical Society, on its Sixth Anniversary, 9th of May, 1851.

We are really much obliged to Mr M. for taking us along with him so pleasantly, in his excursion into the wild border region of our Western country in "olden time," and feel duly grateful to him, of course, for his incidental contribution to the history of our State. His accounts of the Cresaps, father and son, are new to us, and reasonably interesting, and the story of his hero, Tah-Gah-Jute, or Logan, is still more so, and takes a strong hold of our attention. We do not know, indeed, that we ought to thank our author for destroying, or at least somewhat impairing, the sort of romantic illusion which used to hang about this celebrated chief, in our youthful imagination, of whom Mr. Jefferson so warmly wrote, "I will vindicate, as far as my suffrage may go, the truth of a chief whose talents and misfortunes have attached to him the respect and commiseration of the world." We are, however, the humble servants of History, and shall follow her steps wherever she leads.

In this spirit, we hardly need say that, upon the evidence now submitted, we think it very clear that the charge made by Logan, in his famous speech, against Capt. Cresap, of having murdered his whole family in cold blood, is manifestly a falsehood, or a mistake; for the letter of General George Clarke, more particularly, shows distinctly that Capt. C. was absent at the time, and could not have had any hand in the deed. It is equally clear, too, we think, that Mr. Jefferson did not invent the charge for Logan, or put it into his speech, but that he merely took it up as he found it in the copy, and that he can only be blamed in fact, if at all, for giving it rather more credit and currency than it deserved—though the whole evidence, as Mr. M. has proved, was not before him at the time.

We may add that the versions of Logan's speech which Mr. M. has favored us with in his appendix, are curious and amusing. It is quite clear, we think, from all the co-

pies he has collected, and the evidence he has submitted, that Mr. J. did not fabricate the speech, or any part of it; though he may have touched it up a little, and inserted two or three slight verbal alterations, which only serve to show the delicacy of his taste.*

* It should be noted here, however, that Mr. J. himself ascribes these improvements to Lord Dunmore. His words are: "I copied, verbatim, the narrative I had taken down in 1774, and the speech as it had been given us in a *better translation* by Lord Dunmore."—See Appendix to the Notes on Virginia: No. IV. p. 240, in our edition.

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## STANZAS.

BY THE HON. ST. GEORGE TUCKER.

[The following lines which were written many years ago by the Hon. St. George Tucker, of Williamsburg, afterwards a Judge of the Court of Appeals, &c., and which we copy from the Poetical Album by Alaric A. Watts, have found their way into several collections of fugitive poetry, and very fairly deserve a resting-place in our pages.]

Days of my youth, ye have glided away;
Hairs of my youth, ye are frosted and gray;
Eyes of my youth, your keen sight is no more;
Cheeks of my youth, ye are furrowed all o'er;
Strength of my youth, all your vigour is gone;
Thoughts of my youth, your gay visions are flown.

Days of my youth, I wish not your recall;
Hairs of my youth, I'm content ye should fall;
Eyes of my youth, you much evil have seen;
Cheeks of my youth, bathed in tears have you been;
Thoughts of my youth, ye have led me astray;
Strength of my youth, why lament your decay.

Days of my age, ye will shortly be past;
Pains of my age, yet awhile ye can last;
Joys of my age, in true wisdom delight;
Eyes of my age, be religion your light;
Thoughts of my age, dread ye not the cold sod;
Hopes of my age, be ye fixed on your God.

# Various Intelligence.

## VIRGINIA AGRICULTURAL STATISTICS.

In compliance with a resolution of the House of Delegates, the Secretary of the Commonwealth recently communicated to that body a statistical table of the Agricultural productions, &c., in Virginia, compiled and arranged from the census returns, from which we have prepared the annexed tabular statement:

ACRES OF LAND IN FARMS.

| Divisions. | *Improved.* | *Unimp.* | *Cash Value of Farms.* |
|---|---|---|---|
| Trans. Alleghany, | 1,965,040 | 6,954,536 | 49,527,721 |
| Valley, | 1,580,359 | 2,187,689 | 51,079,875 |
| Piedmont, | 4,347,757 | 4,045,099 | 72,230,951 |
| Tide-Water, | 2,467,079 | 2,604,882 | 43,563,058 |
| Totals, | 10,360,135 | 15,792,206 | 216,401,695 |

LIVE STOCK.

| | *Horses.* | *Asses and Mules.* | *Milch Cows.* | *Working Oxen.* | *Other Cattle.* |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Trans. Alleghany, | 92,442 | 1,963 | 112,850 | 14,559 | 248,987 |
| Valley, | 57,933 | 869 | 53,925 | 1,623 | 129,074 |
| Piedmont, | 83,488 | 7,551 | 90,518 | 37,678 | 186,298 |
| Tide-Water, | 38,530 | 11,095 | 60,326 | 35,662 | 104,798 |
| Totals, | 272,393 | 21,483 | 317,619 | 89,513 | 669,137 |

| | *Sheep.* | *Swine.* | *Value of Live Stock.* |
|---|---|---|---|
| Trans. Alleghany, | 639,469 | 535,815 | 9,860,324 |
| Valley, | 189,212 | 244,856 | 6,696,850 |
| Piedmont, | 333,373 | 601,349 | 10,687,546 |
| Tide-Water, | 148,450 | 447,823 | 6,410,939 |
| Totals, | 1,310,504 | 1,829,843 | 33,656,659 |

PRODUCE DURING THE YEAR ENDING JUNE 1, 1850.

| | *Bushels of Wheat.* | *Rye.* | *Indian Corn.* | *Oats.* |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Trans. Alleghany, | 1,289,245 | 168,551 | 9,485,398 | 3,443,541 |
| Valley, | 3,771,555 | 165,765 | 4,182,234 | 1,352,616 |
| Piedmont, | 4,316,753 | 105,375 | 11,695,752 | 3,659,411 |
| Tide-Water, | 1,835,063 | 19,239 | 9,890,935 | 1,723,581 |
| Totals, | 11,212,646 | 458,930 | 35,254,319 | 10,179,149 |

| | *Pounds of Tobacco.* | *Wool.* | *Butter.* | *Cheese.* |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Trans. Alleghany, | 240,717 | 1,290,472 | 4,157,356 | 190,629 |
| Valley, | 622,246 | 520,705 | 2,292,256 | 93,459 |
| Piedmont, | 54,286,345 | 721,199 | 3,143,091 | 110,791 |
| Tide-Water | 1,603,919 | 327,389 | 1,496,646 | 41,413 |
| Totals, | 59,803,227 | 2,860,765 | 11,089,379 | 436,292 |

| | *Value of Home made Manufactures.* | *Value of Animals Slaughtered.* |
|---|---|---|
| Trans. Alleghany, | 792,809 | 1,676,689 |
| Valley, | 233,465 | 1,272,368 |
| Piedmont, | 784,437 | 2,632,903 |
| Tide-Water, | 345,600 | 1,921,016 |
| Totals, | 2,156,312 | 7,502,986 |

As a matter of curiosity, we append a statement showing which counties contain the largest and smallest number of acres of land in farms, and in which the like extremes of live stock are held, and grain and other articles produced, &c.

ACRES OF LAND IN FARMS.

| | *Improved.* | | *Unimproved.* |
|---|---|---|---|
| Fauquier, | 247,297 | Pocahontas, | 466,159 |
| Wyoming, | 5,930 | Alexandria, | 6,021 |

CASH VALUE OF FARMS.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Loudoun, | 8,349,371 | Wyoming, | 115,979 |

LIVE CATTLE.

| | *Horses.* | | **Asses and Mules.* |
|---|---|---|---|
| Augusta, | 7,445 | Caroline, | 839 |
| Warwick, | 222 | Raleigh, | 1 |
| | *Milch Cows.* | | *Working Oxen.* |
| Augusta. | 6,496 | Halifax, | 2,282 |
| Alexandria, | 370 | Morgan, | 2 |
| | *Other Cattle.* | | *Sheep.* |
| Fauquier, | 18,598 | Fauquier, | 20,741 |
| Alexandria, | 217 | Alexandria, | 17 |
| | *Swine.* | | *Value of Live Stock.* |
| Southampton, | 49,816 | Loudoun, | 937,592 |
| Alexandria, | 896 | Wyoming, | 40,954 |

AGRICULTURAL PRODUCTIONS, &C.

| | *Bushels of Wheat.* | | *Bushels of Rye.* |
|---|---|---|---|
| Rockingham, | 608,350 | Pittsylvania, | 31,036 |
| Norfolk county, | 393 | Various counties produce none. | |

| | *Indian Corn.* | | *Oats.* |
|---|---|---|---|
| Albemarle, | 798,354 | Accomac, | 449,449 |
| Matthews, | 4,940 | Richmond county, | 4,877 |
| | *Tobacco, (lbs.)* | | *Wool, (lbs.)* |
| Halifax, | 6,485,752 | Boone, | 125,572 |
| Various counties produce none. | | Alexandria, | — |
| | *Butter.* | | *Cheese.* |
| Loudoun, | 422,21 | Fauquier, | 89,819 |
| Warwick, | 10,150 | | — |
| | *Value of Home Made Manufactures.* | | *Value of Animals Slaughtered.* |
| Halifax, | 104,946 | Albemarle, | 159,315 |
| Berkeley, | 512 | York, | 2,000 |

* Braxton, Brooke and several other Western counties do not contain any of these animals.—*From the Richmond Whig of May* 18.

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## THE LATE MR. CLAY.

We regret to record that this eminent statesman—so long and so honorably associated in all our minds with the history and progress of our country—died at Washington, on Tuesday, the 29th ult., in the 76th year of his age.

The leading points in Mr. C.'s life are well known, but must be briefly noted here. He was born in the county of Hanover, in this State, on the 12th of April, 1777. In 1791, when he was only fourteen years of age, he was brought to this city and taken into a store (of a Mr. Denny) to discharge the usual duties of a boy behind the counter. He did not, however, continue long in this business, but was soon transferred to become a writer in the office of the clerk of the High Court of Chancery, Peter Tinsley, Esq., who had the forming of many youths for the service of the courts at that time. Here he fell under the notice and won the favor of the celebrated Chancellor Wythe, to whom he acted occasionally as an amanuensis, and profited much by his instructions. By his advice, too, he commenced the study of the law under the direction of the Attorney General, Mr. Brooke, a brother of the late Judge Brooke, afterwards Governor of the State, and, in 1797, was admitted to practice, by the Court of Appeals. He did not, however, begin business here, but shortly afterwards emigrated to Kentucky, and established himself in his profession, in Lexington, being then hardly of age. Here, we are told, "his success at the bar was instant, brilliant and enduring." Here, too, he soon found his way into public life. In 1803, he was elected to the Kentucky Legislature, and in 1806 to the Senate of the United States for the unexpired term, one

year, of General Adair, who had resigned his seat. In 1809, he was again elected to the same body, for the remainder of Mr. Thurston's time, two years. In the summer of 1811, he was elected to the House of Representatives, and on the first day of the session was chosen Speaker. In 1814, he was appointed by Mr. Madison one of the commissioners (in conjunction with John Quincy Adams, Albert Gallatin and some others,) to negotiate a treaty of peace and amity with England, as they did at Ghent. On his return to the United States, he was elected to the House of Representatives, again appointed Speaker almost unanimously, and continued to fill the chair until March, 1825, when he accepted the office of Secretary of State tendered to him by his former associate, Mr. Adams, who was now President. In 1831, he was elected to the U. S. Senate where he continued in service eleven years. In 1832, he was supported by the Whig party as their candidate for the Presidency, in opposition to General Jackson; but did not succeed. In 1844, he was again the Whig candidate, and came near being elected, but was defeated by his democratic competitor, Mr. Polk. In March 1844, he retired from the Senate, but returned to it again in 1849. Here his extraordinary exertions for the establishment of the series of measures commonly called the Compromise, which so happily preserved the integrity of the Union, sapped the strength of his constitution, and brought him, somewhat prematurely, to his end.

Such is a brief outline of his life. For his character,—apart from all reference to his particular politics—he has certainly left one of the noblest names that has ever adorned the annals of our nation. A statesman of large and comprehensive views, an orator of splendid powers, and a leader of various and versatile resources, he stamped his signet upon our legislation, and has left the "image and superscription" of his genius and talents upon the whole course of the government, and upon the very character of our country, for years and ages to come. We do not propose, however, to pronounce his panegyric. Indeed we feel that no words of ours could add any thing to his fame. He, has, besides, been amply and warmly eulogized in the "high places" which he illustrated by his virtues and abilities, by those who knew him much better, and were otherwise far more competent to appreciate his merits, and to proclaim them to the world. Gentlemen of both parties, and of almost all shades of political opinion, forgetting their former animosities, have most honorably vied with each other in performing this grateful office, and paying their mournful tributes to the dead. They have celebrated his lofty bearing, his patriotic spirit, his soul-stirring eloquence, and above all his generous and self-sacrificing devotion to the interests of

his country, in apt and graceful terms—and have left nothing for us to supply. We must, however, subjoin what we are most happy to learn, that his noble character was finished at last by the crowning grace of christian faith, and, as the poet says,

> And to add greater honors to his age
> Than man could give him, he died fearing God;—

and hoping for his mercy through the sacrifice of our Redeemer.

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## THE DAY AT OLD POINT.

We see by the papers, that the recent anniversary of our national independence which fell this year on Sunday, was duly celebrated on the day after, the 5th inst., in all parts of our State and country with the usual observances and demonstrations of grateful recognition,—somewhat chastened perhaps by the recent death of the eminent statesman whose body was being borne away from the capitol, with mournful honors, amidst the preparations for the occasion, and seemed to cast an unwonted gloom over the whole country;—a loss indeed that could not but be felt with deep impression in all our hearts. In our own city, we understand, there was the usual military parade, with the reading of the Declaration by Wm. P. Munford, Esq., at the African church, and several pleasant little parties of the Sunday-school children at different places—all very orderly and becoming.

For ourselves, we were providentially at Old Point, where, of course, we saw the star-spangled banner floating proudly over the fortress—heard the grand salute—and witnessed the very pleasing parade of the small military force under the veteran commander, General Bankhead, with some fine music from the band—"Sonorous metals blowing martial sounds"—and the brilliant evolutions of the artillery, (a part of Duncan's battery,) with a sight of the colors visibly pierced, in many places, as we were told, by Mexican balls, and looking as almost conscious of the fact. At the same time, we felt still more enlivened by the sympathy of the large crowds of our fellow citizens who had come in from all parts of the surrounding region—in boats of all sizes, (with gay flaunting pennons and streamers,) and otherwise, to enjoy the festive scene; and who seemed to be all alive with emotion. In short, the whole scene was like a vision, but of the day—and served to give us a very good idea at least—on a small and safe scale—of all "the pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious

war,"—in which, however, we must say, we feel no manner of desire to engage.

We had afterwards the pleasure of paying our respects to the General at his own house, where a small party of officers and other gentlemen had been invited to partake of an extempore collation; and enjoyed both the company and the repast.

In the evening, we had a brilliant display of fire-works, which had been prepared with great skill and taste under the direction of Major Ramsay, and played their parts as well as possible at the time. The rockets, indeed, and more particularly the shells, (a new article,) went off most admirably, and won great applause.

Upon the whole, we were not only highly entertained by this novel celebration of the day; but could not help feeling deeply impressed with the conviction that such a scene as we had witnessed, must have a very fine and salutary effect in diffusing the spirit of patriotism among our citizens, and giving us, as it were, a new sense of all the real grandeur and glory of our free, sovereign and independent States—now united in one common country—and, we trust, for ever.

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## GALT'S PSYCHE.

We had the pleasure of seeing, a few days ago, in Norfolk, a new and very beautiful specimen of sculpture from the chisel of a native artist, a young Mr. Galt, (a son of Dr. Alexander Galt) of that city, who, we understand, is now abroad, at Florence, pursuing his studies under the celebrated Powers, and bids fair to become a distinguished artist in time.

This piece, which has recently arrived, is a bust of Psyche, and a worthy representative of that truly poetical being. It is wrought indeed of the finest Italian marble, and presents an embodiment of the fair ideal of the human soul—under the form of a lovely woman—"Fair as the first that fell of woman kind"—but before she had fallen, and of course before a stain of sin, or a shade of sorrow, had passed over the beauty of her face—a woman, in short, worthy of Paradise, and altogether pure and passionless as an angel of light.

We do not know whether the young artist had any reference in his own mind to the poetic fable of Psyche and Cupid; but if he had he has apparently kept it to himself, and has rather chosen to give her as she was before she had received any declaration, or intimation even, of her lover's flame—for she shows

no sign, conscious or unconscious, that we could see, of any nascent feeling, and betrays no emotion whatever. This indeed may be thought by some to be a fault in the piece; but, duly considered, is really its proper and appropriate charm. The conception, in fact, is psychologically, and of course artistically, correct.

We understand that this beautiful bust has been imported by an association of gentlemen in Norfolk, who have desired to encourage their young townsman, and enable him to pursue his studies abroad, in this graceful and flattering mode. We do not know what they intend doing with it hereafter; but we may be allowed to hope that they will take care to place it in some handsome and honorable position, in which it may meet the eyes of all the lovers and admirers of such things in our State.

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## THE LATE SIR GREY SKIPWITH: BART.

The death of this venerable Baronet occurred on the 13th inst. Sir Grey, who was sixth in descent from the first possessor of the title, Sir Henry Skipwith, of Prestwould, county Leicester, distinguished as a poetic writer, represented one of the oldest families in England, and could trace his unbroken male line from Robert de Estoteville, Baron of Cottingham, at the time of the Conquest, whose grandson, Patrick de Estoteville, inherited from his father the lordship of Skipwith, and thus originated the present family name. The deceased Baronet's immediate predecessors were residents of Virginia, North America, to which colony Sir Grey Skipwith, the third Baronet, emigrated during Cromwell's usurpation.

The late Sir Grey Skipwith sat in Parliament as one of the knights of the shire, for Warwick, from 1831 to 1834. He was born at Prestwould, in Virginia, 17th Sept. 1771, and married 22nd April, 1801, Harriet, third daughter of Gore Townshend, Esq., of Honington, county Warwick, and by her (who died 7th July 1830) had ten sons and eight daughters: the eldest of the former is now Sir Thomas George Skipwith, Baronet.

*London News of May 22nd.*

# Miscellany.

## A CHARADE.

We are not particularly partial to those trifles in verse called Charades—though we have sometimes amused ourselves for a few minutes with reading them, and guessing them when we could. Generally speaking, they are poor things, hardly worth a moment's thought, or the paper on which they are written. Now and then, however, we come across one that is a little better than usual, and may be fairly entitled to some small modicum of praise. Such a one perhaps is the following by the late Catherine Fanshawe, which we take from Miss Mitford's charming volume, entitled "Recollections of a Literary Life," and which, as she says, "our fair friends shall have the pleasure of discovering for themselves"—if they can.

Inscribed on many a learned page,
In mystic characters and sage,
  Long time my *First* has stood;
And though its golden age be past,
In wooden walls it yet may last,
  Till clothed with flesh and blood.

My *second* is a glorious prize
For all who love their wondering eyes
  With curious sights to pamper:
But 'tis a sight—which should they meet,
All improviso in the street,
  Ye powers! how they would scamper.

My *tout's* a sort of wandering throne
To woman limited alone,
  The saliqne law reversing;
But while the imaginary queen
Prepares to act this novel scene,
  Her royal part rehearsing,
O'erturning her presumptous plan,
Up climbs the old usurper—man,
  And she jogs after as she can.

## THE LIGHT FROM WITHIN.

How many have read and felt the force of the assertion, that in the morning of life

"The light that surrounds us is all from within;"

but how very few seem aware that in life's evening too, all that we behold is tinged with the mind's own light, a light often far brighter than any which the less expanded powers of youth could possibly diffuse; because now increased by supplies from a variety of sources, to which, in the more ardent days of early youth, we were too much occupied to seek or find access.

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## GOOD AND EVIL.

Good and evil in the field of this world grow up together, almost inseparably; and the knowledge of good is so involved and interwoven with the knowledge of evil, and in so many cunning resemblances hardly to be discerned, that those confused seeds which were imposed upon Psyche, as an incessant labour to cull out and sort asunder, were not more intermixed."—*Milton.*

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## ENOUGH.

A man need to care for no more knowledge than to know himself, no more pleasure than to content himself, no more victory than to overcome himself, and no more riches than to enjoy himself.—*Bishop Hall.*

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## A LOQUACIOUS LADY.

Her tongue runs round like a wheel, one spoke after another; there's no end of it. You would wonder at her matter to hear her talk, and would admire her talk when you hear her matter. All the wonder is, whilst she talks only thrums, how she makes so many different ends hang together.—*Richard Fleckno*, in 1658.

THE
VIRGINIA HISTORICAL REGISTER,
AND
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## THE BATTLE OF POINT PLEASANT.

[The battle of Point Pleasant which occurred on the 10th of October, 1774, between the Virginians on the one side, and the Indians of several tribes on the other, is a memorable event in the annals of our State, and deserves of course a proper illustration in our work. We submit, accordingly, the following account of the affair, which we have taken from a "Memoir of Indian Wars, and Other Occurrences;" written by Colonel John Stuart, of Greenbrier, and Presented to the Virginia Historical Society by his son, the late Charles A. Stuart, Esq., of the same county; which was published by the Society, some years ago, in a pamphlet of "Collections," now rather scarce, and hardly to be had. This account is particularly valuable as the honest relation of a worthy and sensible man, who was present in the action, (commanding one of the companies from Botetourt,) and tells us what he saw and heard at the time without any gloss of art. It is, however, somewhat loosely written, and we have taken the liberty to omit some sentences, and transpose a few others—still retaining the writers own words—only to make the narrative a little more clear and compact.]

In the spring of that year (1774) General Lewis represented the county of Botetourt in the Assembly, and his

brother, Colonel Charles Lewis, represented the county of Augusta, at Williamsburg, then the capital of our government. During the sitting of the Assembly, in the month of April, or May, government received intelligence of the hostile appearance of the Indians, who had fallen upon the traders in the nation and put them all to death, and were making other arrangements for war.

General Lewis and his brother Charles sent an express immediately to the frontier settlements of their respective counties, requesting them to put themselves in a posture of defence. They had, each of them, the command of the militia in their counties, at that time; and I was ordered by General Lewis, to send out some scouts to watch the warrior path beyond the settlements lately made in Greenbrier, which had recommenced in 1769. We were few in number, and in no condition to oppose an attack from any considerable force. But succor was promised us as soon as they could arrive from the Assembly; and, in the mean time, arrangements were made for carrying on an expedition against the Shawanese, between the Earl of Dunmore, who was the Governor of Virginia, and the Lewises, before they left Williamsburg: the Governor to have the command of a northern division of an army of volunteer militia,—or otherwise drafts to be collected from the counties of Frederick, Shenandoah, and the settlements towards Fort Pitt; General Lewis to have the command of a southern division of like troops, collected from the counties of Augusta, Botetourt, and the adjacent counties below the Blue ridge. Colonel Charles Lewis was to command the Augusta troops, and Colonel William Fleming the Botetourt troops, under General Lewis. The Governor was to take his route by the way of Pittsburg, and General Lewis down the Kenawha—the whole army to assemble at the mouth of the Great Kenawha, on the Ohio river. General

Lewis's army assembled in Greenbrier, at Camp Union, (now Lewisburg) about the 4th September, 1774, amounting in all, to about eleven hundred men, and proceeded from thence on their march, on the 11th day of said month. The captains commanding the Augusta volunteers, were Captain George Mathews, Captain Alexander M'Clenachan, Captain John Dickenson, Captain John Lewis, Captain Benjamin Harrison, Captain William Naul, Captain Joseph Haynes, and Captain Samuel Wilson. Those commanding the Botetourt companies, were Captain Matthew Arbuckle, Captain John Murray, Captain John Lewis, Captain James Robertson, Captain Robert M'Clenachan, Captain James Ward, and Captain John Stuart. Before we marched from Camp Union, we were joined by Colonel John Fields, with a company of men from Culpeper, and Captain Thomas Buford, from Bedford county; also three other companies, under the command of Captain Evan Shelby, Captain William Russell, and Captain Harbert, from Holston, now Washington county. These troops were to compose a division commanded by Colonel William Christian, who was then convening more men in that quarter of the country, with a view of pursuing us to the mouth of the Great Kenawha, where the whole army were expected to meet, and proceed from thence to the Shawanee towns. The last mentioned companies completed our army to eleven hundred men.

The mouth of the Great Kenawha is distant from Camp Union about one hundred and sixty miles,—the way mountainous and rugged. At the time we commenced our march no track or path was made, and but few white men had ever seen the place. Our principal pilot was Captain Matthew Arbuckle. Our bread stuff was packed upon horses, and droves of cattle furnished our meat; of which we had a plentiful supply, as droves of cattle and pack-

horses came in succession after us. But we went on expeditiously, under every disadvantage, and arrived at Point Pleasant about the 1st of October, where we expected the Earl of Dunmore would meet us with his army, who was to have come down the river from Fort Pitt, as was previously determined between the commanders. In this expectation we were greatly disappointed; for his lordship pursued a different route, and had taken his march from Pittsburg, by land, towards the Shawanee towns. General Lewis, finding himself disappointed in meeting the Governor and his army at Point Pleasant, despatched two scouts up the river, by land, to Fort Pitt, to endeavor to learn the cause of the disappointment; and our army remained encamped, to wait their return.

During the time our scouts were going express up the river to Fort Pitt, the Governor had despatched three men, lately traders amongst the Indians, down the river, express to General Lewis, to inform him of his new plan and the route he was about to take, with instructions to pursue our march to the Shawanee towns, where he expected to assemble with us. But what calculations he might have made for delay or other disappointments which would be likely to happen to two armies under so long and difficult a march through a trackless wilderness, I never could guess; or how he could suppose they would assemble at a conjuncture so critical as the business then in question required, was never known to any body.

The Governor's express arrived at our encampment on Sunday, the 9th day of October,—and on that day it was my lot to command the guard. One of the men's name was M'Cullough, with whom I had made some acquaintance in Philadelphia, in the year 1766, at the Indian Queen, where we both happened to lodge. This man, supposing I was in Lewis's army, inquired and was told that I was on

guard. He made it his business to visit me, to renew our acquaintance; and in the course of our conversation, he informed me he had recently left the Shawanee towns and gone to the Governor's camp. This made me desirous to know his opinion of our expected success in subduing the Indians, and whether he thought they would be presumptuous enough to offer to fight us, as we supposed we had a force superior to any thing they could oppose to us. He answered, "Aye, they will give you grinders, and that before long:" and repeating it with an oath, swore we would get grinders very soon. I believe that he and his companions left our camp that evening, to return to the Governor's camp.

The next morning two young men had set out very early to hunt for deer; they happened to ramble up the (Ohio) river two or three miles, and on a sudden fell on the camp of the Indians, who had crossed the river the evening before, and were just about fixing for battle. They discovered the young men and fired upon them; one was killed, the other escaped, and got into our camp just before sunrise. He stopped just before my tent, and I discovered a number of men collecting round him as I lay in my bed. I jumped up and approached him to know what was the alarm, when I heard him declare that he had seen above five acres of land covered with Indians, as thick as they could stand one beside another.

General Lewis immediately ordered a detachment of Augusta troops, under his brother Colonel Charles Lewis, and another detachment of the Botetourt troops, under Colonel William Fleming. These were composed of the companies commanded by the oldest captains; and the junior captains were ordered to stay in camp, to aid the others as occasion would require. The detachments marched out in two lines, and met the Indians in the same order

of march, about four hundred yards from our camp, and in sight of the guard. The Indians made the first fire and killed both the scouts in front of the two lines. Just as the sun was rising, a very heavy fire soon commenced, and Colonel Lewis was mortally wounded, but walked into camp and died a few minutes afterwards; observing to Colonel Charles Simms, with his last words, that he had sent one of the enemy to eternity before him. During his life it was his lot to have frequent skirmishes with the Indians, in which he was always successful; had gained much applause for his intrepidity, and was greatly beloved by his troops. Colonel Fleming was also wounded; and our men had given way some distance before they were reinforced by the other companies issuing in succession from the camp. The Indians in turn had to retreat, until they formed a line behind logs and trees, across from the bank of the Ohio to the bank of the Kenawha, and kept up their fire till sundown.

[In this action] we had seventy-five killed, and one hundred and forty wounded. Amongst the slain on our side, were Colonel Charles Lewis, Colonel John Fields, Capt. Buford, Captain Murray, Captain Ward, Captain Wilson, Captain Robert McClenachan, Lieutenant Allen, Lieutenant Goldsby, Lieutenant Dillon, and other subaltern officers.

[The loss on the other side was never ascertained.] The Indians were exceedingly active in concealing their dead. I saw a young man draw out three, who were covered with leaves beside a large log, in the midst of the battle. Colonel Christian marched out next morning over the battle ground, and found twenty-one of the enemy slain on the ground. Twelve more were afterwards found, all concealed in one place; and the Indians confessed that they had thrown a number into the river in time of the battle; so

that it is possible that the slain on both sides were about equal.

The Indians were headed by their chief, the Corn-stalk warrior, who, in his plan of attack and retreat discovered great military skill. On the evening of the day before the battle, when they were about to cross over the river, he proposed to the Indians that if they were agreed, he would come and talk with us, and endeavor to make peace; but they would not listen to him. On the next day, as we were informed, he killed one of the Indians for retreating in the battle, in a cowardly manner. I could hear him the whole day speaking very loud to his men; and one of my company, who had once been a prisoner, told me what he was saying; encouraging the Indians,—telling them—"be strong, be strong!"

After the battle, we had different accounts of the number of Indians who attacked us. Some asserted that they were upwards of one thousand; some said no more than four or five hundred. The correct number was never known to us; however, it was certain they were combined of different nations—Shawanese, Wyandotts, and Delawares. Of the former there is no doubt the whole strength of the nation was engaged in the battle.

None will suppose that we had a contemptible enemy to do with, who has any knowledge of the exploits performed by them. It was chiefly the Shawanese that cut off the British army under General Braddock, in the year 1755, only nineteen years before our battle, when the General himself, and Sir Peter Hackett, second in command, were both slain, and a mere remnant of the whole army only escaped. It was they, too, who defeated Major Grant and his Scotch Highlanders, at Fort Pitt, in 1758, where the whole of the troops were killed and taken prisoners. After our battle, they defeated all the flower of the first bold

and intrepid settlers of Kentucky, at the battle of the Blue Licks. There fell Colonel John Todd and Colonel Stephen Trigg. The whole of their men were almost cut to pieces. Afterwards they defeated the United States army, over the Ohio, commanded by General Harmar. And lastly, they defeated General Arthur St. Clair's great army, with prodigious slaughter. I believe it was never known that so many Indians were ever killed in any engagement with the white people, as fell by the army of General Lewis, at Point Pleasant.

General Lewis's army consisted chiefly of young volunteers, well trained to the use of arms, as hunting, in those days, was much practised, and preferred to agricultural pursuits by enterprising young men. The produce of the soil was of little value on the west side of the Blue Ridge—the ways bad, and the distance to market too great to make it esteemed. Such pursuits inured them to hardships and danger. We had more than every fifth man in our army killed or wounded in the battle,—but none were disheartened; all crossed the river with cheerfulness, bent on destroying the enemy; and had they not been restrained by the Governor's orders, I believe they would have exterminated the Shawanese nation.

This battle was, in fact, the beginning of the revolutionary war that obtained for our country the liberty and independence enjoyed by the United States, (and a good presage of future success;) for it is well known that the Indians were influenced by the British to commence the war to terrify and confound the people, before they commenced hostilities themselves the following year at Lexington, in Massachusetts. It was thought by British politicians, that to excite an Indian war would prevent a combination of the colonies for opposing Parliamentary measures to tax the Americans. The blood, therefore, spilt upon this mem-

orable battle, will long be remembered by the good people of Virginia and the United States with gratitude.

The Indians passed over the Ohio river in the night time, after the battle, and made the best of their way back to the Shawanee towns, upon the Scioto. And, after burying our dead, General Lewis ordered entrenchments to be made around our camp, extending across from the Ohio to the Kenawha, to secure the officer, with an adequate number of men, to protect them in safety, and marched the army across the Ohio for the Shawanee towns.

[On this march] Captain Arbuckle was our guide, who was equally esteemed as a soldier and a fine woodsman. When we came to the prairie, on Killicanic creek, we saw the smoke of a small Indian town, which was deserted and set on fire upon our approach. Here we met an express from the Governor's camp, who had rrived near the nation and proposed peace to the Indians. Some of the chiefs, with the Grenadier Squaw, on the return of the Indians after their defeat, had repaired to the Governor's army to solicit terms of peace for the Indians, which I apprehend they had no doubt of obtaining. The Governor promised them the war should be no further prosecuted, and that he would stop the march of Lewis's army before any more hostilities should be committed upon them. However, the Indians finding we were rapidly approaching, began to suspect that the Governor did not possess the power of stopping us, whom they designated by the name of the Big Knife Men; the Governor, therefore, with the White Fish warrior, set off and met us at Killicanic creek, and there General Lewis received his orders to return with his army, as he had proposed terms of peace with the Indians, which he assured should be accomplished.

His lordship requested General Lewis to introduce him to his officers; and we were accordingly ranged in rank,

and had the honor of an introduction to the Governor and commander in chief, who politely thanked us for services rendered on so momentous an occasion, and assured us of his high esteem and respect for our conduct.

On the Governor's consulting General Lewis, it was deemed necessary that a garrison should be established at Point Pleasant, to intercept and prevent the Indians from crossing the Ohio to our side, as also to prevent any whites from crossing over to the side of the Indians; and by such means to preserve a future peace, according to the conditions of the treaty then to be made by the Governor with the Indians. Captain Arbuckle was appointed commander of the garrison, with instructions to enlist one hundred men, for the term of one year from the date of their enlistment, and proceed to erect a fort, which was executed in the following summer.

*Note* —It is perhaps due to the memory of Lord Dunmore, (to whom we otherwise owe so little.) to add here that the charge which Colonel Stuart so strongly insinuates against him, of having colluded with the Indians in this war against the people of the West, appears to be without any foundation in fact; and the addresses of congratulation which were presented to his Lordship on his return to Williamsburg, by the public authorities there,—by the Corporation of the Borough of Norfolk—and by the people of Fincastle. (still extant in the old Virginia Gazette.) seem quite sufficient to answer this accusation without proof.

## ORIGINAL REPORT.

[We add here the "Original Report of the Battle fought at the mouth of the Kanawha, 10th of October, 1774," which we take from Niles' Weekly Register, vol. 12, p. 145, where it is introduced in these words:

"The following article details an account of what was, probably, the most obstinate battle ever fought with the Indians. It was communicated to the editor from a source that guarantees its authenticity—with the following remarks:

"'I enclose you the original report (and a copy lest you may not be able to decipher it) of the battle fought at the mouth of Kanawha, 10th of October, 1774. This statement is official, and was made on the ground the morning after the action; not more than five copies of it were preserved, and I have been credibly informed, that it is now the only remaining official document in relation to that important transaction.'"]

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CAMP ON POINT PLEASANT,

*At the mouth of Great Canaway, October*, 1774.

For the satisfaction of the public, in this they have a true state of the battle fought at this place on the 10th instant. Monday morning, about half an hour before sun-rise, two of capt. Russell's company discovered a large party of Indians about a mile from camp; one of which men was shot down by the Indians, the other made his escape and brought in the intelligence; two or three minutes after, two of capt. Shelby's men came in and confirmed the account.

Col. Andrew Lewis being informed thereof, immediately ordered out col. Charles Lewis to take the command of one hundred and fifty men, of the Augusta troops; and with him went capt. Dickison, capt. Harrison, capt. Willson, capt. John Lewis, of Augusta, and capt. Lockridge, which made the first division; col. Fleming was ordered

to take command of one hundred and fifty more, consisting of Botetourt, Bedford and Fincastle troops—viz. capt. Buford, of Bedford, capt. Love, of Botetourt, and capt. Shelby and capt. Russell, of Fincastle, which made the second division. Col. Charles Lewis' division marched to the right some distance from the Ohio; col. Fleming, with his division, up the bank of Ohio, to the left. Col. Lewis' division had not marched quite half a mile from camp, when about sun-rise, an attack was made on the front of his division, in a most vigorous manner, by the united tribes of Indians, Shawnees, Delawares, Mingoes, Iaways, and of several other nations, in number not less than eight hundred, and by many thought to be a thousand; in this heavy attack col. Lewis received a wound which in a few hours occasioned his death, and several of his men fell on the spot; in fact the Augusta division was forced to give way to the heavy fire of the enemy; in about a second of minute after the attack on col. Lewis' division, the enemy engaged the front of col. Fleming's division, on the Ohio, and in a short time the colonel received two balls through his left arm, and one through his breast, and after animating the officers and soldiers, in a most calm manner, to the pursuit of victory, retired to camp.

The loss of the brave colonels from the field was sensibly felt by the officers in particular; but the Augusta troops being shortly (after) reinforced from camp by col. Field, with his company, together with capt. M'Dowel, capt. Mathews and capt. Stuart, from Augusta, and capt. Arbuckle and capt. M'Clenahan, from Botetourt, the enemy, no longer able to maintain their ground, was forced to give way till they were in a line with the troops of col. Fleming, left in action on the bank of Ohio. In this precipitate retreat col. Field was killed; capt. Shelby was then ordered to take the command. During this time, which was after

twelve o'clock, the action continued extremely hot—the close underwood, many steep banks and logs, greatly favored their retreat, and the bravest of their men made the best use of them, whilst others were throwing their dead into the Ohio, and carrying off their wounded.

After twelve o'clock the action in a small degree abated; but continued, except at short intervals, sharp enough till after one o'clock; their long retreat gave them a most advantageous spot of ground, from whence it appeared to the officers so difficult to dislodge them that it was thought most advisable to stand as the line then was formed, which was about a mile and a quarter in length, and had till then sustained a constant and equal weight of the action, from wing to wing. It was till about half an hour of sunset they continued firing on us scattering shots, which we returned to their disadvantage; at length night coming on, they found a safe retreat. They had not the satisfaction of carrying off any our men's scalps, save one or two stragglers, whom they killed before the engagement. Many of their dead they scalped rather than we should have them; but our troops scalped upwards of twenty of those who were first killed. It is beyond a doubt their loss in number far exceeds ours, which is considerable.

*Field officers killed*—Col. Charles Lewis and col. John Field. *Field officers wounded*—Col. Wm. Fleming. *Captains killed*—John Murray, Samuel Willson, Robert M'Clenahan and Charles Ward. *Captains wounded*—Thomas Buford, John Dickison and John Skidmore. *Subalterns killed*—Lieut. Hugh Allen, ensign Mathew Brakin, ensign Cundiff. *Subalterns wounded*—Lieut. Lard, lieut. Vance, lieut. Golman and lieut. James Robison, and about 46 spies, sergeants and private men killed, and about 80 wounded.

## CAPTAIN STOBO.

[The association of this worthy officer with our youthful Washington in one of his early campaigns, at the Great Meadows, and the patriotic spirit which he displayed in the service of our State, at a trying period of her history, seem to entitle his memory to a brief record in our work. We have, accordingly, compiled the following account of him from Burk, and more particularly from a communication of our highly valued correspondent, Lyman C. Draper, to the editor of the "Olden Time," published in that magazine, (vol. 1st, p. 370, &c.,) which we think our readers, or some of them at least, will find highly interesting.]

It appears that some time before the surrender of Fort Necessity to the French by our young Washington, then commanding a small force on our frontier, he had arrested a Frenchman by the name of La Force, who had acquired considerable influence among the various tribes of Indians at the back of our settlements, and after the seizure of Fort Duquesne, had been employed to obtain information of the state of things on our border, and to embroil the savages with our people; and Governor Dinwiddie, regarding him as a dangerous character, had caused him to be brought to Williamsburg, and confined in close jail. But now, on the surrender of the fort, under circumstances which we need not detail, the opportunity to redeem this man, so meritorious in the eyes of his countrymen for his activity and sufferings in their cause, naturally suggested itself to De Villier as one of the terms of the capitulation, and for the performance of it two hostages were demanded and received. The hostages were Stobo and Van Braam; who were accordingly detained and carried off to Fort Duquesne, where they were kept in custody. While here, however, Captain Stobo, contrived to convey intelligence

to our Governor of the state of things in the fort in which he was confined, and to urge the sending of a force against it, in terms that breathe the most generous and patriotic spirit. "I send this," he writes, "by Monecatooth's brother-in-law, (an Indian,) a worthy fellow and may be trusted. The garrison consists of 200 workmen, and all the rest went in several detachments to the number of 1000, two days hence. Mencin, a fine soldier goes; so that Contrecœur, with a few young officers and cadets, remain here. La Force is greatly wanted here—no scouting now—he certainly must have been an extraordinary man amongst them—he is so much regretted and wished for. When we engaged to serve the country, it was expected we were to do it with our lives. Let them not be disappointed. *Consider the good of the expedition without the least regard to us. For my part I would die a thousand deaths for the pleasure of possessing the fort but one day, &c., &c.* [Here follows a plan of the fort.]

It further appears, that some time afterwards, this La Force, who was still detained by the Governor, "had, by almost incredible efforts, broken the prison at Williamsburg, and the minds of the people of the whole country were in alarm. The opinion that before prevailed of his extraordinary address and activity, his desperate courage and fertility in resources, was by this new feat wrought into a mingled agony of terror and astonishment. Already had he reached King and Queen court-house, without any knowledge of the country through which he had passed, without a compass, and not daring to ask a question, when he attracted the notice of a backwoodsman. Their route lay the same way; and it occurred to La Force that by the friendship and fidelity of this man, he might escape in spite of the difficulties and dangers of his situation. Some questions proposed by La Force relative to the distance and

direction of Fort Duquesne, confirmed the woodman in his suspicions, and he arrested him as he was about to cross the ferry at West Point. In vain did La Force tempt the woodsman with an immediate offer of money, and with promises of wealth and preferment if he would accompany him to the fort. He was proof against every allurement inconsistent with his duty, and he led him back to Williamsburg. The condition of La Force, after this attempt, became in the highest degree distressing. He was loaded with a double weight of irons, and chained to the floor of his dungeon." So much for poor La Force; but Captain Stobo, with his brother hostage, now claims our attention, and we shall give our account of him, in Mr. Draper's words, omitting only a few paragraphs to save space.

Captain Stobo "was born in or near Glasgow,"* Scotland, and probably emigrated early to Virginia. The genius and energy of Stobo, with something of a cultivated mind, superadded to his Scotch origin, secured from Gov. Dinwiddie the appointment of Captain in that little force which was placed on the frontiers of Virginia in the spring of 1754; and took an active part in all the operations proceeding the surrender of Fort Necessity, at the Great Meadows, on the 3d of July of that year. As already seen, contrary to the articles of capitulation, La Force and his companions were detained as prisoners, instead of being released, as they plainly should have been, and sent to their friends at Fort Duquesne. The reasons assigned by Governor Dinwiddie for violating the pledge of Washington, have considerable force, but cannot be deemed satisfactory. This impolitic detention of the French captives, was not only a palpable breach of faith with the French govern-

* Maryland Gazette, July 12th 1759, extract of a letter from Louisburg of June 9th.

ment and the prisoners themselves, but bore with peculiar weight and injustice upon the English hostages, the generous Stobo and Van Braam, who had, to serve their country, voluntarily yielded themselves into the enemy's hands, to suffer hardships severe and prolonged, of which they could have had but a faint conception.

Immediately succeeding the account already quoted from Burk's History of Virginia, respecting La Force's escape from prison and his recapture, the following occurs:

"Meanwhile the hostages, Stobo and Van Braam, had been ordered for greater security to Quebec, and in retaliation of the sufferings of La Force, they too were confined in prison; but without any additional severity. Almost at the same moment that La Force had broken his prison, Stobo and Van Braam, by efforts equally extraordinary, had escaped from Quebec, and were passing the causeway leading from the city at the moment that the Governor of Canada was airing in his carriage. Stobo succeeded in effecting his escape; but Van Braam fainting with fatigue and hunger, and despairing of being able to effect his escape, called out to the Governor from beneath the arch of the causeway where he concealed himself, and desired to surrender. The Governor received him in his carriage, and remanded him to prison; but without any extraordinary severity."

It was in the summer of 1756, that La Force broke his prison; and if "almost at the same moment," Stobo and Van Braam made a similar attempt, it must have proved in the end equally unsuccessful. Burk informs us that Stobo succeeded in effecting his escape. But if this adventure really occurred at any period prior to the spring of 1759, Stobo was as unfortunate as Van Braam, though very likely he may have longer eluded recapture. This seems the most probable; for, at the time of the final escape of Strobo,

he does not appear to have been confined, nor could Van Braam have shared with him the romantic adventures about to be related.

The letter writers from Louisburg to the Gazette of that day, chronicle the arrival there from Quebec, of Captain Stobo, late in May, or early in June, 1759. A meagre outline only is given of the particulars of his escape; but brief as it is, it gives us no small insight into his true character as a man of extraordinary daring and enterprise. The impression that Stobo made upon the officers and troops at Louisburg must have been most favorable; for the letter writers in question speak of him as "a man of most enterprising genius," showing himself "a sensible gentleman;" and, say they, "his tale is very long and very romantic, and his information is relied on by every body here." By combining their statements, we have the following narrative:

As a hostage, Stobo was treated as well as he could have expected for some considerable time; but at length they began to use him at Quebec but very indifferently, frequently imprisoning him, and finally condemning him to die,* the execution of which was suspended till the necessary approval of sentence should be received from France. In due time, after, as we may well suppose, a most painful suspense on the part of poor Stobo, the long looked for intelligence came—mercy and justice triumphed, and the prisoner was set at liberty.

This, however, was but a partial freedom. Well nigh five years had rolled away, rife with suffering and adventure, among the rude and half-civilized French Canadians, and he longed once more to join his friends and countrymen.

* Possibly for breaking the prison, and attempting to escape with Van Braam.

Having planned an escape, he selected four noble fellows, as intrepid as himself, for his companions in the daring enterprise. One of them was a brave young man named Stephens, formerly a Lieutenant in the Rangers under the famous Maj. Robert Rogers, and had been taken prisoner while in service, shortly before the disastrous battle at Ticonderoga, in July, 1758. A Captain Beach, then also a prisoner at Quebec, was admitted into the scheme, but declined risking his life and fortunes in so hazardous an undertaking.

On the 1st of May, 1759, this adventurous little band embarked in "a crazy birch canoe," with more than one thousand miles to accomplish before they could reach the first British post, Louisburg, on the Island of Cape Breton; and the whole distance was like running one continued gauntlet, so numerous and watchful were the French cruisers. At this particular crisis, too, the French vessels of war were more than usually on the alert, for Wolfe and other British Generals were concentrating a large force at Louisburg, to make some capital stroke on their enemies. The chances were strongly against Stobo and his four brave and intrepid adventurers; to have been retaken, while on their way to a British fortress, and that fortress Louisburg, with ample intelligence of things at Quebec, must have cost them their lives, and perhaps at the yard-arm without a trial; but how true is it, with scarcely an exception, that fortune favors the brave. Even the very elements seemed to interpose in their behalf, for the weather proved hazy, thus enabling them in a great measure to evade the observation of their vigilant foe. Coming down the St. Lawrence, they discovered a French schooner "with five Monsieurs on board;" this they boldly seized, secured the prisoners, and set sail with their new craft. Soon after, on the 11th of May, off the isle of Beek, they observed four-

teen sail of large ships under French colors, who fired two shots at the schooner to bring her too; but Stobo and his companions were made of "sterner stuff" than to yield ingloriously their prize and their liberty, and, under cover of the hazy weather, keeping, by good management, close in shore, fortunately escaped. They soon espied a French sloop with five hands on board, and contrived, either by stratagem or superior bravery, to "overpower" this vessel and its crew; and then, without further molestation, made the best of their way to Louisburg, where they safely arrived with their schooner, sloop and ten prisoners. All the circumstances considered, the enterprize proved singularly successful; and Captain Stobo was warmly congratulated on his heroic adventures.

A detailed account of every material event occurring from the time he left Fort Duquesne till his escape, was taken down in writing* by the officers at Louisburg; and although Admiral Saunders had just sailed, yet so interesting and important were the narrative and information of Stobo considered, that an express boat was despatched with the intelligence to Wm. Pitt, then the distinguished head of public affairs. Nor was this all. Of the greatest moment were his reports of the number of French in the garrison of Quebec, the position of the fort and means of access to it, the concentration there of the troops from Montreal and Crown Point, and the great preparations Montcalm was making to repel the anticipated British attack, by entrenching every place below Quebec where it was thought troops could possibly effect a landing, and

* No allusion is made to this interesting document in the public index of MS. collections of the State of New York, made by its agent, J. R. Brodhead, in Holland and England; the British official papers of this period appear to have been lost, for none relating to the conquest of Canada, the victory and death of Wolfe, are mentioned.

also by constructing sundry large floats, stored with an immense quantity of combustibles, in hopes thereby to destroy the British fleet whenever it should make its appearance. Notwithstanding the care the enemy had taken, Stobo proposed to "undertake to lead his Majesty's forces to a place not many miles below Quebec, where they might land with little or no danger." Thereupon the Governor of Louisburg, well knowing that such a man with such intelligence, would be of infinite service to Gen. Wolfe, who with his troops had some little time before sailed on his Quebec expedition, immediately ordered a vessel to be got ready to convey him speedily to the British fleet. It is to be regretted that we have no further account of this important service of Stobo's; but we may safely conclude that his local knowledge and general information proved of no small moment to the gallant Wolfe, and that he performed well his part in the sanguinary engagement of July 31st and September 12th, at Montmorency and the memorable Plains of Abraham.

The campaign over, Capt. Stobo visited Williamsburg, the then capital of Virginia, where he arrived on the 18th of November, 1759. In the Maryland Gazette of Dec. 6th, under the Williamsburg head of Nov. 22d, occurs the following: "Capt. Robert Stobo, who has been many years a prisoner in Canada, came to town on Sunday last. The Assembly adjourned the succeeding Thursday, and among their resolves was this, viz:

"*Resolved*, That the sum of one thousand pounds be paid by the treasurer of this Colony to Capt. Robert Stobo, over and above the pay that is due to him from the time of his rendering himself an hostage to this day, as a reward for his zeal to his country, and a recompense for the great

hardships he has suffered during his confinement in the enemy's country."

In the same Gazette, under the Williamsburg head of Nov. 30th, the following extract from the Journal of the House of Burgesses is given:

"MONDAY, November 19th, 1759.

"Upon a motion made, *Resolved*, That an humble address be made to his Honor the Governor, to desire that he will be pleased to take Capt. Stobo into his special care and favour, and promote him in the service of this Colony; and that Mr. Richard Henry Lee do wait on his Honor with the said address.

Upon a motion made, *Resolved*, That the thanks of this house be given to Mr. Robert Stobo, for his steady and inviolable attachment to the interest of this country; for his singular bravery and courage exerted on all occasions during the present war; and for the magnanimity with which he has supported himself during his confinement in Canada; and that he be congratulated, in the name of this House, on his safe and happy return to this Colony, and that Mr. Nicholas, Mr. Bland and Mr. Washington do wait on him for that purpose.

"THURSDAY, November 20th.

"Mr. Nicholas reported that the committee appointed had, according to order, waited on Captain Stobo with the resolution of this House, to return him their thanks for his late services to this Colony, to which he returned the following answer:

"*Mr. Speaker and Gentlemen of the House of Burgesses:*

"The distinguishing tokens of favor and benevolence which you have vouchsafed voluntarily to confer on me,

and that unanimously and immediately upon my happy return to this country, have administered to my heart the greatest consolation of which it was susceptible, gratified every wish it was capable of entertaining, and imprinted upon it the most indelible sense of gratitude with which it could be possibly affected.

"To be informed by the voice of the public, that I had discharged my duty to their satisfaction, and merited their thanks for my conduct, is the highest glory my ambition could aspire to, and will determine me, upon any future occasion, to exert myself with all the vigour and alacrity which the united ardour of gratitude and duty can inspire.

ROBERT STOBO."

Services that called forth the spontaneous and grateful expressions of the Virginia Assembly, composed of such men as Washington, Bland, Nicholas and Lee, could have been of no ordinary character. Little as we know of Stobo's adventures, it is not strange that the historian, Hume, should have considered them extraordinary. After Washington's mention of Stobo, as being alive and probably residing in London, as late as 1771, we hear no more of him. It is quite likely that he was there in the service, or had perhaps retired on half pay. If alive when the American Revolution broke out, he may, from age and sufferiug, have become unfit for the performance of active duties in the field; or, what is equally probable, and more congenial with our feelings, he may not have had it in his heart to aid in oppressing a struggling people, for whom he had once endured uncommon hardships, and who, in turn, had paid him grateful honors, and shown him lasting kindnesses which could never be forgotten.

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To this account of Capt. Stobo, Mr. Draper adds "a few kind words in behalf of Capt. Jacob Van Braam the fellow

hostage and fellow sufferer of the gallant Stobo;" for "it seems to me," he says, "that a hateful stigma, unwarranted by the facts in the case, has been placed upon his name, his services, and his character," which ought in all justice to be removed. He proceeds, accordingly, as follows:

"Capt. Van Braam had accompanied Washington on his mission, in 1753, to the French on the Upper Ohio. The succeeding spring he was, by Washington's partiality, made a Captain in the Virginia regiment, and so acceptable were his services, that some time prior to the battle at the Great Meadows, Washington commended him as "an experienced, good officer," who had "behaved extremely well." No hint is anywhere given, that he did not properly conduct himself in the engagement at the Meadows; the inference is plain that he fought with his characteristic bravery, else Washington would not have entrusted to him the important negotiations preceeding the capitulation. Van Braam's erroneous translation of the articles caused no little subsequent difficulty and ill-feeling. His ignorance—for ignorance only it could have been—was not his fault but misfortune, and we should not, therefore, too hastily impeach his fidelity and patriotism.

"Washington avers that he was 'wilfully or ignorantly deceived' by Van Braam's interpretation of the French word *assassinat*, which he rendered *loss* or *death*, but which was afterwards found to mean, when literally translated, the *assassination* of Jumonville; and adds, 'the interpreter was a Dutchman, little acquainted with the English tongue, therefore might not advert to the tone and meaning of the word in English.' Thus Washington himself seems to have put a charitable construction upon Van Braam's conduct. Major Adam Stephen, who was next in rank to Washington at the affair of the Great Meadows, in his letter of August 11th, 1754, which appeared in the gazettes of the day, and the substance of which is quoted in the 2d vol. of Spark's Washington, on page 460, says: 'When Mr. Van Braam returned with the French proposals, we were obliged to take the sense of them by the word of mouth: It rained so heavy that he could not give us a written translation of them; we could scarcely keep the candle lighred to read them by; they were written in a bad hand, on wet and blotted paper, so that no person could

read them but Van Braam, who had heard them from the mouth of the French officer. Every officer, then present, is willing to declare that there was no such word as *assassination* mentioned; the terms expressed were, *the death of Jumonville.*' So, then, Van Braam read the articles, doubtless, as he 'had heard them from the mouth of the French officer;' and this, unquestionably, is the true version of the affair

"Gov. Dinwiddie's account of this transaction to Lord Albemarle, written shortly after its occurrence, when suspicions of Van Braam's treachery were rife in the land,* charges him also with desertion—'they say he has joined the French.' But Dinwidde's 'they say' authority, is not sustained by subsequent facts. The two noble letters of Stobo, written from Fort Duquesne July 28th and 29th, nearly four weeks after the capitulation, contain internal evidence of Van Braam's faithfulness to his country. To repeat the expressive quotations, once already introduced, from these letters: 'Consider the good of the expedition without the least regard to us:' 'Let the good of the expedition be considered preferable to our safety.' Stobo in using the words '*us*' and '*our safety*,' clearly includes his fellow hostage with himself; and, in Stobo's estimation, the 'safety' of both might be endangered, if Virginia should but do her duty and strike a bold and decisive blow, yet his patriotic and emphatic advice was *to strike.* This, too, must have been the counsel of Van Braam, for the plurals 'our' and 'us,' convey a very strong probability that Van Braam was privy to their contents, if, indeed, he did not aid in their dictation. Had he evinced the least signs of treachery, or received any suspicious favors or indulgences from the French, the scrutinizing eye of Stobo would have instantly detected, and his pen as quickly exposed them. In those letters Stobo does not breathe a hint even of any such suspicion; but, on the contrary, the inference is clear and unequivocal, that his fellow prisoner as well as himself, was willing, nay, solicitous, to run the risk of suffering martyrdom itself, rather than Fort Duquesne should

* Corroborative of the prevalent feeling at that period, is the statement of Mr. Sparks, that the month following the capitulation, when the Virginia Assembly passed a vot of thanks to Col. Washington and his officers "for their bravery and gallant defence of their country," Van Braam was excepted, as being charged with having acted a treacherous part in his interpretation of the articles.

not be re-possessed, and its braggart occupants driven from the land.

"Both Burk and Sparks tell us that Van Braam as well as Stobo was sent to Quebec, and still a prisoner; and there, according to the former historian, broke from his prison, but after becoming weak from hunger and fatigue, was compelled, rather than perish, to surrender himself once more to the tender mercies of his enemies. Those who profit by treason are apt to reward the traitor; we have no such evidence in this case; no hint, no surmise even, that poor Van Braam was a whit better treated than Stobo." (Indeed we have some evidence that he was not. For "I have found," says Mr. D. in a postscript, "in the Maryland Gazette of the 20th November, 1760, a notice of him from which it appears that he was kept imprisoned in Montreal, and only released after that city finally surrendered to the British, Sept. 8th, 1760, when he repaired soon after to Virginia;" and the following paragraph is added, taken, we suppose, from the old Virginia Gazette. "*Williamsburg, Nov.* 7.—This week arrived in town Capt. Van Braam, of the old Virginia regiment, &c.) "And," finally, "to cap the climax, he makes application from England, in 1771, through the medium of Washington himself,* for the entry of his portion of military lands, to which, for these very services, he was entitled—and the claim is acknowledged and the land readily granted, and not a whisper from Washington but that they were richly deserved."

* Sparks' Washington, vol. 2nd, page 365.

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## A TASTE FOR READING.

If I were to pray for a taste which should stand me in stead under every variety of circumstances, and be a source of happiness and cheerfulness to me through life, and a shield against its ills, however things might go amiss, and the world frown upon me, it would be a taste for reading.

*Sir J. Herschell.*

## AN OLD SONG.

"The following song," says Miss Mitford, in her recent volume entitled "Recollections of a Literary Life," is strikingly illustrative of a peculiarity that has often struck me in reading the dramas of Beaumont and Fletcher; the absence of any mark of antiquity, either in the diction or construction. Hardly any thing in their verse smacks of the age. They were cotemporary with Ben Jonson, and yet how rugged is his English compared with their fluent and courtly tongue! They were almost cotemporary with a greater than he—a greater far than any or all, and yet Shakspeare's blank verse has an antique sound when read after theirs. Dryden, himself so perfect a model as regards style, says in one of those master-pieces of criticism, the prefaces to his plays, that in Beaumont and Fletcher, our language has attained to its perfection. I doubt if it have much improved since, nor has it for the uses of poetry very materially altered."

### SONG FROM "ROLLO."

Take, oh take those lips away,
That so sweetly were forsworn;
And those eyes, the break of day,
Lights that do mislead the morn:
But my kisses bring again,—
Seals of love, though sealed in vain.

Hide, oh, hide those hills of snow,
Which thy frozen bosom bears,
On whose tops the pinks that grow
Are of those that April wears:
But first set my poor heart free,
Bound in those icy chains by thee.

## ORIGINAL LETTERS.

### FROM GEN. WASHINGTON TO COL. JOHN ARMSTRONG.

[We copy the following Letters from General Washington to Colonel John Armstrong, of Carlyle, Pennsylvania, who had been a fellow officer with him in Braddock's army, and who was subsequently father of Gen'l John Armstrong, sometime Secretary of War, under Mr. Madison; from the originals hitherto inedited which Dr. Meaux, of Amelia, has, very politely, put into our hands for the purpose, and the last of which, (a highly important and interesting one,) he has, most obligingly, presented to our Virginia Historical Society for preservation in its archives.]

*From Col. George Washington to Col. John Armstrong.*

MOUNT VERNON, OCT. 10TH, 1773.

*Dear Sir*,—Upon my return home from the Annapolis Races (from whence I wrote you, committing the Letter to the care of Capt. McGachen of Baltimore Town, who assured me it should be forwarded the week after,) I received a Letter from Lord Dunmore our Governor, containing the following Paragraph; which I inclose for your information, agreeable to my promise.

"I last Post receiv'd yours of the 12th inst. (that is September) wherein you beg to be informed whether I propose granting Patents on the Ohio to such Officers and Soldiers as claim under his Majesty's Proclamation in 8 ber 1763. I do not mean to grant any Patents on the Western Waters, as I no not *think* I am *at present* impowered so to do. I did indeed tell a poor old German Lieut. who was with me, and informed me he was very poor and had ten children that I *possibly* might grant him a Patent contiguous to that which he had under Mr. Dinwiddie's Proclamation, which

I suppose is what may have given rise to the report you have heard;"—

I was suspicious, as I think I wrote you in my last, that the report of Lord Dunmore's granting Patents was rather premature; for after declaring to the Officers of his own Government that, he did not conceive himself at liberty to Issue Patents for Lands on the Western Waters, I could scarce think he would change his opinion without giving them some intimation of it, either in a publick, or private manner; and yet there are some words in his Letter (which I have mark'd) which seems to Imply an expectation at least, of doing it.—It remains therefore to be considered, whether the Officers claiming under his Majesty's Proclamation of 1763 have a better chance of securing their Lands elsewhere; and if they have not whether the known equity of their Claims—the prevailing opinion that Bullet is proceeding by authority in the Surveys he is now making—and the united endeavours of the Officers to obtain Patents for the Lands actually Survey'd, may not discourage other Emigrants from Settling thereon; and, in the end, induce Government to comply with their just requisitions by fulfilling its own voluntary Promises.—I own it is a kind of Lottery, and whether the chance of a price, is not worth the expence of a Survey, is the point in question?—As Subjects and Individuals of the community at large, we are at least upon a par with those who are occupying the Country; but whether any of these Pleas, under the present discouragem'ts of Government, will avail any thing; is mere matter of Speculation, on which every Person must exercise their own Powers of Reflection.

With very great esteem I am

Dear Sir

Y'r most Obed't Serv't,

G. WASHINGTON.

*From General Washington to the Same.*

HEAD QUARTERS, MIDDLEBROOK, MAY 18TH, 1779.

*Dear Sir*,—I have received your favor of the 10th Inst. by Col. Blaine, and thank you for it. Never was there an observation founded in more truth than *yours* of my having a *choice of difficulties*—I cannot say that ye resolve of Congress which you allude to has increased them, but with propriety I may observe it has added to my embarrassment in fixing on the least, inasmuch as it gives me *powers* without the means of execution when they ought at least to be co-equal.

The cries of the distressed,—of the fatherless and the widows—come to me from all quarters. The States are not behind hand in making application for assistance, notwithstanding scarce any one of them, that I can find, is takeing effectual measures to compleat its quota of continental troops, or have even power, or energy enough to draw forth their militia—each complains of neglect, because it gets not what it asks—and conceives that none other suffers like themselves because they are ignorant of what others experience, receiving the complaints of their own people *only*. I have a hard time of it, and a disagreable task. To please every body is impossible—Were I to undertake it, I should probably please nobody—If I know myself I have no partialities—I have from the beginning, and I hope I shall to the end, pursue to the utmost of my judgment and abilities, one steady line of conduct for the good of the great whole—this will, under all circumstances administer consolation to myself, however short I may fall of the expectation of others.

But to leave smaller matters. I am much mistaken if the resolve of Congress hath not an eye to something far

beyond our abilities. They are I conceive, sufficiently acquainted with the state and strength of the army—of our resources—and how they are to be drawn out. The powers given *may* be beneficial, but do not let Congress *deceive* themselves by false expectation, founded on a superficial view of things in general and the strength of their own Troops in particular; for in a word I give it to *you* as my opinion, that if the reinforcement expected by the enemy should arrive, and no effectual measures be taken to compleat *our battalions* and stop the further depreciation of *our money*, I do not see upon what ground we are able, or mean to continue the contest. We now stand upon the brink of a precipice, from whence the smallest help casts us headlong—at this moment *our maney does not pass*—at what rate I need not add, because the unsatisfied demands on the Treasury affords too many unequivocal and alarming proofs to stand in need of illustration. Even at this hour every thing is, in a manner, at a stand, for want of this money (such as it is) and because many of the States instead of passing laws to aid the several departments of the army, have done the reverse, and hampered the transportation in such a way as to stop the supplies which are indispensably necessary, and for want of which we are embarrassed exceedingly.

This is a summary of our affairs in general, to which I am to add that the officers unable any longer to support themselves in the army, are resigning continually, or doing what is worse, spreading discontent, and possibly the seeds of Sedition. You will readily perceive my dear Sir that this is a confidential letter, and that however willing I may be to disclose such matters or such sentiments to particular friends who are entrusted with the government of our great national concerns, I shall be extremely unwilling to have them communicated to any others; as I should feel

much compunction if a single word or thought of mine was to create the smallest despair in our own people, or feed the hope of the enemy who I know pursue with avidity every track which leads to a discovery of the sentiments of men in office. Such (that is men in office) I wish to be impressed—deeply impressed with the importance of a close attention, and vigorous exertion of the means for extricating our finances from the deplorable situation in which they now are—I never was,—much less reason have I now, to be afraid of the Enemy's *arms;* but I have no scruple in declaring to *you*, that I have never yet seen the time in which our affairs, (in my opinion) were at so low an ebb as they are at present, and without a speedy and capital change, we shall not be able in a very short time to call out the strength and resources of the Country. The hour, therefore, is certainly come when party differences and disputes should subside, when every man (especially those in office) should with one hand and one heart, pull the same way, and with their whole strength. Providence has done—and I am persuaded is disposed to do—a great deal for us, but we are not to forget the fable of Jupiter and the Carman. With great truth and sincerity, I am D'r Sir,

Y'r most obed't and affect. H'ble Serv't,
G. WASHINGTON.

P. S.—I am not insensible to the force of y'r remark contained in the P. S. to y'r letter and can assure you that the person you allude to, was not appointed from motives of partiality, or in a hasty manner. After long and cool deliberation—a due consideration of characters and circumstances, and some regard to military rules and propriety, I could do no better—I must work with such means as I am furnished. You know, I presume that the com'd was offered to Gen'l G—tes who declined the acceptance of it.

## THE AUTHOR OF JUNIUS'S LETTERS.

[The service which the author of Junius's Letters, whoever he was, incidentally rendered to the cause of American liberty, will always give us a special interest beyond that of mere literary curiosity in the rather puzzling question of his identity, which still continues to exercise the wits of our British writers. With this view, we readily adopt the following article, being part of a much longer one which has recently appeared in the Dublin University Magazine, entitled "Touching the Identity of Junius," and which, for this portion of it, we think our readers will find both useful and agreeable, as it contains a lively and pleasant resumé of the controversy from the beginning.]

It is not true, as some may be disposed to think, that the puzzle of Junius has lost its interest, and become an obsolete matter. This writer has connected himself with the governmental history of his day in England in a manner too striking to permit the mere lapse of time to nullify him. He waged war with the government of George the Third before the Thirteen Colonies did, for nearly as long a space, and on something of the same constitutional principle. This alone would give him claims to an undying consideration, and such consideration is further secured by the mystery which has always a power of fascination over the human mind. If we were disposed to forget his powerful pen, his provoking mask would not let us. Then, posterity must always be anxious to know who it was who left behind him some of the most elegant and masterly specimens of epistolary literature in the language.

About eighty years ago, Junius boasted, with the confidence of Isis in the old temple of Sais, that nobody should ever be able to lift his mask; that he was the sole depositary of his secret, and that it should perish with him. Since that time a hundred books and a vast number of articles

have been written by men desirous to point out the real author of the letters; and a crowd of undoubted and rejected Juniuses have rewarded the curious infelicity of the inquirers. Most of these *nominis umbræ* have strutted their hour upon the stage, and then passed off, to be talked of no more. As it is, there are not "six Richmonds in the field," out of so many. Mr. Wade, in Bohn's edition of Junius, gives a list of these involuntary candidates, to the number of thirty-five, to wit:—Colonel Barré, Hugh Macaulay Boyd, Bishop Butler, Lord Chatham, Lord Chesterfield, Earl Shelburne, Lord Camden, Earl Temple, M. Delolme, Dunning, Lord Ashburton, Henry Flood, Henry Grattan, E. Burke, E. Gibbon, W. G. Hamilton, C. Lloyd, J. Roberts, Sam. Dyer, George and James Grenville, W. Greatrakes, Duke of Portland, Rd. Glover, Sir W. Jones, Jas. Hollis, General Lee, Laughlin Macleane, Lord George Sackville, Rev. P. Rosenhagen, J. Wilkes, J. H. Tooke, John Kent, Dr. Wray, Horace Walpole, Lord Loughborough, Sir Philip Francis. The claims advanced for the great majority of these are ridiculous, and prove nothing so much as the principle of diversity and dissent existing in the human mind, and the power which a hypothesis will have, at times, over the poor Frankenstein that has made it.

Among those spoken of with most confidence, when the letters were coming out in the *Public Advertiser*, was Edmund Burke; and there was some appearance of truth in the assumption; for Burke was the only whig writer of the day whose intellectual powers seemed to bear any comparison with those exhibited in the letters. We say *seemed;* for the two authors differed widely; and their writings afford intrinsic evidence of this. Burke was a generalizer, and dealt very much in abstract principles, following out his conclusions by long chains of reasoning. Junius was all for particulars; he went directly and dictatorially to his

mark, with an impatience of all ratiocination; he would not waste time in the tediousness of outward flourishes. Burke had not the fierce heart of Junius; he would wage war with pomp and circumstance. His dramatic hostility against Warren Hastings was a different thing from the bloody personal assault upon Grafton, Bedford, or Mansfield. Burke used a bright and chivalrous rapier; Junius came on with a tomahawk—not, however, without its own beautiful lightnings, as he swung it round his head and brought it down with an unmerciful sway, right, centre and left. But Burke himself has set this question at rest. He told Dr. Johnson, of his own accord, that he was not Junius. Mr. Butler, of the *Reminiscences*, says that Burke spoke of the letters with disgust; and said to Dean Marley, "I could not write like Junius; and if I could, I would not."

Gibbon was also spoken of; but he had nothing in common with the Man in the Mask, but a splendid style. The historian's rhetoric is never colored by the warm blood of cctemporary politics or statesmanship. The date of his mind was many centuries anterior to the age of Wilkes and liberty; and it concerned itself more with the Constantines than the Georges—with the Arians and Ebonites, rather than the Whigs and Tories.

The erudite Dr. Parr thought Chas. Lloyd, George Grenville's private secretary, was Junius, beyond any reasonable doubt. The points in Lloyd's favor were, that he always praised George Grenville, and that, at the period of Lloyd's death, Junius ceased to write. Lloyd died three days after the date of Junius' last letter. But the following seems to do away with this hypothesis. Six weeks after the death of Lloyd, Woodfall made his usual signals for Junius. Now, Woodfall knew Lloyd, and must have heard of his death. He also suspected, if he did not know, who his famous

correspondent was; and it is not to be supposed he would make overtures to a dead man. The claims of Lloyd, in spite of the large credulity of Parr, have always been considered very feeble. Lord George Germaine was also suspected, when Junius first appeared. He was a whig, had reason to be angry with the Marquis of Granby for his share in the court-martial and disgrace which followed the battle of Minden; and, as a military man, would be likely to exhibit the knowledge of the War-Office visible in the letters of Junius. Lord Chesterfield, too, was set up and sworn by, for a while; so was W. Gerard Hamilton; and so was Horace Walpole. But a person is forced to smile when he speaks of these four fastidious members of the aristocracy in the same breath with Junius. The style of Lord George was bald and debilitated in the extreme; he himself was pigeon-livered, and lacked the gall of that truculent masquer. Chesterfield, though really something more than a high priest of "the Graces—the Graces," could be Junius as little as the cynical, finical Horace Walpole. As for Hamilton, he is almost knocked down by the breath of imputation which makes him *nominis umbra.*

Dunning, Lord Ashburton, has been advocated. But at the time the letters first appeared, Dunning was solicitor-general, and continued such for some time after. This argument, however, is not so strong as another which may be used, to wit, that he could not write the letters. This is, in fact, an argument which overturns the pretensions of every one of the claimants, save the right one. General Lee was once confidently put forward as Junius; and he certainly was Junius; but with a difference. During the years 1769, 1770, and 1771, he wrote in the *Public Advertiser*, under the signature of "Junius Americanus." He also wrote the Preamble of the Bill of Rights for the citizens of London; and, in a letter to Wilkes, the real Simon

Pure says that his American namesake is plainly a man of abilities. In 1803, a Mr. Rodney, in a letter which appeared at Wilmington, in America, said Lee confessed to him, in 1773, that he was Junius. Lee, doubtless, played off his *equivoque* upon his auditor. Mr. Newhall, of Massachusetts, has written a book to show that Junius was Richard, Earl Temple, brother of George Grenville. It was generally considered that Junius was in some way connected with the Grenvilles; and, in 1827, a report was spread which seemed to strengthen that conviction. It was stated in a London magazine that Lord Nugent and the Duke of Buckingham, rummaging in the library at Stowe, found a secret parcel of documents which contained MS. originals of a few of Junius' letters, among which was the famous letter to the king. It was further said, Earl Grenville was conscience-struck on this discovery, and begged a respite, as he was very old, promising to leave a true statement of facts at his death, and admitting, at the same time, as much as implied that Junius was connected with his family, which meant to lead to the idea that he was Lloyd, George Grenville's secretary. But the whole thing was a hoax. The idea that Junius would go putting the useless MSS. of his printed letters into holes and corners is too childish to be entertained for a moment. But this report made quite a sensation, showing that the public interest in that literary riddle has not at all died away.

Influenced a good deal by the foregoing report, and by the opinion of the best critics, among whom is the writer of an article in vol. xliv. of the *Edingburgh Review*, that Junius was a Grenvilleite, Mr. Newhall tries to find in Earl Temple some lineaments of Junius. But after all is said and proved, we find that, like the clothes of a giant on the body of a dwarf, the hypothesis is too large for the man. The Earl had neither the genius nor the fervid political blood

which could give birth to that strong, anonymous literature. Nothing in any part of his career justifies the belief that he could have written the letters.

Among the latest original attempts to unmask Junius was that made, four or five years ago, by Mr. Britton. This gentleman thinks Colonel Barré was the man, or, rather, he makes Junius a sort of epistolary Geryon—"three single gentlemen in one:" viz., Barré, Dunning, and Lord Shelburne. He shrewdly suspected this triumvirate would be most likely, if not sure, to cover all the conditions of Junius—the legal and constitutional knowledge, the military evidences, and the lofty anti-toryism of the celebrated letters. He fails in his grand argument, founded on a 'Letter to an Honorable Brigadier-General." He assumes, and tries to show, that Barré wrote, or may have written it; and thinks it carries a resemblance to the style of Junius. Now, it must be remembered that Barré began his career in Parliament by a bitter attack on Chatham—a man for whom Junius evidently, in spite of appearances, entertains a strong feeling of attachment. Mr. Britton's man can't stand.

The claims of Wilkes, Tooke, and all the rest—the Glovers, Boyds, Dyers, Macleanes, &c., are no longer debatable. They have been given up, and nobody thinks of recalling them.

Sweeping the board clean of all this rubbish of falsified pretension, we find two men left, between whom, certainly, lies the truth of this mystery. These are, Lord Chatham and Sir Philip Francis. ONE OF THEM WAS JUNIUS, *and the other knew it.* Such is the conviction to which a steady survey of Junius, in connexion with his era, should lead every investigator, and which, we believe, will be the general conviction in a little time. The claim of Sir Philip Francis has been confidently supported for a long time;

and, in a dissertation accompanying Mr. Bohn's edition of Junius, Mr. Wade continues to put it forward—

A past, vampt, future, old, revived, new claim.

We thought Mr. Barker had completely laid it; but it still walks. It is not likely to resist Mr. Wade, however; and we suspect that, in a little time, if our own hypothesis be not adopted, people must honestly chime in with Lord Byron, and admit—

That he whom Junius we are wont to call,
Was really, truly nobody at all—

a conclusion, by-the-by, which Sir Harris Nicholas, in the book about which we write, says, comes as easy to his apprehensions of the matter as any hypothesis extant.

The acquaintance with the War-Office so visible in Junius's letters, seems to tell very much in favor of the advocates of Sir Philip Francis. Mr. Francis was a chief-clerk in the War-Office at the time Junius began to write, in 1767; and continued there till 1772, when the letters ceased. Favorable mention is made of Francis in the Miscellaneous Letters, and Lord Barrington is denounced for dismissing him. Several of the miscellaneous letters are in sarcastic denunciation of Lord Barrington for his appointments, and written in the way young Francis would be supposed to write, if he wrote on such a subject. Again, in 1813, Mr. Taylor, who published a book, called "Junius Identified," puts Sir Philip's case in another way. He argues from the fact, that young Francis reported several speeches delivered by Lord Chatham in the House of Lords. Now, a number of sentiments, metaphors, and peculiar phrases, which appear in these speeches (published by Almon, in 1791), are also to be found in Junius' letters, forming a remarkable portion of their style and character. Of course, argues Mr. Taylor, either of two things must have happened—that Francis adopted these things from

the speaker, and used them as his own; or that, from the affluence of his mind and manners, he clothed the meaning of Chatham with his own phraseology, figures, and-so-forth—did for these speeches what he did for the letters—poured the Franciscan characteristics over both! This likeness between Lord Chatham's reported matter and the letters is so strong, so startling, that Mr. Taylor comes to the obvious conclusion, that Francis was Junius! He had no other alternative, of course.

Nevertheless, we are not yet convinced. There are one or two objections so rugged and indefensible, that Mr. Taylor, *e seguaci suoi*, must get along without us. The first—and we think it all-sufficient—is that, at the time the first of the Miscellaneous Letters was published (that signed "Poplicola"), Francis was just twenty-seven years old—an insignificant clerk in the War-Office. There is no difference in power or style between this letter and those of the later Junian series. The beginning of the series bears as plainly the stamp of Junius as the close of it; the vivacity and power of the extraordinary author are visible everywhere alike. Now, we do not think it possible that a young man of twenty-seven could write these letters—could exhibit the high political decision—the consummate literary strength and science conspicuous in every one of them. The tone of them does not belong to that period of any man's life; and it is to little purpose that Lady Francis, in a letter to Lord Campbell, talks of Sir Philip's early experience in embassies, bureaux, and-so-forth. This negative evidence has demonstrative power enough to carry all the special pleading of Sir Philip's advocates away before it.

There is another good argument, inferior to the foregoing, but forcible, nevertheless. It is not possible that a young man, who began life under the patronage of William Pitt—who received his appointment in the War-Office

from Lord Holland, Pitt's paymaster of the forces—who was the private secretary of Pitt for some time, and professed for him, ever after, the highest veneration and gratitude, would begin a series of letters with an outrageously exaggerated assault on the character and general policy of his benefactor—the highest genius and the most popular man in the realm. The masked writer was a whig. Is it likely he would begin by assailing the venerable and recognized champion of Whiggery? Such a supposition is too violent to be countenanced. Furthermore, in all that he achieved in his life-long career, Sir Philip gave no proof that he possessed the mind—the large intellectual mould in which the lava-literature of Junius took shape—none whatever. In everything he wrote, an imitation of Junius can be detected; and thus many have been cheated into the belief that he was the anonymous writer. Whether it was the influence of his early admiration, disposing him to copy a certain living model which had won his enthusiasm, or some secret design which influenced him throughout all his after-life, we perceive Sir Philip Francis always trying to regulate his style and manner after the forcible rhetoric of Junius. But he moves, like Ascanius by his father's side, *haud passibus equis;* he always proves that he is an imitator—that he never was the great original.

Who, then, wrote these letters? No doubt somebody whose antecedents were as striking and as full of power as the epistles themselves are seen to be; one who did other things as great as these. His celebrity, we think, was not confined to the pen; it will be found equally recognized under another aspect in the politics and statesmanship of that age. We must not take Parr's, Taylor's, Brewster's, Wade's word for it, and look for Junius among the understrappers and pelting, petty officers of the day. We must look among the foremost and most towering

characters in the nation—the men of the quarter-deck, who used trumpets for their talk, and directed the ship of the state through the rough waters of the time.

To find Junius we must look to the picture painted by Copley, and lying on the wall of the House of Lords. THERE is old *Nominis Umbra!* with his flannels on his gouty legs, his crutches falling out of his hands, and he himself sinking into the arms of the Duke of Cumberland: "The Pilot that weathered the Storm," on one side, and Lord Mahon on the other; there he is, after having protested against the independence of America, and the diminution of that "ancient and noble monarchy" which he himself had said and done so much to establish—and about to be carried away to Hayes, where, in eleven days, he shall die, and make no sign of Junius! It is only in William Pitt, Lord Chatham, that we can find the anonymous letter-writer. In him alone, of all the great characters of the time, can we find the full requirements of the authorship. He alone could have written the letters. He alone had the compelling motive to write them, and the bitter vigor to keep up the epistolary war for five years. The only whig of the time who came near Chatham in intellectual power, was Burke. When the latter is set aside, the grim earl stands alone, as the secretary did before.*

* Our writer proceeds to argue his case at some length, and certainly with some plausibility, but we cannot say with much success. We rather think, indeed, that Lord Chatham, like Edmund Burke, *could* not have written the Letters (though the traits are more like his,) but we are quite sure that he *would* not; and there is at least one passage in one of them, the passage namely in praise of himself, in the 54th letter, which we are very confident he could not and would not have penned from any consideration whatever, not even to favor an assumed disguise. At any rate, we are satisfied that *he* was not Junius. But who then was? Why, as to that, we still retain the opinion which we formed some years ago, on reading Mr. Taylor's very able and ingenious book on the subject, that Sir Philip Francis, and no one else, was the "great unknown," and our writer himself has rather confirmed us in our conviction on this point. For if, as he argues, the authorship lies between Lord Chatham and Sir Philip, we should not hesitate for a moment to ascribe it to the latter; and the grounds on which he sets him aside, strike us as light and altogether insufficient. But we cannot pursue the subject any further at present.

## THE OYSTER.

[The Oyster, as an article of food merely, is so great a favorite with all the good people of our State, and especially with the worthy citizens of Norfolk and the country round about, and has done so much service, in its way, to our colony and State, from the first settlement to the present time; that we cannot doubt that many of our readers will be pleased to know a little more about it, and to consider it philosophically, as well as to enjoy it physically. We take pleasure, therefore, in giving them this lively paper on the subject, which we have drawn from a late number of the Westminster Review for their benefit, and which we think they will find both instructive and entertaining.]

There are facts worth knowing, and a great philosophy worth evoking in all things, small and great; even in shell-fish, and more particularly in the oyster, as we shall show you at once.

Look at an oyster. In what light does the world in general—not your uneducated, stolid, world merely, but your refined, intellectual, cultivated, classical world—regard it? Simply as a delicacy—as good to eat. The most devoted of oyster-eaters opens the creature's shell solely to swallow the included delicious morsel, without contemplation or consideration. He relishes with undisguised *gusto* the good living that lies embodied in a barrel of Colchester natives. He gratifies his palate, and satisfies a craving stomach. He takes neither note nor notice of the curious intricacies of its organization; he neither knows nor cares about its wisely-contrived network of nerves and blood-vessels. He clips its beard, that wondrous membrane of strange and curious mechanism by which the creature breathes, as thoughtlessly as he would shave his own. He gulps down its luscious substance, unmindful that he is devouring a body and organs, which all the science of man

can only dissect and destroy, without a hope of being able either to recompose or reanimate. Moreover, were Cuvier, or Owen, or any other philosopher deeply versed in the mysteries of the molluscous microcosm, to remonstrate for a moment against the cannibal act of one soft body swallowing up another without understanding, and endeavor to enlighten our ostreophagist, by discovering to him the beauties of his victim's conformation, he would regard the interruption as illtimed and impertinent, and hold by his original intention of bolting his oyster without inquiry or investigation. The world is mainly made up of such ostreophagists. Yet, could we persuade them to hesitate—to listen for five minutes—we feel sure that they would live and die wiser and happier men, without the slightest diminution of the keen relish with which, in the days of their darkness, they enjoyed their testaceous prey.

Look, then, we say again, at an oyster. In that soft and gelatinous body lies a whole world of vitality and quiet enjoyment. Somebody has styled fossiliferous rocks "monuments of the felicity of past ages." An undisturbed oyster-bed is a concentration of happiness in the present. Dormant though the several creatures there congregated seem, each individual is leading the beatified existence of an Epicurean god. The world without—its cares and joys, its storms and calms, its passions, evil and good—all are indifferent to the unheeding oyster. Unobservant even of what passes in its immediate vicinity, its whole soul is concentrated in itself; yet not sluggishly and apathetically, for its body is throbbing with life and enjoyment. The mighty ocean is subservient to its pleasures. The rolling waves waft fresh and choice food within its reach, and the flow of the current feeds it without requiring an effort. Each atom of water that comes in contact with its delicate gills evolves its imprisoned air to freshen and invigorate the creature's

pellucid blood. Invisible to human eye, unless aided by the wonderful inventions of human science, countless millions of vibrating cilia are moving incessantly with synchronic beat on every fibre of each fringing leaflet. Well might old Leeuwenhoek exclaim, when he looked through his microscope at the beard of a shell-fish, "The motion I saw in the small component parts of it was so incredibly great, that I could not be satisfied with the spectacle; and it is not in the mind of man to conceive all the motions which I behold within the compass of a grain of sand." And yet the Dutch naturalist, unaided by the finer instruments of our time, beheld but a dim and misty indication of the exquisite ciliary apparatus by which these motions are effected. How strange to reflect that all this elaborate and inimitable contrivance has been devised for the well-being of a despised shell-fish! Nor is it merely in the working members of the creature that we find its wonders comprised. There are portions of its frame which seem to serve no essential purpose in its economy; which might be omitted without disturbing the course of its daily duties, and yet so constant in their presence and position that we cannot doubt their having had their places in the original plan according to which the organization of the mollusk was first put together.

But the life of a shell-fish is not one of unvarying rest. Observe the phases of an individual oyster from the moment of its earliest embryo-life, independent of maternal ties, to the consummation of its destiny when the knife of fate shall sever its muscular cords and doom it to entombment in a living sepulchre. How starts it forth into the world of waters? Not, as unenlightened people believe, in the shape of a minute, bivalved, protected, grave, fixed, and steady oysterling. No; it enters upon its career all life and motion, flitting about in the sea as gayly and lightly as

a butterfly or a swallow skims through the air. Its first appearance is as a microscopic oyster-cherub, with wing-like lobes flanking a mouth and shoulders, unincumbered with inferior crural prolongations. It passes through a joyous and vivacious juvenility, skipping up and down as if in mockery of its heavy and immovable parents. It voyages from oyster-bed to oyster-bed, and, if in luck, so as to escape the watchful voracity of the thousand enemies that lie in wait or prowl about to prey upon youth and inexperience, at length, having sown its wild oats, settles down into a steady, solid, domestic oyster. It becomes the parent of fresh broods of oyster-cherubs. As such it would live and die, leaving its shell, thickened through old age, to serve as its monument throughout all time; a contribution towards the construction of a fresh geological epoch, and a new layer of the earth's crust, were it not for the gluttony of man, who, rending this sober citizen of the sea from his native bed, carries him unresisting to busy cities and the hum of crowds. If a handsome, well-shaped, and well-flavored oyster, he is introduced to the palaces of the rich and noble, like a wit, or a philosopher, or a poet, to give additional relish to their sumptuous feasts. If a sturdy, thick-backed, strong-tasted individual, fate consigns him to the capacious tub of the street-fishmonger, from whence, dosed with coarse black pepper and pungent vinegar, embalmed partly after the fashion of an Egyptian king, he is transferred to the hungry stomach of a costermonger, or becomes the luxurious repast of a successful pickpocket.

Were it not that pains are taken to rear and cherish oyster-broods, the incessant war waged by the human race against this highly-esteemed but much-persecuted mollusk, would have gone far to extirpate the species long before now.

The consumption of oysters in London alone is indeed enormous. During the season of 1848–49, one hundred and thirty thousand bushels of oysters were sold in our metropolis. A million and a half of these shell-fish are consumed during each season in Edinburgh, being at the rate of more than seven thousand three hundred a day. Fifty-two millions were taken from the French channel banks during the course of the year 1828, and now the number annually dredged is probably considerably greater, since the facilities of transport by rail greatly increase the inland consumption of these as of other marine luxuries. In consequence of the continually-increasing consumption of oysters, the comparatively small number and extent of well-managed artificial oyster grounds, the waste and neglect of the dredgers upon those which are natural, and the limited localities in which oysters are found thriving indigenously in any considerable quantity, we believe that the time will come when the supply will be greatly decreased, and when this cherished luxury will necessarily rise in price until it may no longer, as now, find a place among the delicacies of the poor man's table. The law has done its best to preserve them, and Parliament has more than once legislated about oysters. With proper care a plentiful supply might doubtless be kept up, but they have many foes and devourers besides man. Starfishes with greedy fingers, poke them out of their shells, when incautiously yawning, and whelks assail them from above, perseveringly drilling a hole through and through their upper valves. Fortunately man at least does not carry them away from their homes until they have attained their maturity. A London oyster-man can tell the ages of his flock to a nicety. They are in perfection when from five to seven years old. The age of an oyster is not to be found out by looking into its mouth; it bears its years upon its back.

Everybody who has handled an oyster-shell must have observed that it seemed as if composed of successive layers or plates overlapping each other. These are technically termed "shoots," and each of them marks a year's growth, so that, by counting them, we can determine at a glance the year when the creature came into the world. Up to the epoch of its maturity the shoots are regular and successive, but after that time they become irregular, and are piled one over the other, so that the shell becomes more and more thickened and bulky. Judging from the great thickness to which some oyster-shells have attained, this mollusk is capable, if left to its natural changes and unmolested, of attaining a patriarchal longevity.

You see then, gentle readers, the oyster has some good philosophy as well as good eating in it, and we shall now leave you to treat it as you please, according to its desert.

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## A BREAKFAST AT THE WHITE HOUSE.

A Mr. Wansey, whose published notes of a tour in this country in 1794, have recently been the subject of notice in the papers, gives the following description of a breakfast at the White House in that year.

"Mrs. Washington herself made tea and coffee for us. On the table were two small plates of sliced tongue, dry toast, bread and butter, but no *boiled* fish, as is the general custom. Miss Custis, her grand-daughter, a very pleasing young lady of about sixteen, sat next her brother, George Washington Custis, about two years older than herself. There was but little appearance of form, no livery. A silver urn for hot water was the only expensive thing on the table. Mrs. Washington appears to be something older than the President, although born in the same year, short in stature, rather robust, and very plain in dress."

## THE BRITISH BOMBS AT YORK.

The late Dr. Æneas Monson, of New Haven, a revolutionary patriot who was with our army at the siege of York, in 1781, used to tell a pleasant story about the British Bombs and the dodging of Hamilton and Knox, which is related by a correspondent in the *Courier* of that city as follows:

The blinds mentioned in the story were made of hogsheads and pipes filled with sand—they were placed there by the British, for they had occupied the redoubt, and had been driven from it by storm by the Americans. Dr. Monson was himself behind those blinds, and within two or three paces of Hamilton and Knox. With Hamilton, Knox, and others, there were present in that redoubt about four hundred American troops—the French troops were in another redoubt. A general order had been given, that when a shell was seen, they might cry out *a shell*—but not to cry *a shot*, when a shot was seen. The reason of this distinction was, that a shell might be avoided, but to cry *a shot* would only make confusion, and do no good. This order was just then discussed, Col. Hamilton remarking that it seemed to him unsoldier-like to halloo *a shell*, while Knox contended the contrary, and that the order was wisely given by Gen. Washington, who cared for the life of the men.

The argument, thus stated, was progressed with a slight degree of warmth, when suddenly *spat! spat!* two shells fell and struck within the redoubt. Instantly the cry broke out on all sides, "*a shell! a shell!*" and such a scrambling and jumping to reach the blinds and get behind them for defence. Knox and Hamilton were united in action, however differing in word, for both got behind the blinds, and Hamilton to be yet more secure, held on behind Knox, (Knox being a very large man and Hamilton a small man.) Upon this Knox struggled to throw Hamilton off, and in the effort himself (Knox) rolled over and threw Hamilton off towards the shells. Hamilton however scrabbled back again behind the blinds. All this was done rapidly, for in two minutes the shells burst, and threw their deadly missiles in all directions. It was now safe and soldier-like to stand out. "Now," says Knox, "now what do you think, Mr. Hamilton, about crying *shell*—but let me tell you not to make a breastwork of me again." Doctor Monson add-

ed that on looking around and finding not a man hurt out of the more than 400, Knox exclaimed, "*it is a miracle!*"

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## JANNEY'S LIFE OF WILLIAM PENN.

The Life of William Penn; with Selections from his Correspondence and Autobiography. By Samuel M. Janney, 1 vol. 8vo., pp. 560. Philadelphia: Hogan, Perkins & Co. 1852.

We have here a new life of William Penn, by a citizen of our own State, which we think the best account of the great Proprietor of Pennsylvania that we have yet seen, or, we suppose, that has yet been given to the public. It seems, indeed, that Mr. J. has had access to some materials for his work—preserved in the archives of the American Philosophical Society, and of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania, at Philadelphia, which have escaped the knowledge or researches of former biographers. He has given us also, very properly, a larger selection from the letters of Penn, than any writer who has gone before him, and he has manifestly used them with good judgment and happy effect. He has furnished us, accordingly, with what appears to be a very honest and faithful view of the character and conduct of the eminent and excellent man whom he has undertaken to set before us, and has certainly given us a new impression of his superior merit. We cannot of course discuss particular points with our author in our brief notice; but we must say that his apology for Penn, in answer to the pungent strictures of Macaulay, (in which he mainly follows Forster,) strikes us as substantially fair, and worthy at least of candid consideration—though we cannot say that it has entirely satisfied us of the absolute propriety of his hero's course, especially in the case of the bishops. The truth is, we suppose, it was the misfortune of Penn, to have formed a close intimacy, with a most worthless man, James the II. before the latter had become a king, and showed himself to be what he was; and had received great obligations from him which he was naturally anxious to repay, and it would rather appear, from his own showing, that he carried his complaisance to the royal brute a little further, on some occasions, than was altogether pro-

per or becoming. We are not disposed, however, to be very strict in our judgment of such a man; but rather willing to make all generous allowances for him that truth and fairness will permit; and we give him full credit, of course, for the motives which he assigns for his conduct throughout.

We may add, that the style of the narrative is clear, neat, and altogether suited to the subject. And upon the whole, we warmly commend the work to all that favor of the public which we think it well deserves.

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## EVIDENCES OF CHRISTIANITY.

Lectures on the Evidences of Christianity, delivered at the University of Virginia, during the session of 1850-'51. pp. 606. New York: Robert Carter & Brothers; 1852.

This is a valuable work, and, generally speaking, does great credit to its various authors who have manifestly vied with each other in giving us the best fruits of their minds on a subject eminently worthy of their highest powers. Some of the lectures, accordingly, we think, are fully equal, if not a little superior, to any thing that has heretofore appeared upon the same topics. Among these, we may specify the lecture on the "General Internal Evidence of Christianity," by the Rev. Dr. Robert J. Breckinridge, of Kentucky, which strikes us as a "strain of higher mood," and certainly opens some reaches of thought and emotion which, both for depth and comprehension, seem to surpass any that we have ever surveyed. The lecture, too, which comes after it, on the "Difficulties of Infidelity," by the Rev. Mr. Stuart Robinson, now of Baltimore, is hardly less able, and carries the war into Africa with equal force and skill, and of course with signal success. After these, we have several secondary ones, of great and various merit—the Necessity of a Revelation, by the Rev. Mr. Vanzandt, of Petersburg; the Success of Christianity, by the Rev. Mr. Hoge, of our own city; the Unity of Our Race, by the Rev. Mr. Moore, also of our city; and, superior perhaps to any

of them though in a different way, the eminently gracious and graceful discourse on the Character of Christ, by the Rev. Dr. James W. Alexander, of New York.

For the rest, we have looked over two of the lectures which we think might as well have been omitted, and there are still some others which we have not yet read, but which we dare say are good and able, and altogether worthy of their places in the work.

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## RUTH TO NAOMI.

RUTH 1:—16, 17.

Ask me not to leave thee now,
For in sooth I know not how;
And it is not in my mind—
Nor my heart—to stay behind.

But, to share thy weal or woe,
Where thou goest, I will go;
Where thou stayest, I will stay;
Though it will be far away.

And thy God, who is divine,
And thy people, shall be mine;
For with Israel's chosen race
I will have my dwelling-place.

Where thou diest, I will die;
Where thou liest, I will lie;
God do so and more to me,
If e'en death part me and thee!

*Richmond.*

# Various Intelligence.

## INDUSTRIAL RESOURCES OF VIRGINIA.

The lead mines in Wythe county have never been worked up to their capacity, but merely to the extent of supplying a limited home demand; the weight of the article, and the distance to water communication, utterly excluding it from the great markets of the world. The lead region which commences at Aspinwall, extends through a considerable portion of Smyth county, and is rich in all the most valuable ores of this metal. Besides the sulphuret of lead, (galena) which is the ore chiefly depended on, oxide of lead (minium) and the carbonate (white lead ore) exist in large quantities, may be easily wrought, and are exceedingly rich; the latter yielding about 75 per cent. Minium is the red lead of commerce; and the carbonate, the white, so extensively used as a paint. There is also, in connection with these ores, a considerable per cent. of arsenic, which sublimes in the process of smelting, and collects in large quantities around the mouths of the furnaces, in the form of arsenious acid, (white arsenic.) This substance, of which no account is made at these mines, possesses considerable value in the arts, and could easily be purified and fitted for market.

Here, too, in inexhaustible profusion, we have the noblest of the metals—iron. Whatever may be said in justification of the metallurgic idolatry which is drawing so many thousands of our people to the El Dorado of the west, here in the bowels of our mountains in exuberant plenty, is a metal of far more intrinsic value than gold, and needing only the union of labor and capital to make it as prolific a source of wealth to Virginia, as the celebrated mines of Elba to France, or Dalecarlia to Sweden. The Iron Mountain, (to say nothing of the numerous other localities) which extends through the counties of Wythe, Smyth and Washington in Virginia, and Johnson and Carter in Tennessee, contains ore enough to supply the nation for a century. This ore, too, is of the richest quality, and precisely the same (the magnetic oxide) as that from which the best iron of Norway and Sweden is obtained. Other ores also here exist in abundance, as the brown hematite, the argillaceous carbonate specular, &c. In this mineral alone is wealth sufficient to enrich a nation, and the brow of enterprise may cheer up at the prospect of gainful employment for centuries to come.

In addition to these industrial resources which pertain to the mineralogy of the country, we might mention also the vast de-

posits of metamorphic limestone which are found between the Clinch and Holston rivers. These deposits furnish the beautiful variegated red marble, now well known as the "Rogersville Marble," in consequence of works for its manufacture having been established only at that place. The formation, however, extends through Scott county in Virginia, and Hawkins and Grainger in Tennessee, and the quantity is inexhaustible. Quarries might be opened in each of these counties, and its manufacture for building and ornamental purposes carried on to an extent limited only by the uses to which it may be put. This marble receives a fine polish, and is mottled and variegated by numerous shells, madrepores and other fossils which give it a beautiful effect. We consider it scarcely inferior to the celebrated "Gold Streaked" marble from Egypt. As a new variety, it needs only a market in order to be much sought after for furniture and ornamental finishings.—*Southern Repertory.*

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## DEATH OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

Our late London papers bring us accounts of the death of the Duke of Wellington, the greatest historic personage of his age living at the time. He died at Walmer Castle on the 14th ult., in the 84th year of his age. The London Times in its only leader of the 15th, refers to the event in highly appropriate terms, and at some length. We can only spare room for a short passage.

"If aught can lessen this day the grief of England upon the death of her greatest son, it is the recollection, that the life which has just closed leaves no duty incomplete and no honor unbestowed. The Duke of Wellington had exhausted nature and exhausted glory. His career was one unclouded longest day, filled from dawn to nightfall with renowned actions, animated by unfailing energy in the public service, guided by unswerving principles of conduct and statesmanship. He rose by a rapid series of achievements, which none had surpassed, to a position which no other man in this nation ever enjoyed. The place occupied by the Duke of Wellington in the councils of the country, and in the life of England, can no more be filled. There is none left in the army or the Senate to act and speak with like authority. There is none with whom the valor and the worth of this nation were so incorporate. Yet when we consider the fullness of his years, and the abundance of his incessant services, we may learn to say with the Roman orator, "*Satis diu vixisse dicito,*" since, being mortal, nothing could be added either to our veneration or to his fame. Nature herself had seemed for a time to expand her inexorable limits, and the

infirmities of age lay a lighter burden on that honored head. Generations of men had passed away between the first exploits of his arms and the last counsels of his age, until, by a lot unexampled in history, the man who had played the most conspicuous part in the annals of more than half a century became the last survivor of his contemporaries, and carries with him to the grave all living memory of his own achievements."

## THE NEW POSTAGE LAW.

Which was passed at the last session of Congress, and went into operation from and after the 30th ult., provides that—

Newspapers, periodicals, unsealed circulars, &c., weighing not over three ounces, shall pay one cent each, to any part of the United States, or half that rate, where paid quarterly or yearly, in advance, either at the office where mailed or where received.

Newspapers, &c., weighing not over one and a half ounces, half the above rates, where circulated within the state of publication.

Newspapers and pamphlets of not more than 16 pages, 8vo., in packages of not less than eight ounces to one address, to be charged half cent an ounce, though calculated by separate pieces, the postage may amount to more.

Postage on all transient matter to be prepaid, or charged double.

Books, bound or unbound of not more than four pounds each, one cent per ounce under three thousand miles, and two cents over that distance. Fifty per cent to be added when not prepaid.

Weekly newspapers free in the county of publication to actual subscribers.

Bills for newspapers, and receipts for payments of moneys therefor, may be enclosed in subscribers papers.

Exchanges between newspaper publishers free.

## THE WORLD AT REST.

Nearly two thousand four hundred years ago, we are told that the ministering spirits of heaven "answered the angel of the Lord, that stood among the myrtle-trees,—All the earth sitteth still, and is at rest." At the present hour, after so many political and religious revolutions, their report may be the same.—Every corner of the world now lies open to us, and everywhere there is an uneasy calm, as if all mankind were awaiting, in silent wonder, the effects of that unexampled rapidity of intercourse, which has linked together the farthest ends of the earth.

The Great Exhibition of last year has passed away like a dream. The political struggle of the elections is ended, and the strife within the walls of Parliament is not yet begun. The Papal party at home have changed their policy of bold and active aggression into one of stealthy and underground activity. The French President seems established, for the present, in the seat of power. France rejoices in a breathing time from incessant revolution, though dearly purchased at the price of liberty; and the symptoms of reaction, foreboding new changes, have hardly begun.

Italy is settling down in the chains of the Pope and the Austrian Government. Spain and Portugal, once the first powers of Europe in the days of Columbus, are now political ciphers, and hardly awaken a thought in other nations. They seem to vegetate, rather than to live. Russia watches calmly, from a distance, the feeble and shifting changes of policy in Western Europe, and stands prepared to profit by every new opportunity, to extend her influence, and increase the power of her colossal Empire. America is speculating on the chances of her candidates for the Presidency, but the struggle itself is still to come. New Zealand is awaiting the arrival of the ships that will bring her a new Constitution from the British Parliament; and the vessels are on their way to Japan, that must soon solve the problem, whether the last outlying country, in spite of its own policy for ages, is to be forced into communion with the rest of the human family. The tedious warfare at the Cape with the Caffre savages, and the presence of our ships at Rangoon, are hardly enough to break the uniformity of the world's political aspect. "All the earth sitteth still, and is at rest."

*London Record.*

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## ROTHERMEL'S PICTURE OF PATRICK HENRY.

We learn with pleasure that this celebrated picture of Patrick Henry before the House of Burgesses in 1765, which has been open to public view, in the Richmond Library, for some time past, has drawn many visiters, and gratified almost as many spectators;—and no wonder. It has certainly some fine points, and is worthy of much praise. The subject, too, is pleasing, and naturally excites the most agreeable feelings which we easily spread by the natural process of association over the picture itself, to heighten its charms. We are sorry, however, to say that we cannot commend it very highly for its historic truth. In fact it rather contradicts all our established ideas of the scene and speech which it aims to illustrate, in several particulars. In the first place, the principal figure, Patrick Henry him-

self, is glaringly unlike the original, or at least differs very greatly from Sully's portrait of him in the adjoining room of the Virginia Historical Society, which we take to be altogether authentic. It violates, also, all our settled notions of the orator's appearance and costume; and instead of the plain, unpretending man, the "obscure and unpolished rustic," as Mr. Wirt calls him, "a *phenomenon* from the plebeian ranks," suddenly rising on the floor, and startling the aristocratic gentlemen of the assembly by his portentous aspect, we have here a well-dressed actor who may vie with any of them in his genteel appearance, as he is manifestly dressed out for the occasion, and indeed rather exceeds most of them in his fine scarlet cloak which he wears like a robe about his shoulders; and then, instead of that famous old-fashioned brown wig, which he actually wore at the time, and perhaps twisted awry, we have here those "ambrosial curls," fashionably powdered, and adjusted with nice care and easy grace about his brow. This is really too bad. We have felt, moreover, strongly tempted to criticise the attitude of the orator, which strikes us as quite too extravagant and theatrical, and not at all such as Patrick was likely to use. But we must acknowledge that our artist has here some countenance from Mr. Wirt, who certainly describes the orator as carried out of himself at this crisis of his speech, and assuming "a voice of thunder, and the look of a god" (*Jupiter Tonans*) which the poor painter has of course only tried to give us as well as he could wish his brush. So we must excuse him this time, and suppress our criticism on this point—though we really cannot help suspecting that they are both wrong.

For the rest, we like some of the secondary figures of the piece pretty well—Mr. Speaker Robinson, personally alarmed, but officially composed,—Edmund Pendleton in a sky-blue coat starting up from his seat a little too wildly, and crying out "treason! treason!" at the top of his voice, and before the time,—George Wythe behind him, quite too old-looking as he was but a young man at the time; with the scowling tory near him; Richard Henry Lee, as handsome and well-dressed as we expected to find him, but a little too cool perhaps for the occasion; Mr. Attorney General, beyond him, more ardent, but controlling himself; and the British officer near the clerk, dressed in his scarlet uniform, and drawing his sword to slay the orator on the spot, (a fine conceit to be sure!) with the ladies in the gallery, dressed out in their showy satins, and almost forgetting themselves in the lively interest they take in the scene:—all fair and pleasing. Upon the whole, we are glad that the picture is so good, and only sorry that it is not better.

## SULLY'S PORTRAIT OF POCAHONTAS.

We have the pleasure to announce that the Portrait of Pocahontas which has been so handsomely and generously painted for our Virginia Historical Society by Thomas Sully, Esq., of Philadelphia, has been received, and now graces the wall of our room. We hardly need say that it is a beautiful picture, and altogether worthy of its accomplished author. It is indeed the fair ideal of our Indian Maid, as we can easily imagine that she may have looked when placed, so many years ago, at Jamestown, by the care of the Governor, Sir Thomas Dale, to be instructed in the principles of our Christian faith, in order to be baptized, and afterwards duly married to master Rolfe. What a lovely creature she is! And what a sweet face she has—telling her whole story at once—and with a peculiarity of expression that seems to suggest both her former and her present state—the wildness of the woods subdued and chastened by the light of the gospel, and all the softer humanities of her nature exalted and refined by the graces of religion. Then her dress—how pure, simple, and altogether becoming! What perfect taste! We wish we could give our readers a more distinct and definite idea of this "delightful vision" as it strikes us; but we feel that we could not do any thing like justice to it by any words of ours, or indeed by any colours but its own. We shall not attempt of course to describe the indescribable; but will only say to all the lovers of pictorial beauty, come and see.

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# Miscellany.

## THE ESSENCE OF POETRY.

It has been asked in what the essence of poetry consists;—Milton, we think, told it in a single line—

> —"Thoughts that voluntary move
> Harmonious numbers."

Poetry is the music of language, expressing the music of the mind. Whenever any object takes such a hold on the mind as to make us dwell upon it, and brood over it, melting the heart in love, or kindling it to a sentiment of admiration;—whenever a movement of imagination or passion is impressed on the mind,

by which it seeks to prolong and repeat the emotion, to bring all other objects into accord with it, and to give the same movement of harmony, sustained and continuous, to the sounds that express it,—this is poetry. The musical in sound is the sustained and continuous; the musical in thought and feeling is the sustained and continuous also. Whenever articulation passes naturally into intonation, this is the beginning of poetry. There is no natural harmony in the ordinary combinations of significant sounds. The language of prose is not the language of music, or of *passion:* and it is to supply this inherent defect in the mechanism of language—to make the sound an echo to the sense, when the verse becomes a sort of echo to itself—to mingle the tide of verse, 'the golden cadences of poesy,' with the tide of feeling, flowing, and murmuring as it flows—or to take the imagination off its feet, and spread its wings where it may indulge its own impulses, without being stopped or perplexed by the ordinary abruptnesses, or discordant flats and sharps of prose—that poetry was invented.—*Jeffrey.*

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## A POPULAR VERSE.

There is a verse which has gone the rounds of all the papers and is often quoted in company—indeed it is very popular, for it strikes a chord that vibrates in almost every heart—which I suspect hardly any one could ascribe to its right author.

If every man's internal care
Were written on his brow,
How many would our pity share,
That raise our envy now!

It is a translation of a verse of a little piece of Metastasio which runs thus:

Se a ciascun l'interno affanno
Si ligesse in fronte scritto,
Quanti mai che invidia fanno,
Ci farebbero pieta!

Si vedria che i lor nemici
Hanno in seno, e si riduce
Nel parere a noi felici,
Ogni lor felicita.

Oh, could we read on every brow
The inward grief in silence bred,
How many whom we envy now
Would claim our pity while we read.

Then would appear what hidden foes
Are lodged in every human breast,
That all our smiles but mask our woes,
That all our bliss is seeming blest. B.

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## THE PRAISE OF DARKNESS.

Light that makes some things seen, makes some invisible; were it not for darkness and the shadow of the earth, the noblest part of the creation had remained unseen, and the stars in heaven as invisible as on the fourth day, when they were created above the horizon with the sun, or there was not an eye to behold them. The greatest mystery of religion is expressed by adumbration, and in the noblest part of Jewish types we find the cherubim shadowing the mercy-seat. Life itself is but the shadow of death, and souls departed but shadows of the living. All things fall under this name. The sun itself is but the dark *simulacrum*, and the light but the shadow of God.—*Sir Thomas Browne.*

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## ON SULLY'S PORTRAIT OF POCAHONTAS.

'Tis Pocahontas that you see;
As lovely as she ought to be;
For Sully, by his matchless art,
Has drawn her visage from her heart. P.

# THE PLAN

OF THE

# VIRGINIA HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

The main object of this Society is to collect, preserve, and diffuse information relating to the History of Virginia, past and current, from the earliest times to the present day.

In pursuing this object, the Executive Committee have opened a large and convenient room in the Athenæum, in which they have placed the Library, and a Cabinet of Curiosities illustrative of the Natural and Civil History of the State; and which is open to the Members, and others properly introduced by them, during stated hours.

They have also authorised their Secretary to publish a small Quarterly Journal, entitled the Virginia Historical Register, (this work,) and they further propose to publish a yearly volume of Historical Collections, which will be arranged in chronological order, and entitled the Annals of Virginia.

To support this establishment and service, the Members of the Society contribute either fifty dollars for life, or five dollars a year, during their membership, which they can terminate when they please; and they receive both publications, the Quarterly Journal, and the yearly volume, (if published,) without charge.

The sums contributed for life memberships are vested in State Stock, and constitute a Permanent Fund, the accruing interest of which alone is used by the Committee.

All persons who may be disposed to aid the Society, or the Committee, in the prosecution of their useful and patriotic engagement, by becoming members, or otherwise, are requested to send in their names, and contributions, to the subscriber.

WM. MAXWELL,
*Secretary and General Agent.*

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# VIRGINIA HISTORICAL REGISTER.

We have for sale at our office a few copies of this work—half-bound in different styles—in 2 vols., 12mo., price from four to five dollars.

WM. MAXWELL,

*April* 15*th*, 1852.

## ADVERTISEMENT.

### THE VIRGINIA HISTORICAL REGISTER.

The first series of this work is now complete, and comprises in its leading articles a number of valuable memorials, or partial accounts of particular portions of the history of our State, from the earliest period to the close of our revolutionary war, collected from various sources and now brought together for the first time. It embraces also a number of original letters of General Washington, Richard Henry Lee, George Mason, and others, hitherto inedited, with various other documents—all calculated to shed new light on our annals. And lastly it contains a variety of biographical notices, and other short articles which serve to relieve, and still, for the most part, contribute to illustrate the main subject of the work.

The work may be had at our office, neatly half-bound, in 2 vols., 12mo. Price $4.

WM. MAXWELL, *Editor and Proprietor.*

*Richmond*, April 15, 1852.

☞ Orders from the country enclosing the price, will be attended to, and the books forwarded by mail, postage prepaid.

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## THE WESTOVER MANUSCRIPTS.

For sale, at this office, a few copies of the Westover Manuscripts—price One Dollar. Orders from the country enclosing the money will be attended to, and the books forwarded by mail, postage paid.

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## NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

As the subscription to this work for the current year terminates with this number, subscribers residing out of Richmond, who may wish to take it for another year, must be careful to renew their subscription by forwarding the price—ONE DOLLAR, *payable in advance*—to the subscriber, on or before the first of January next—or it will not be sent to them.

WM. MAXWELL.

RICHMOND, October 15, 1852.

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